

DELL
COMIC

10¢

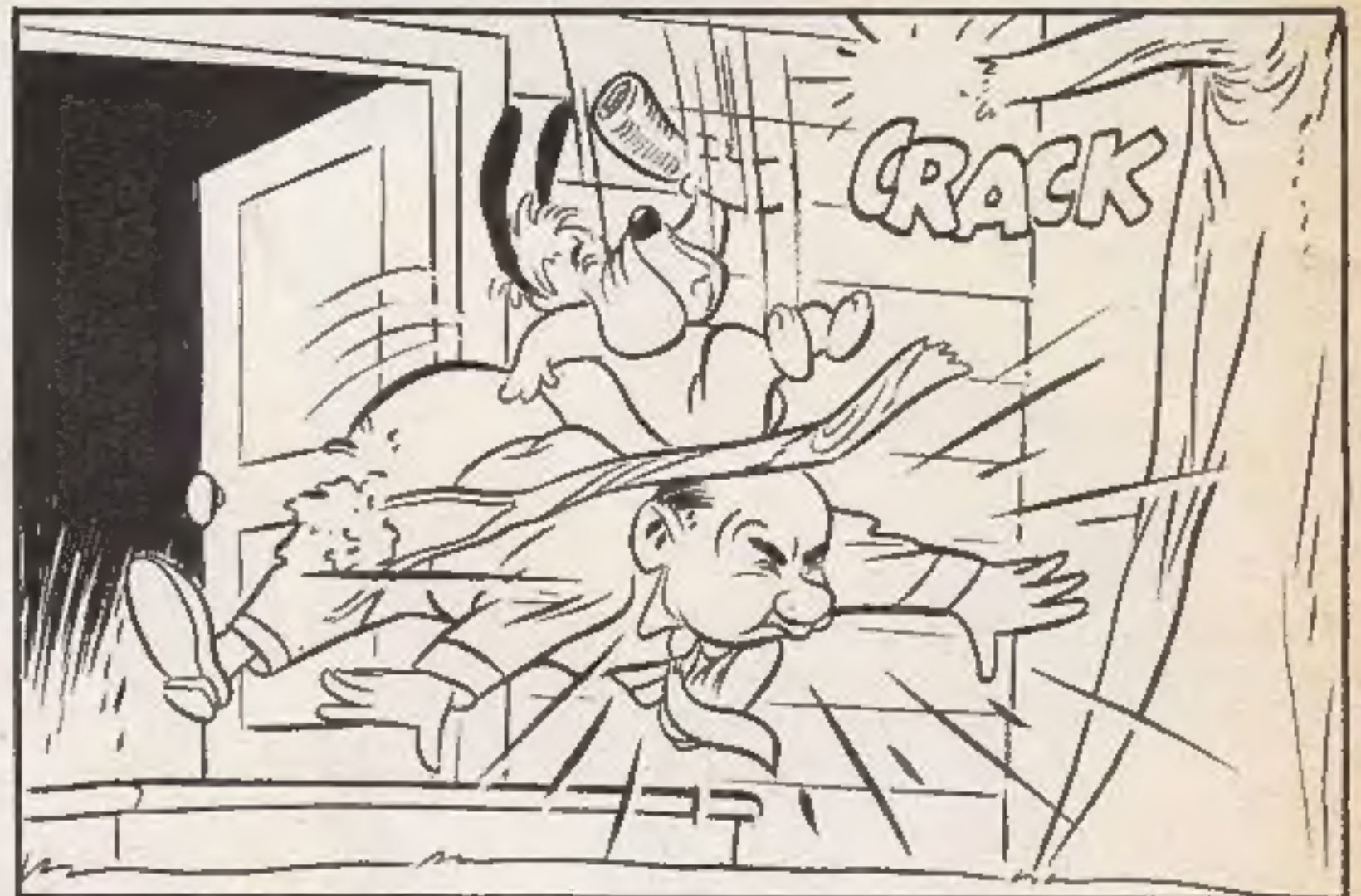
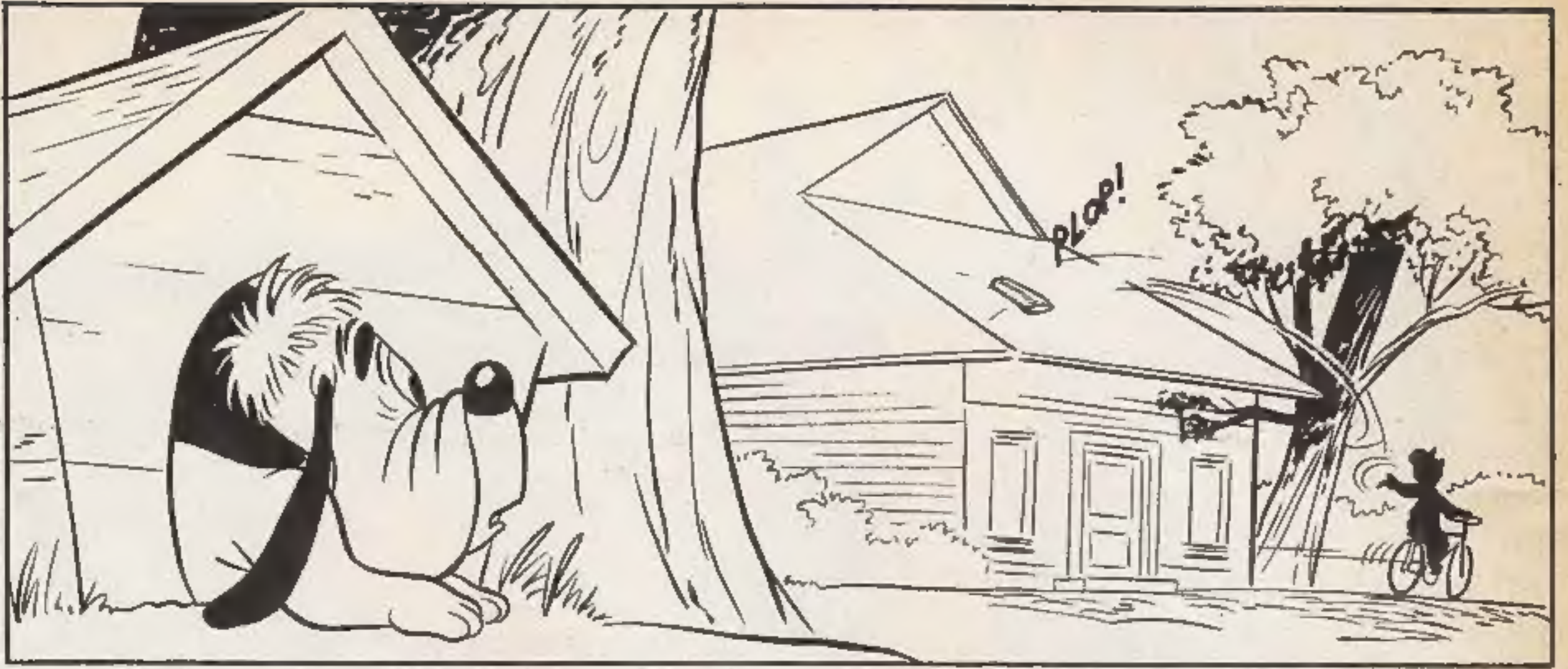
NOVEMBER

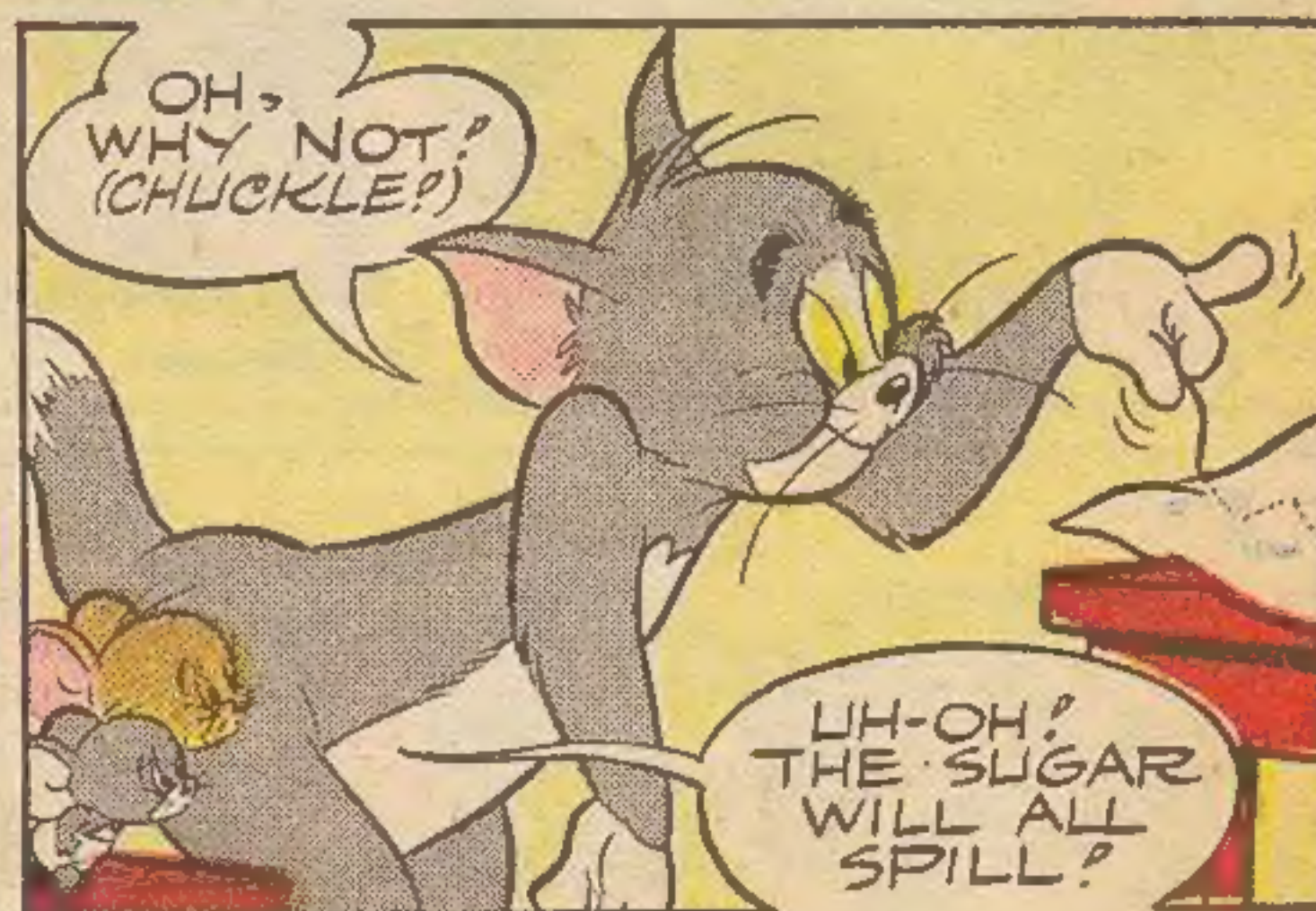
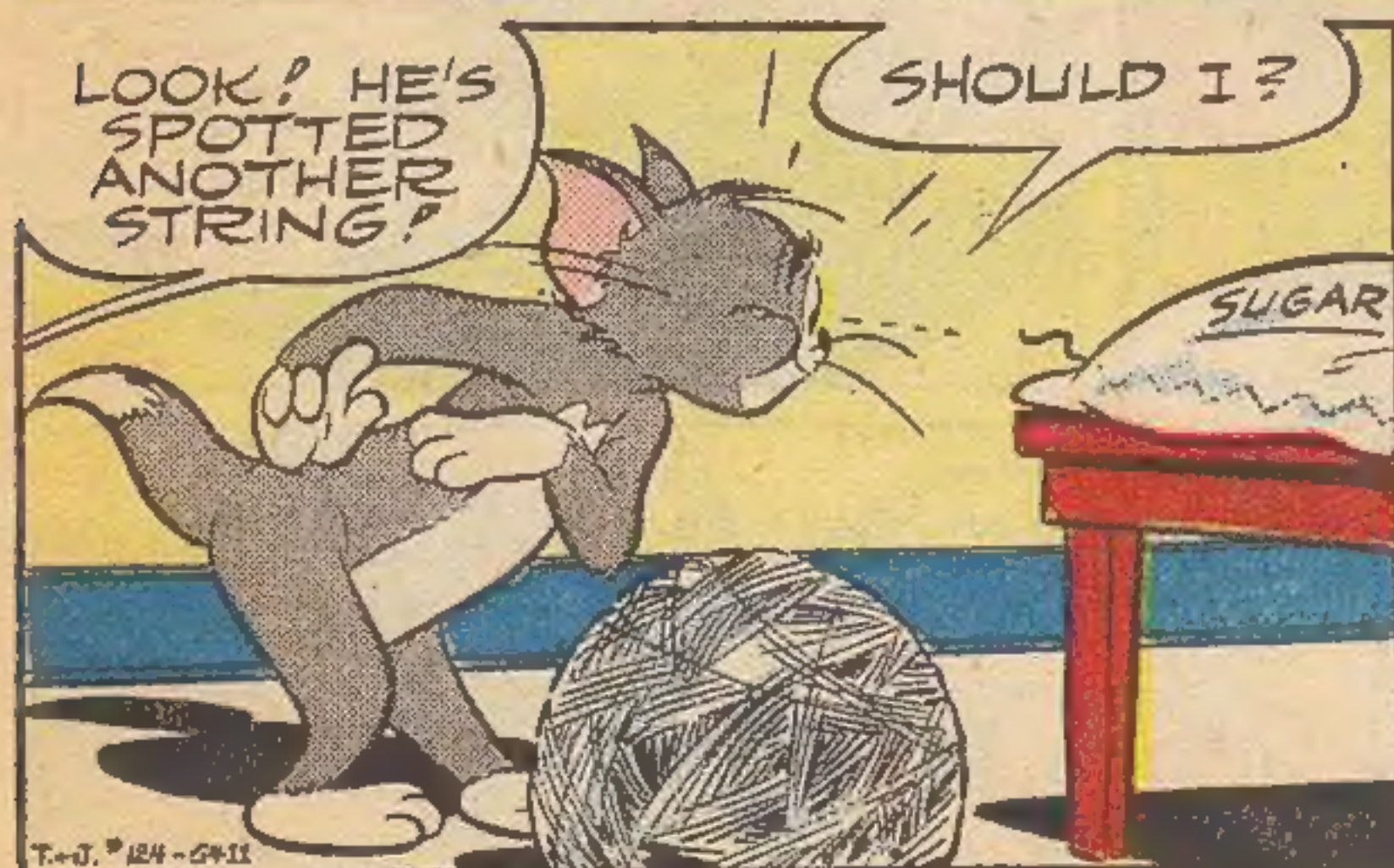
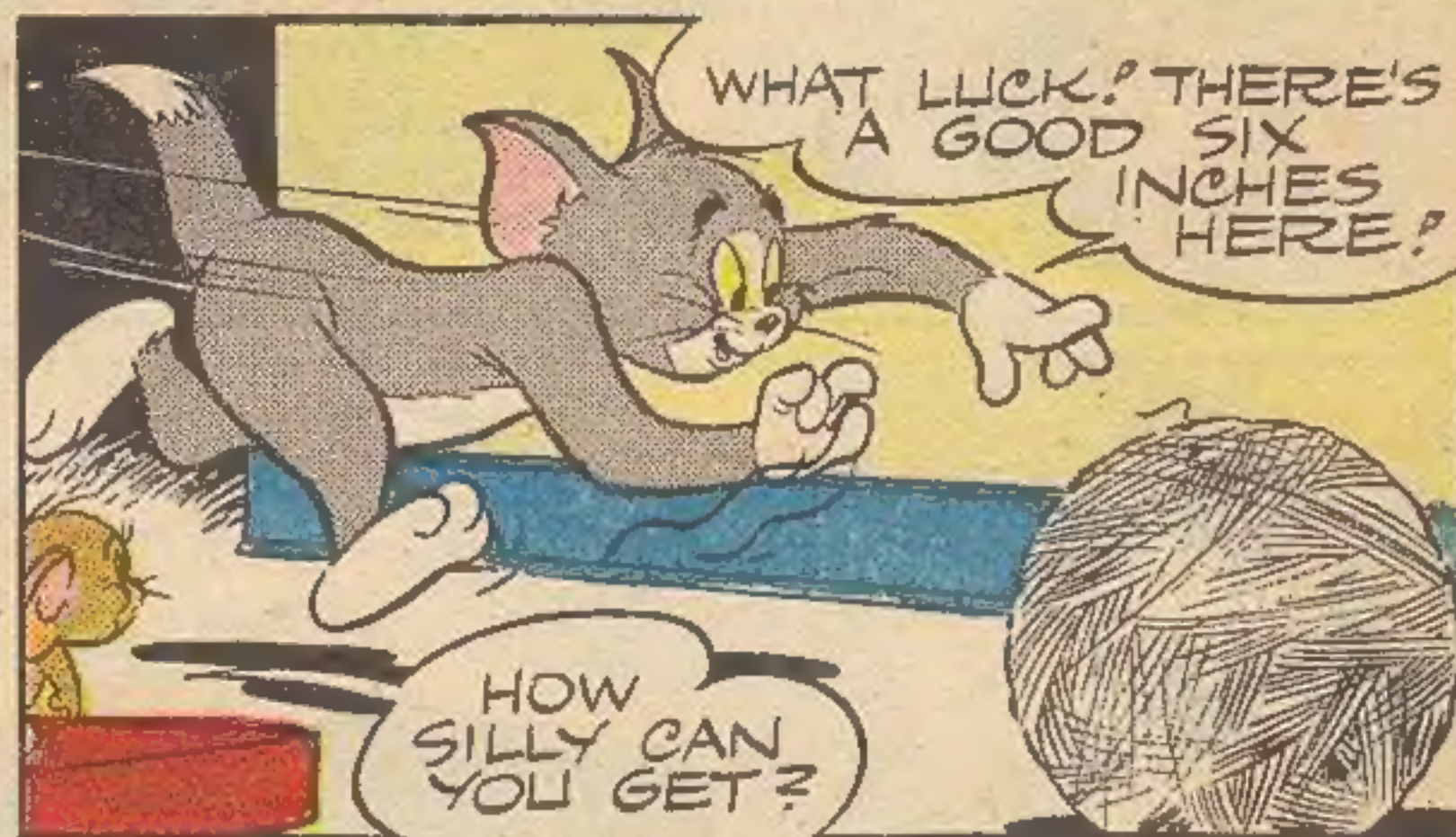
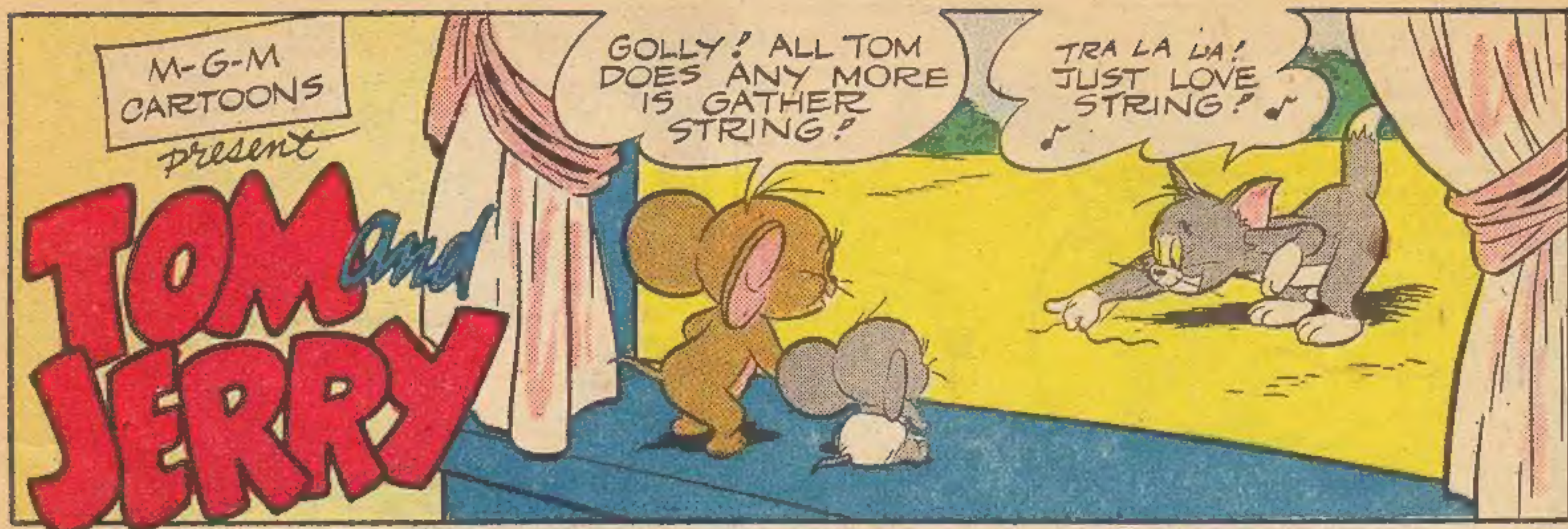
Tom *and* Jerry

Comics



ROOBY





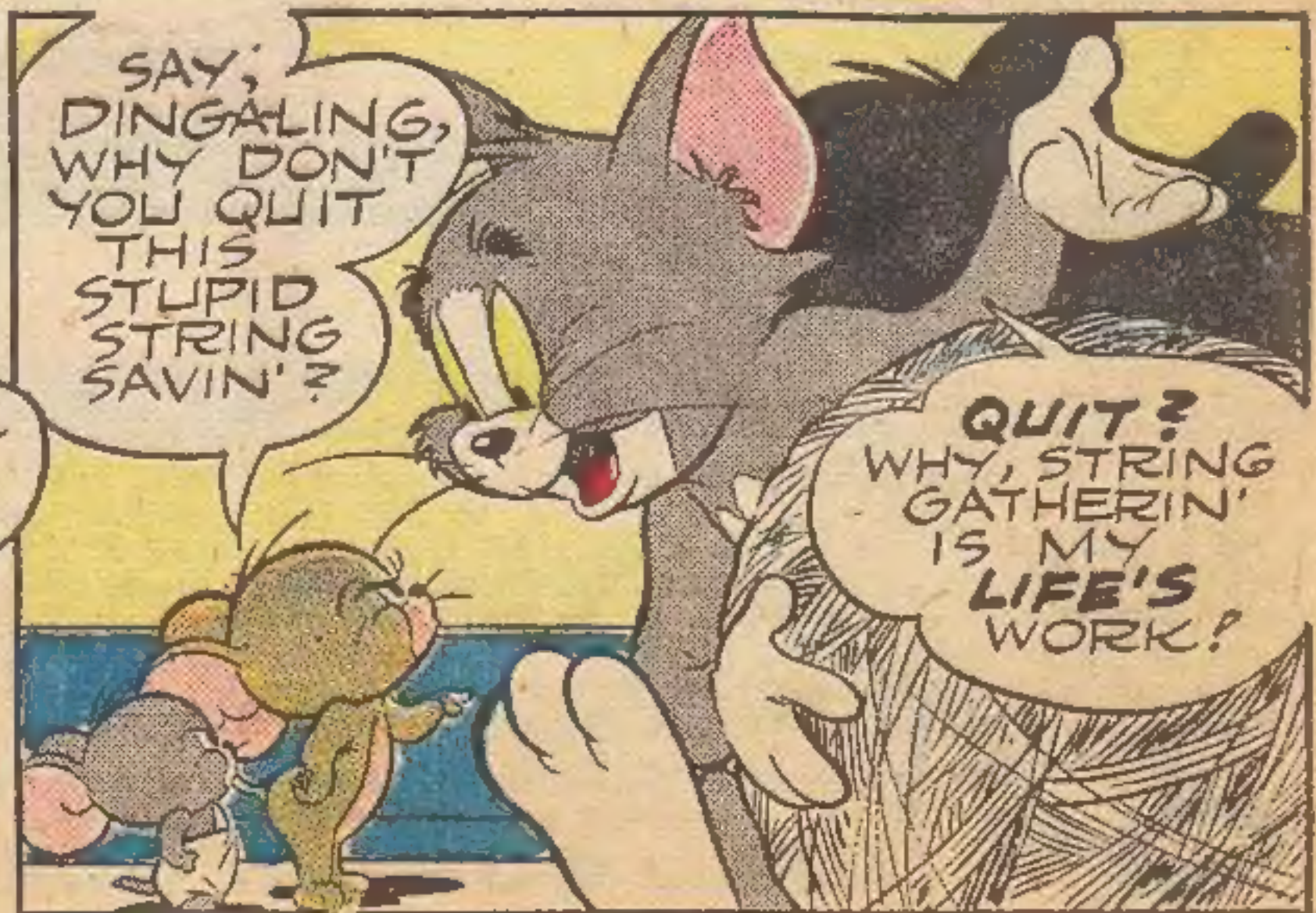
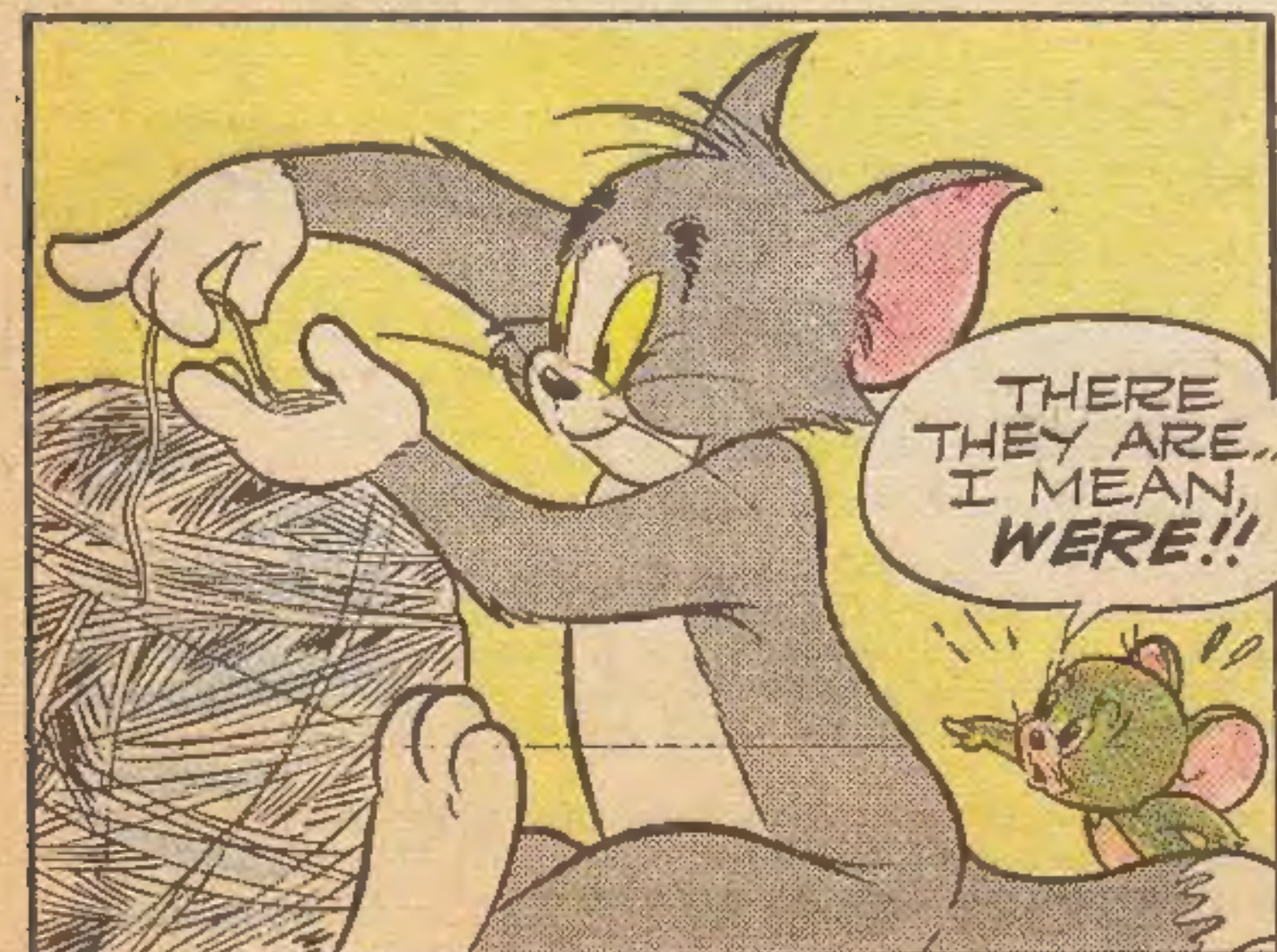
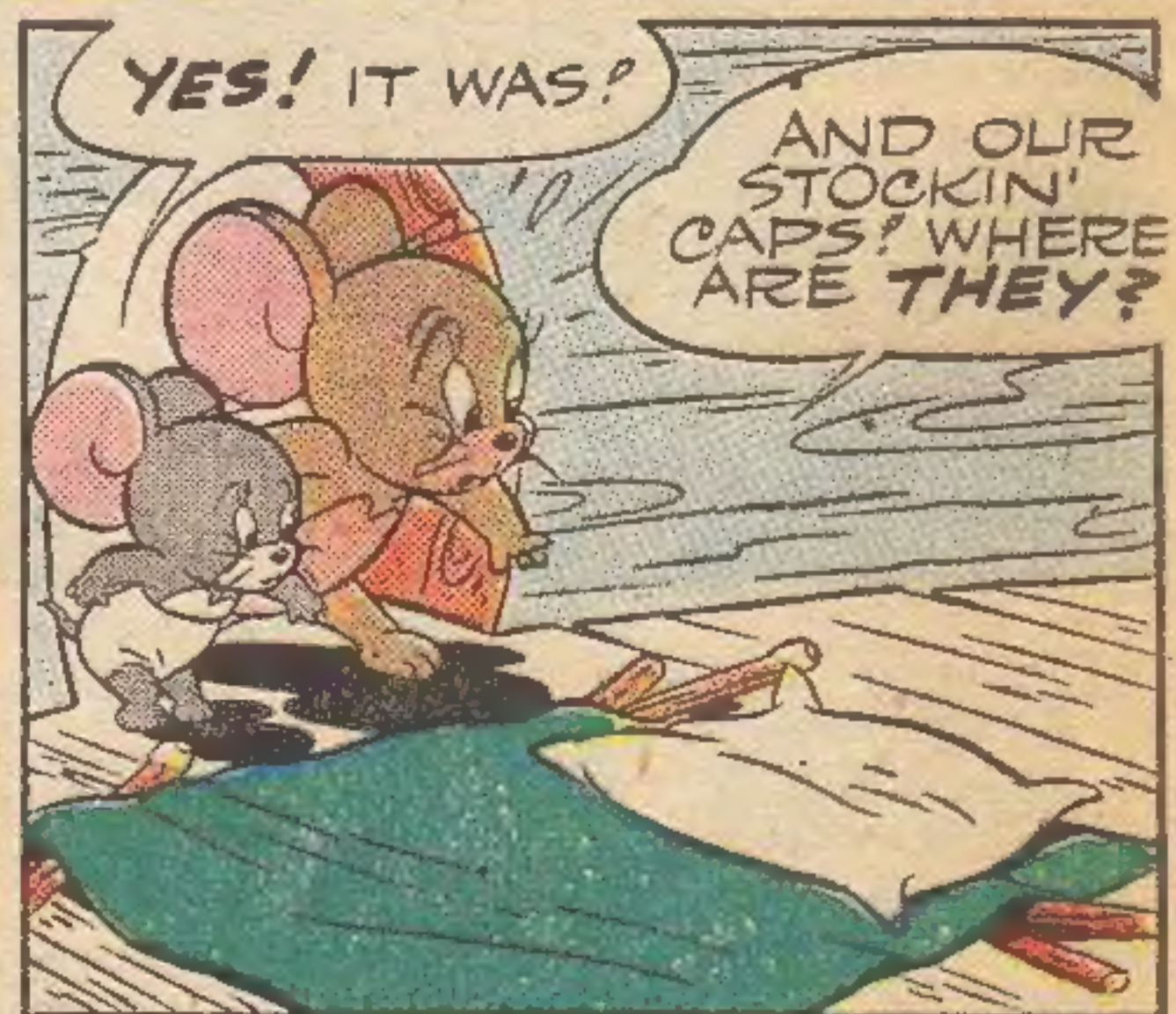
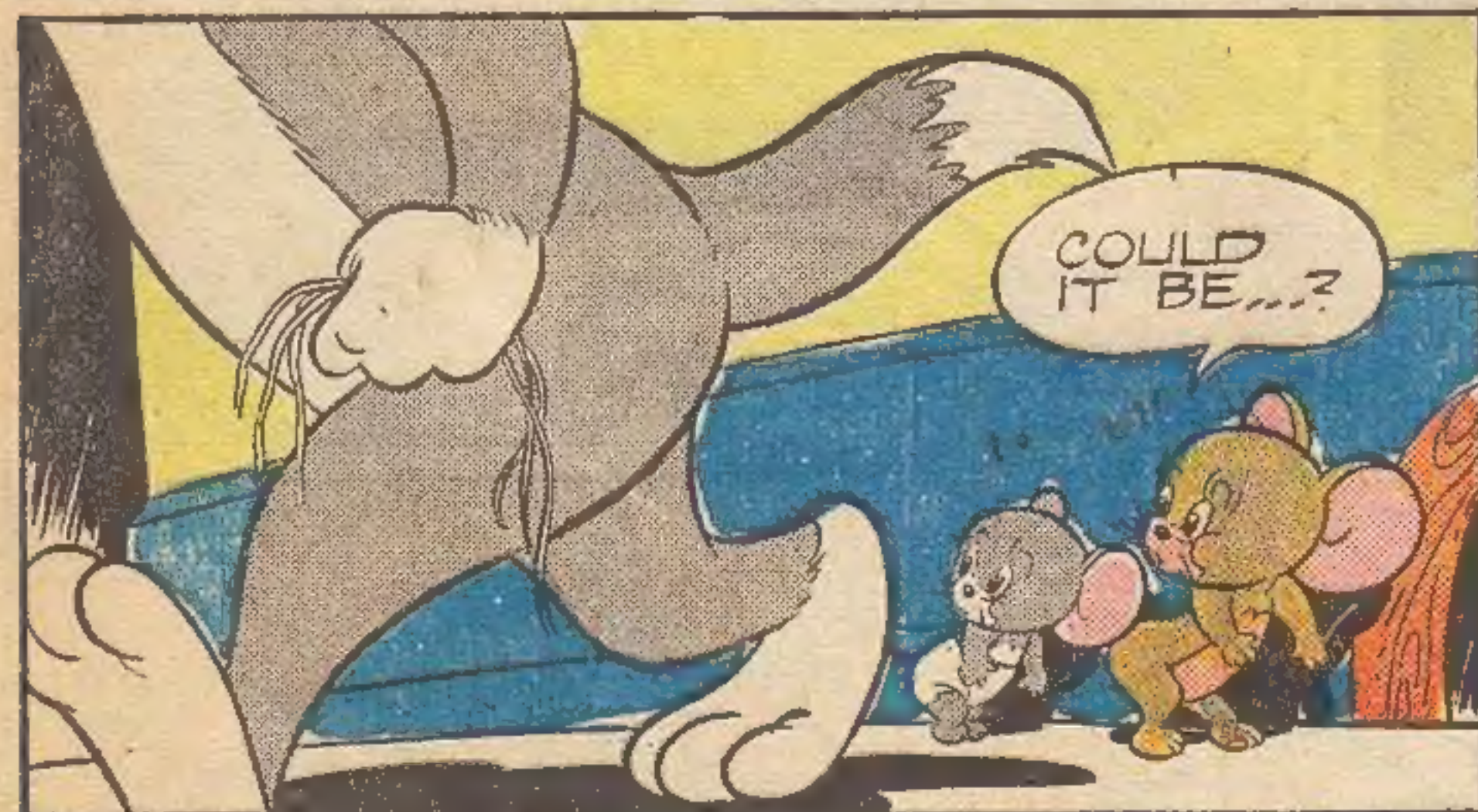
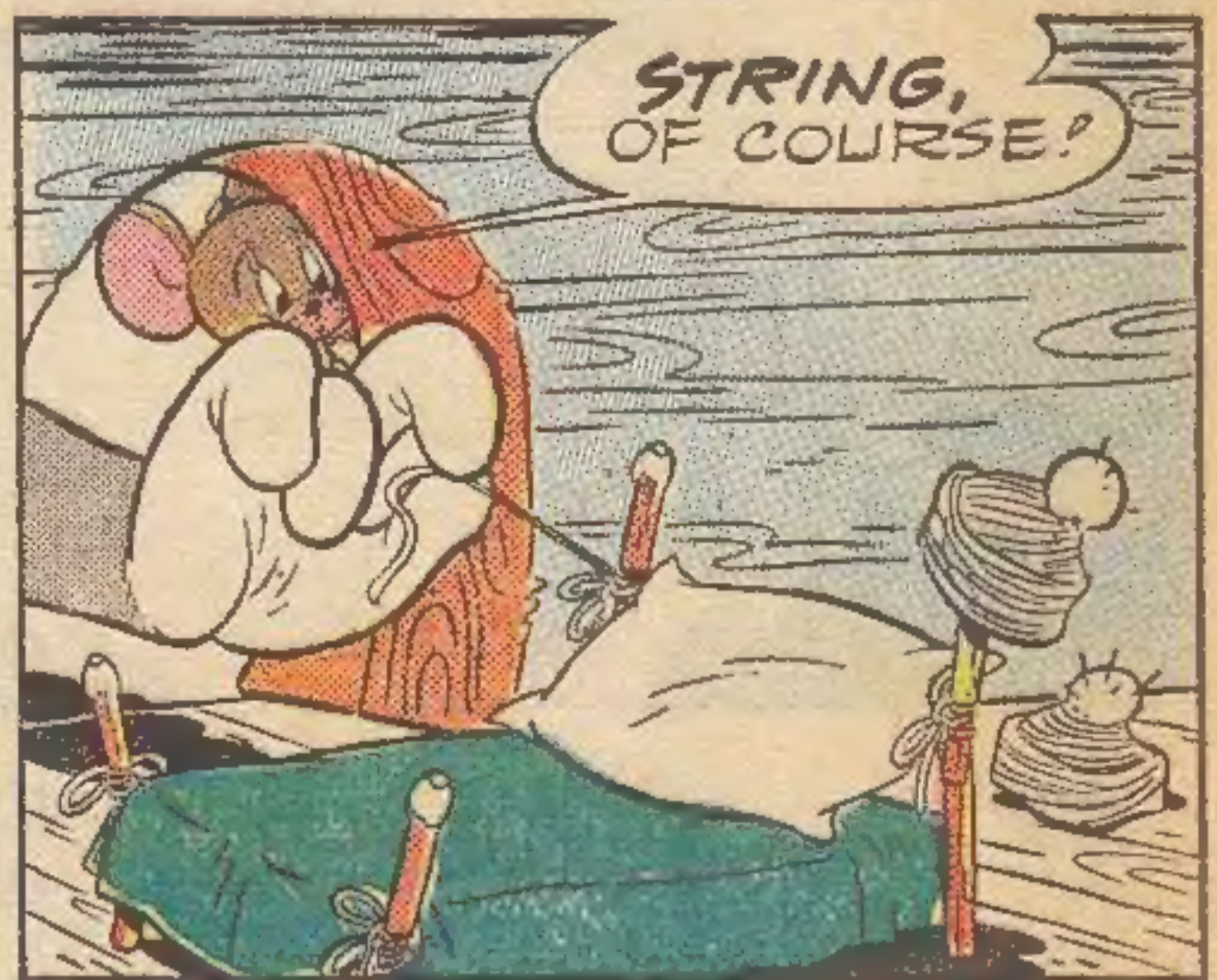
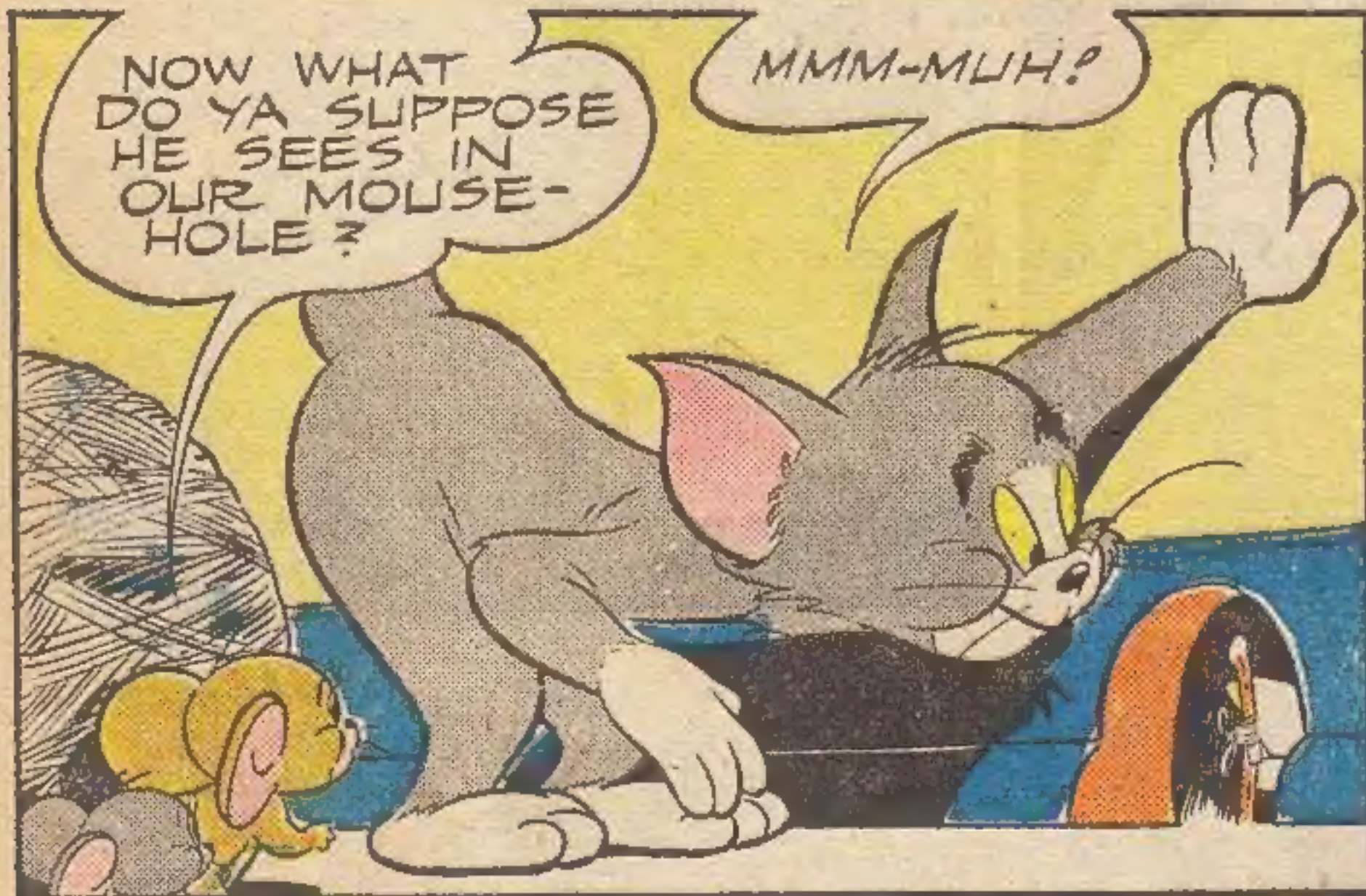
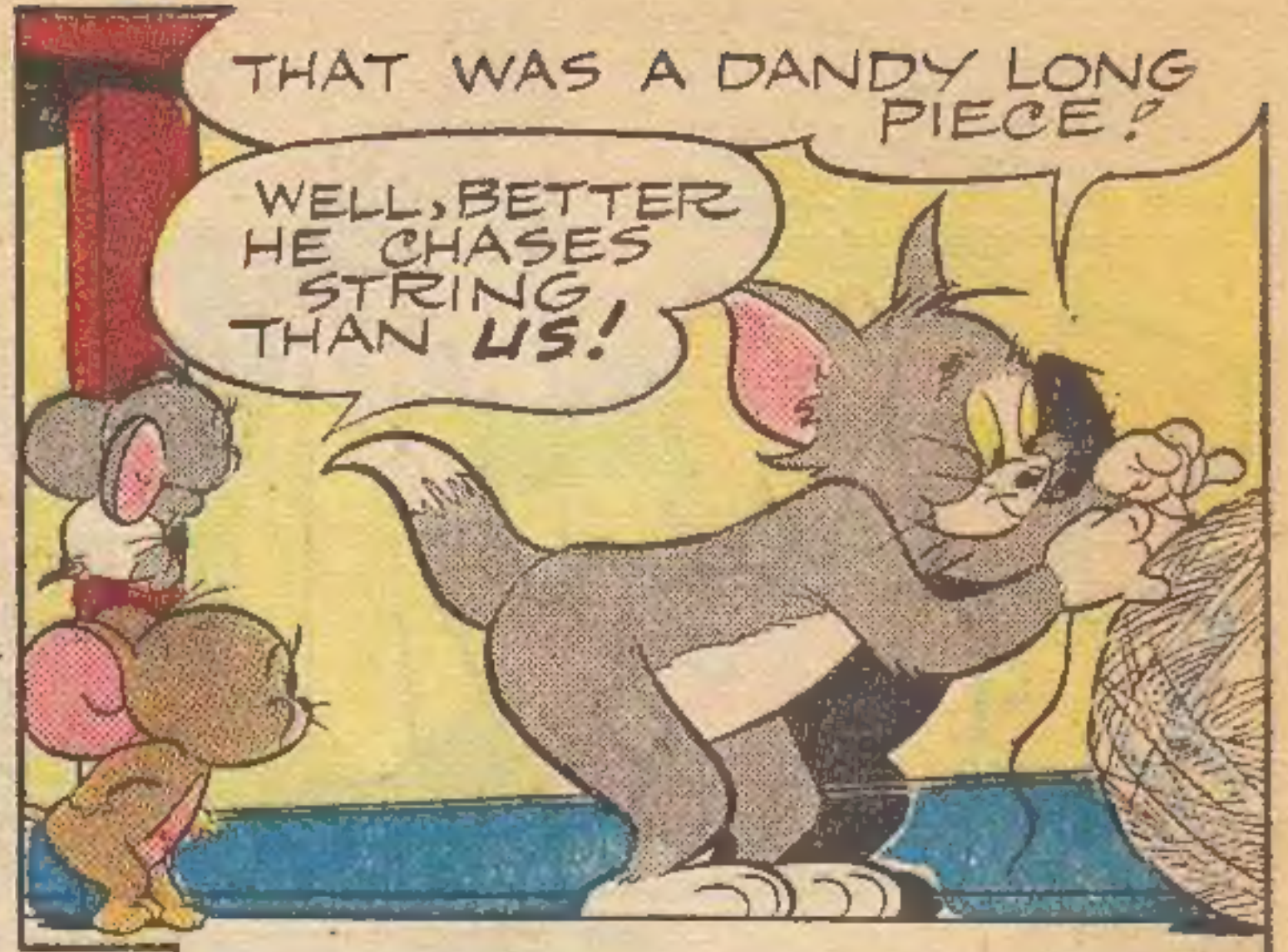
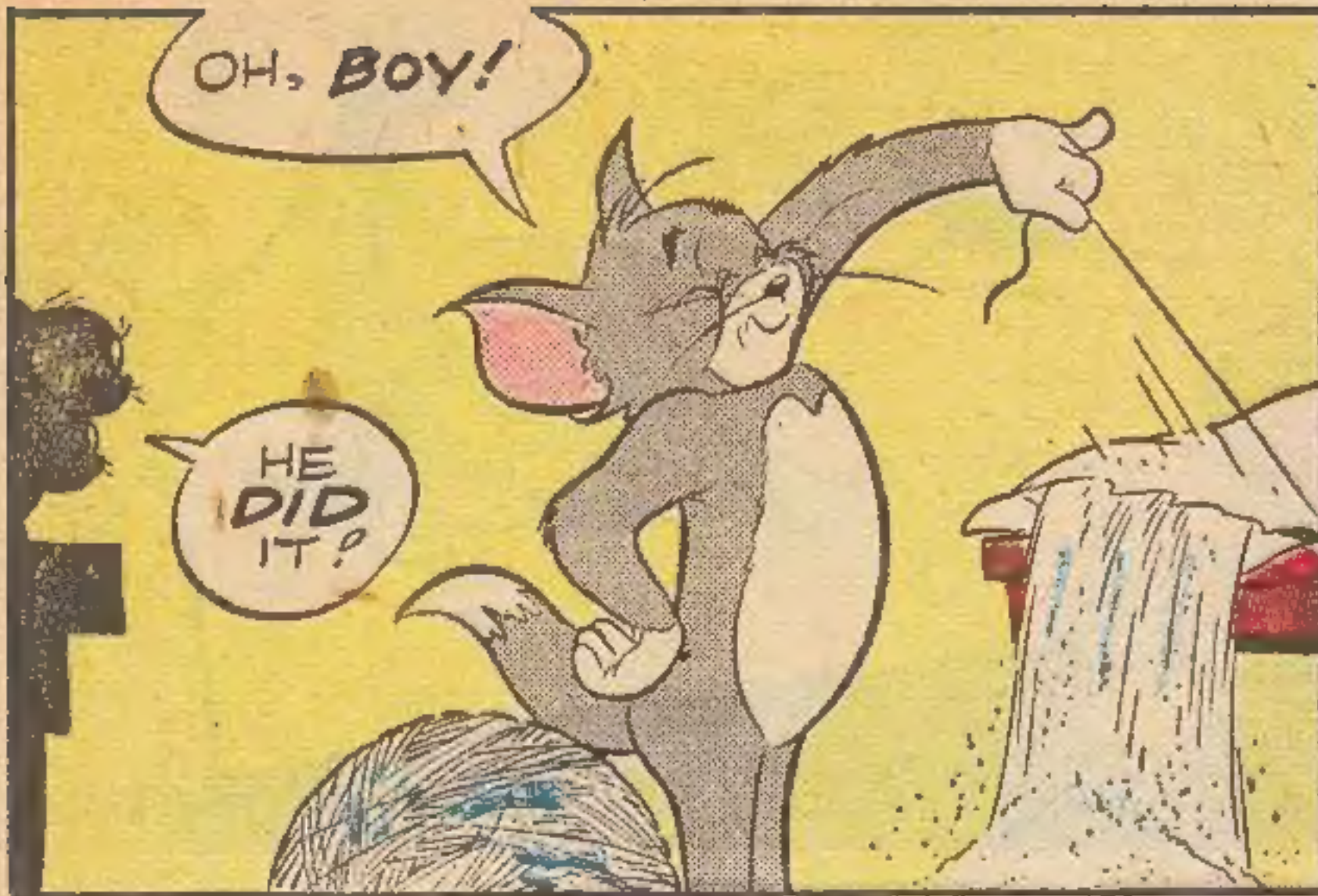
T-J. 124-5411

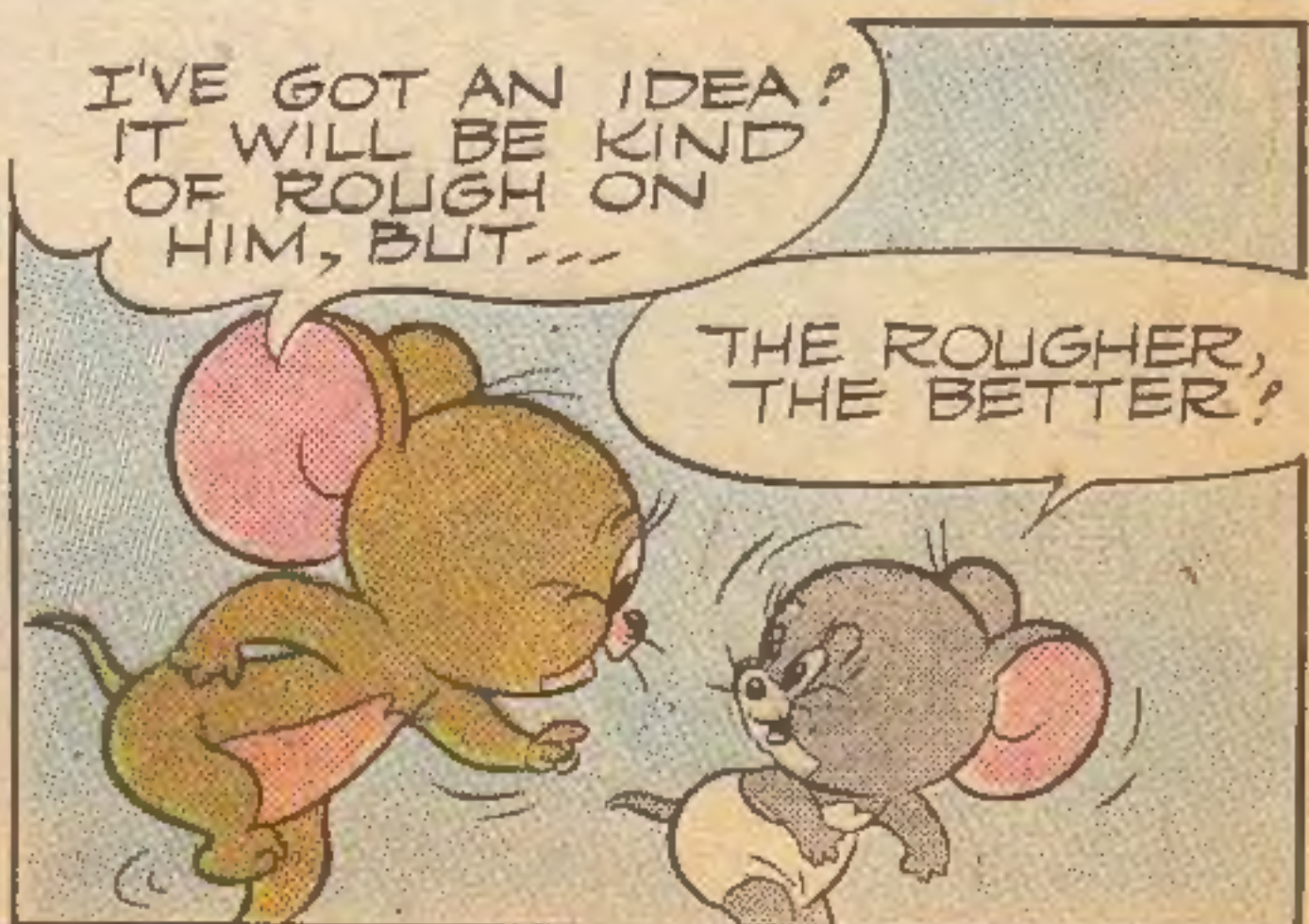
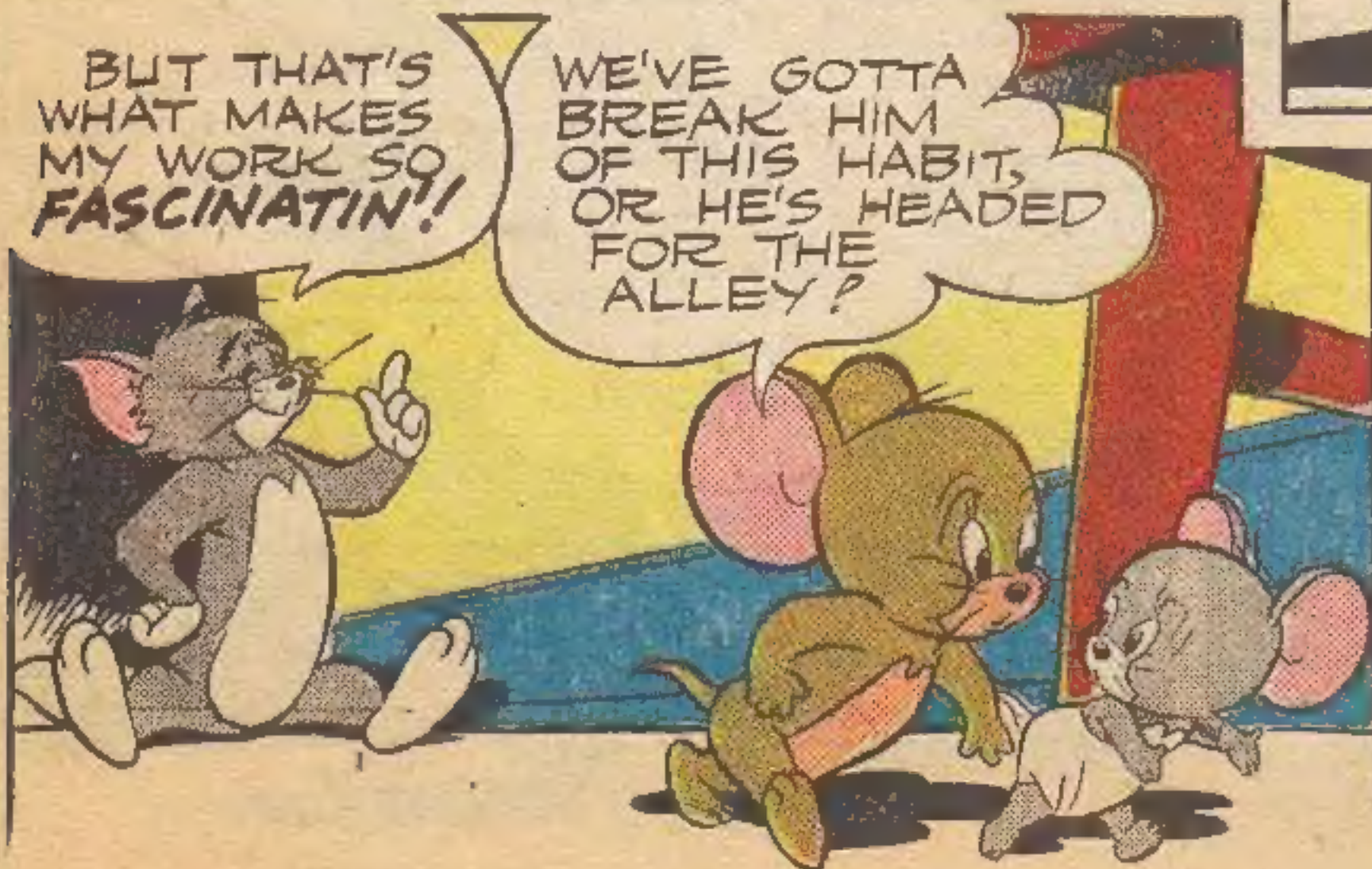
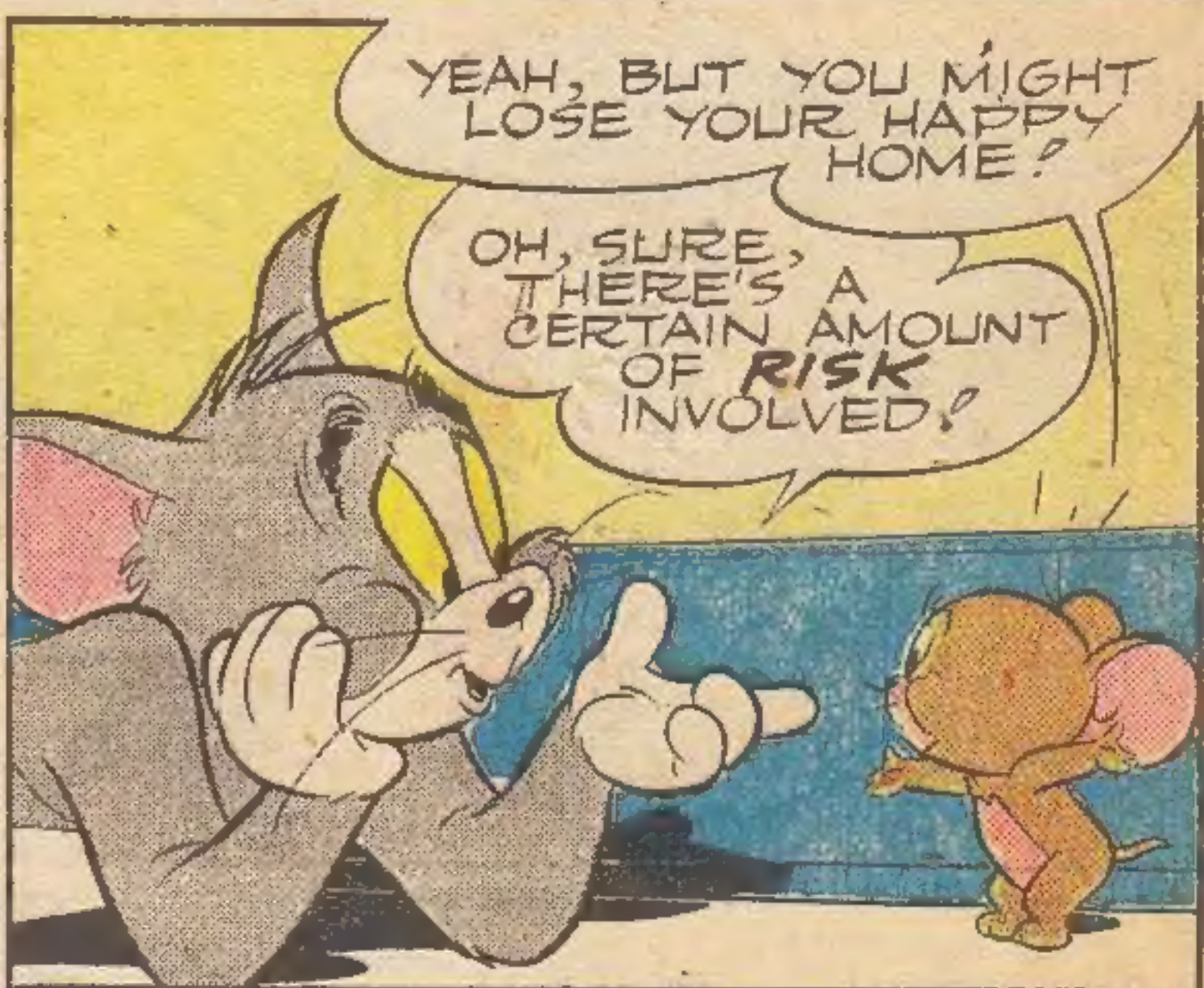
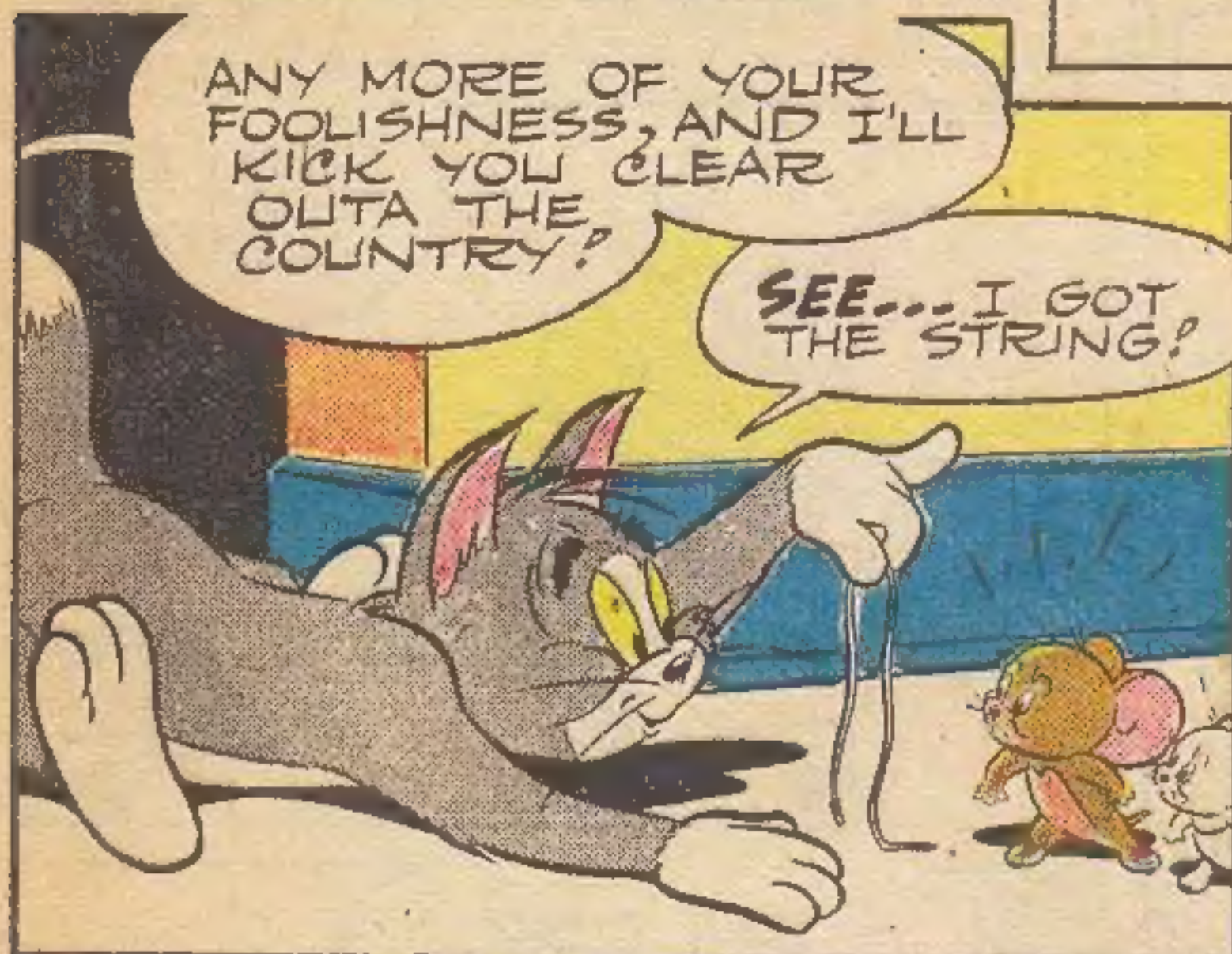
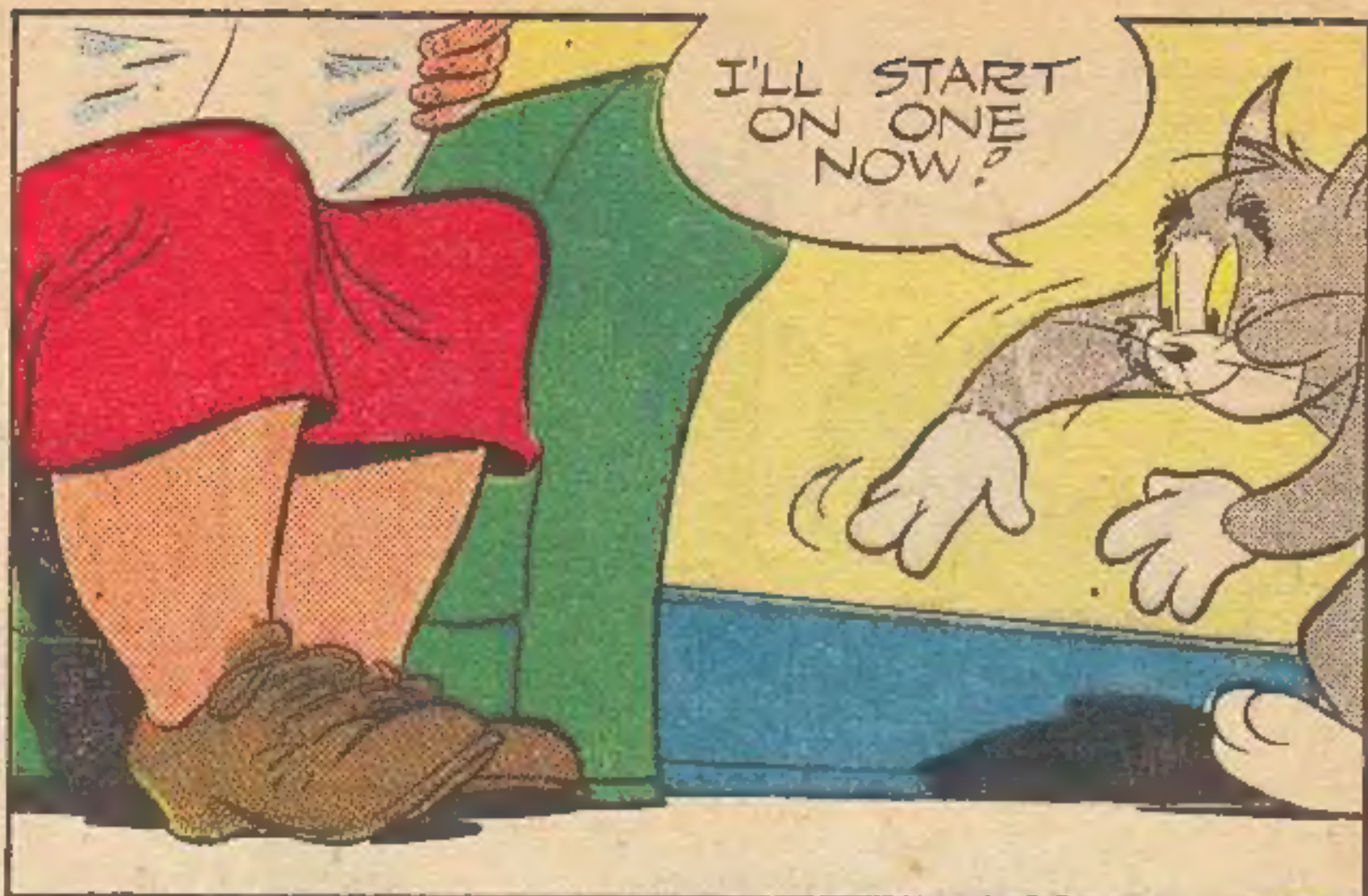
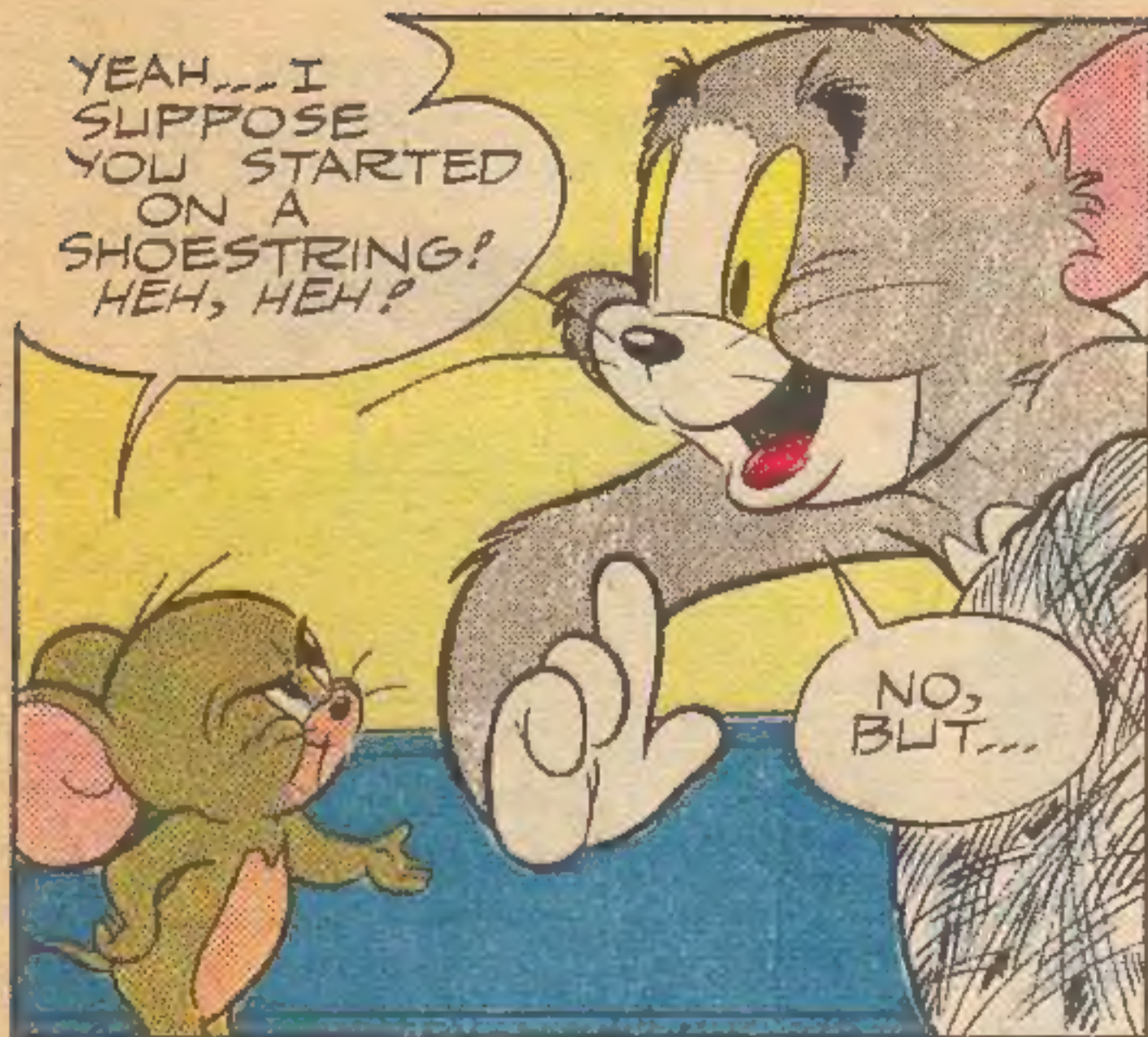
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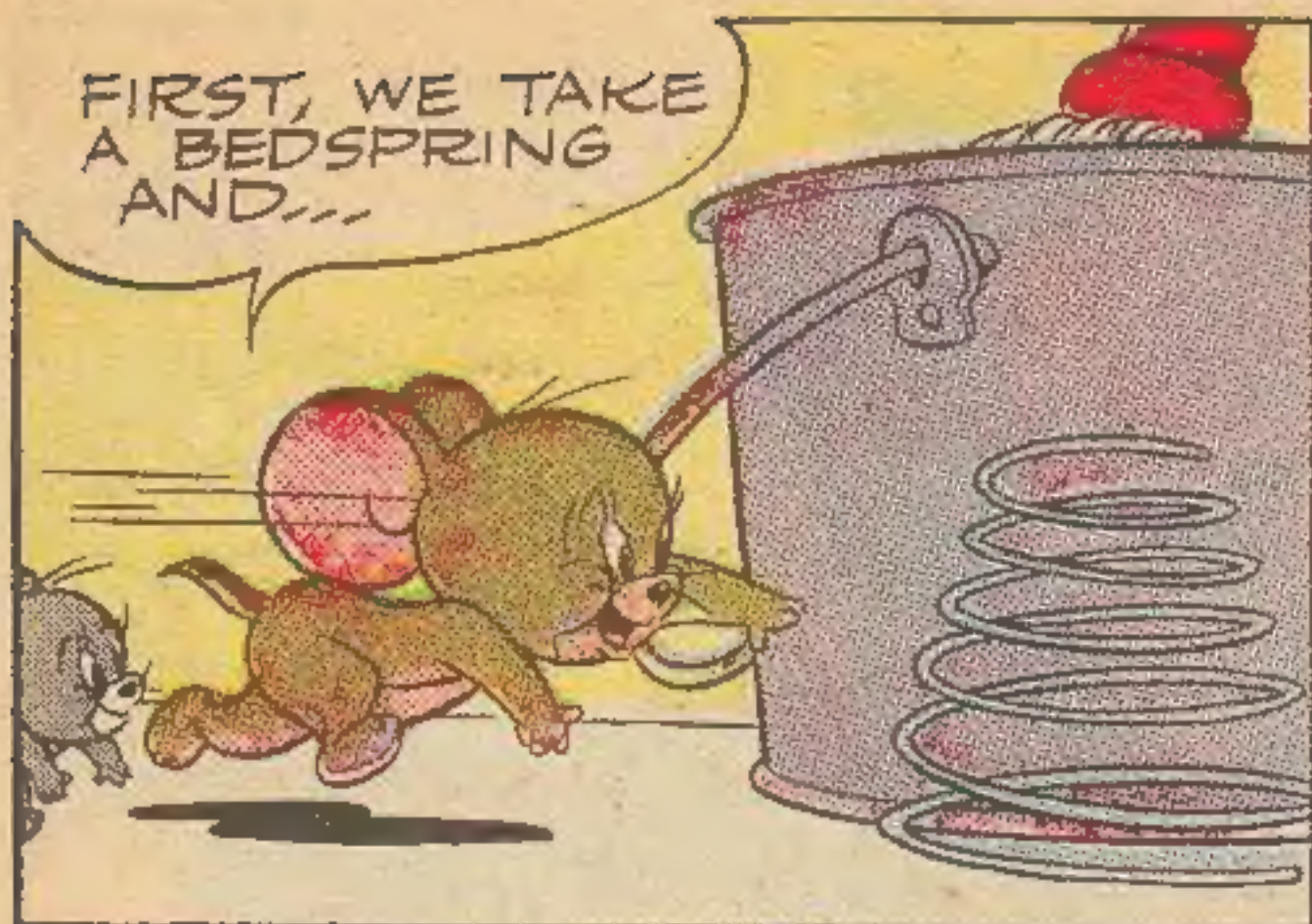
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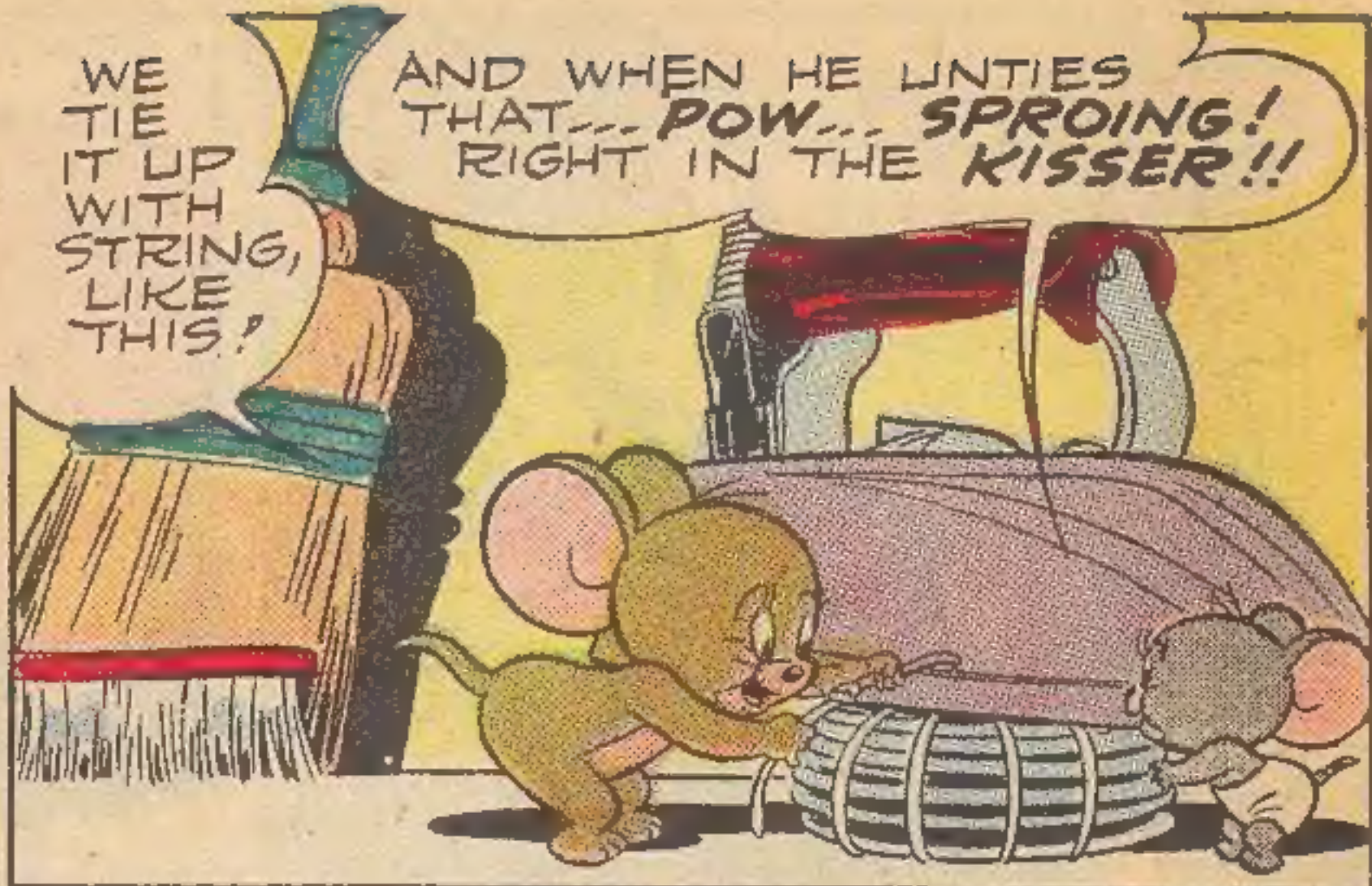
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





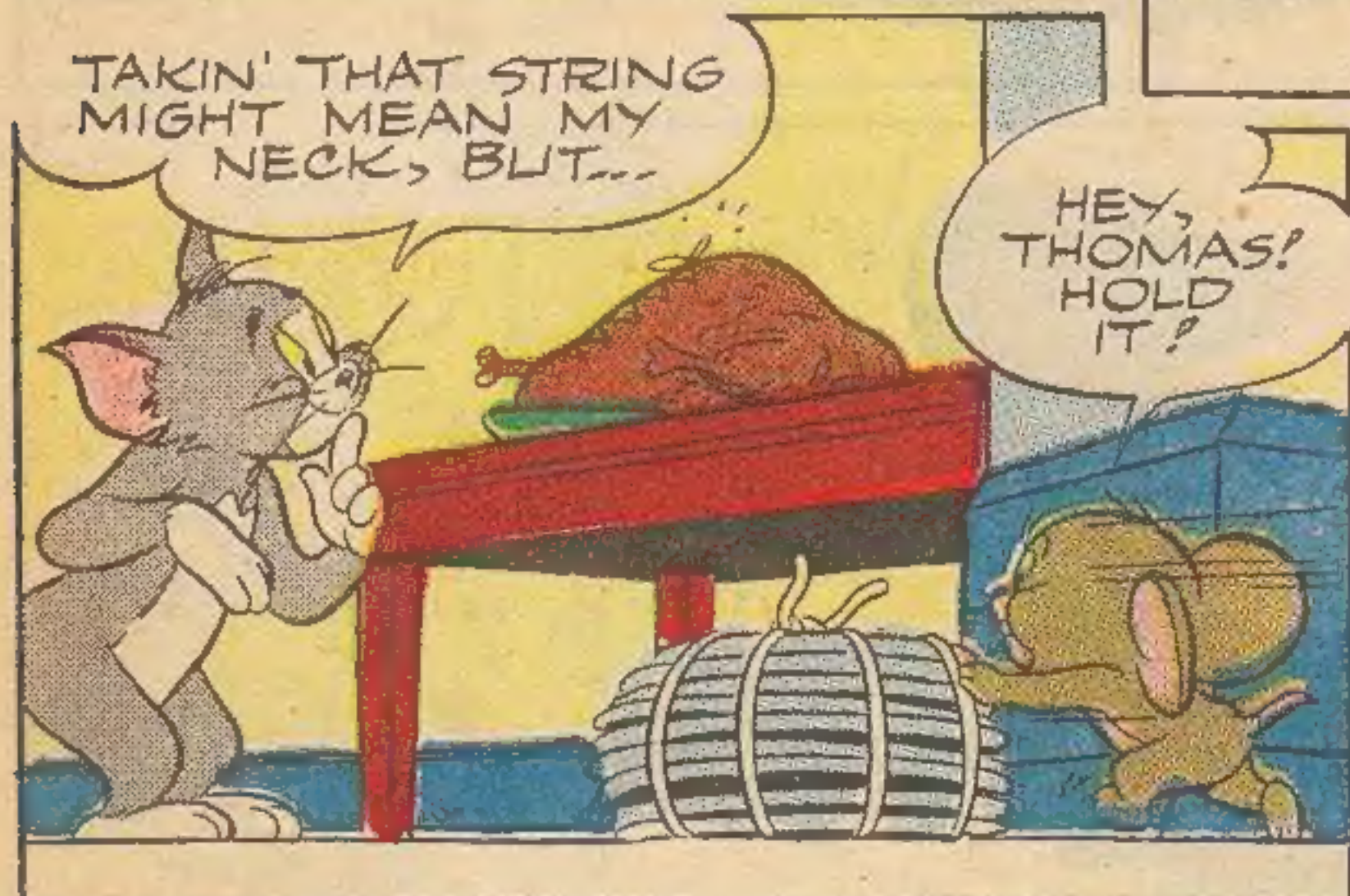


FIRST, WE TAKE A BEDSPRING AND...



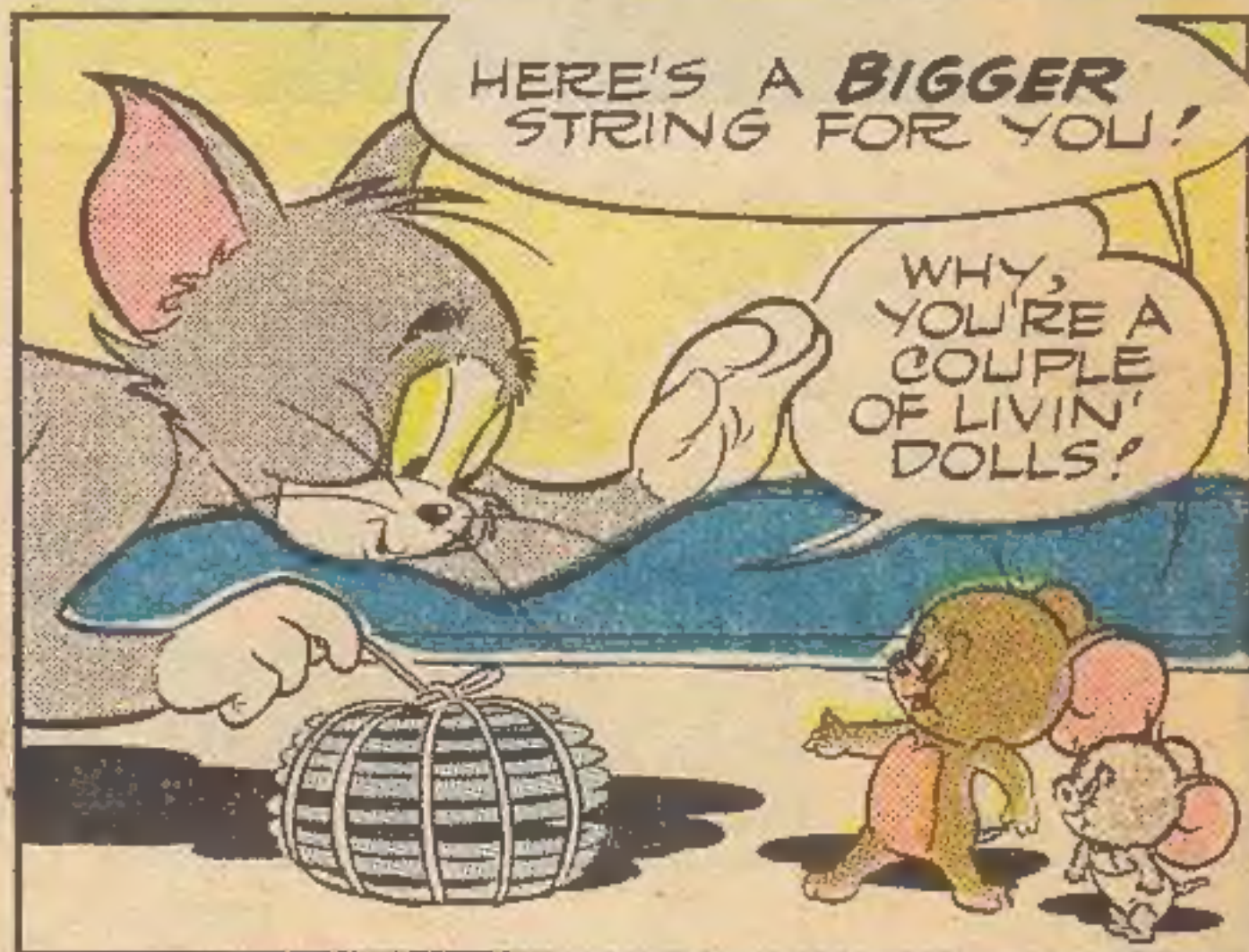
WE TIE IT UP WITH STRING, LIKE THIS!

AND WHEN HE UNTIES THAT... **POW... SPROING!** RIGHT IN THE **KISSER!!**



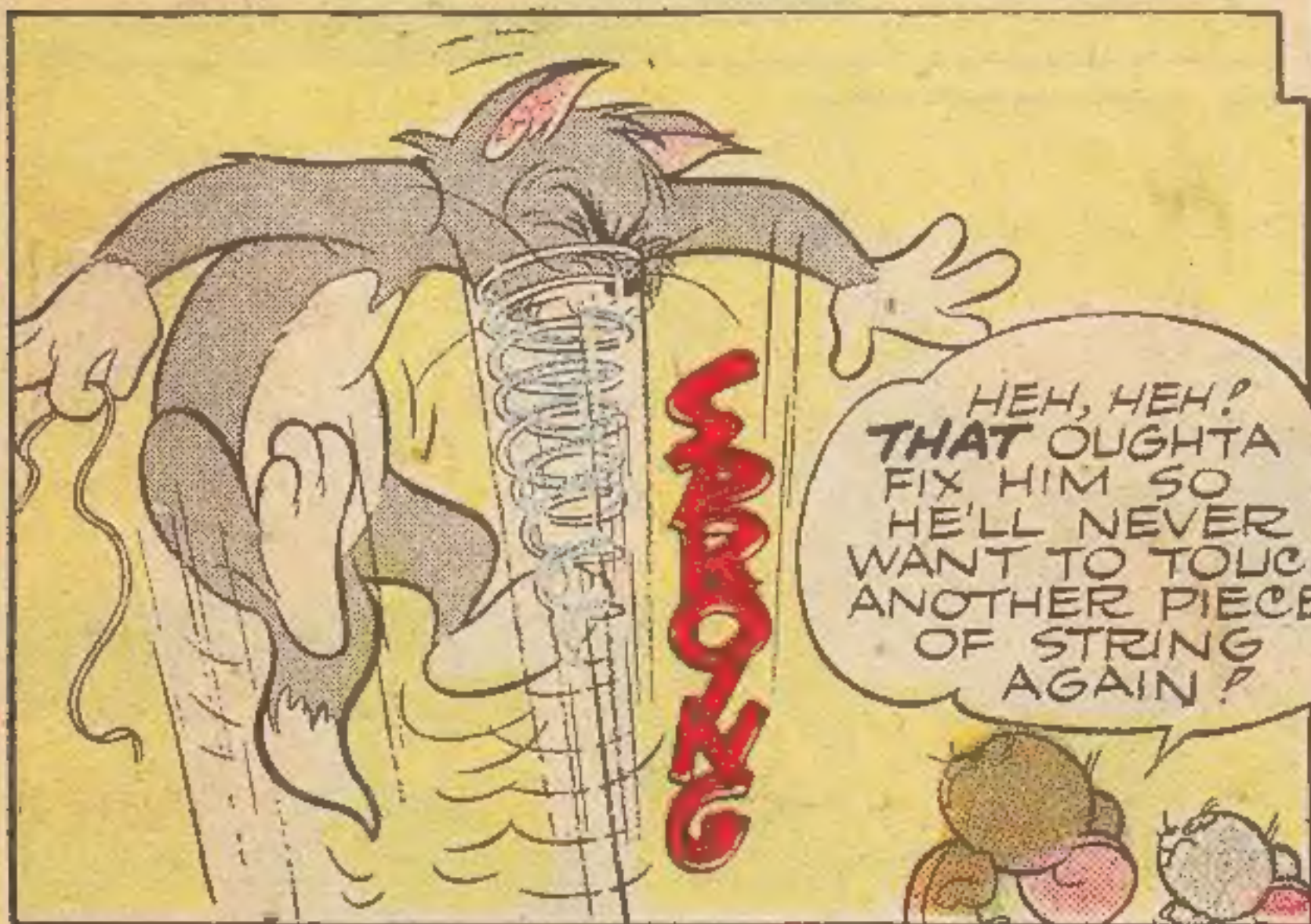
TAKIN' THAT STRING MIGHT MEAN MY NECK, BUT...

HEY, THOMAS! HOLD IT!



HERE'S A **BIGGER** STRING FOR YOU!

WHY, YOU'RE A COUPLE OF LIVIN' DOLLS!

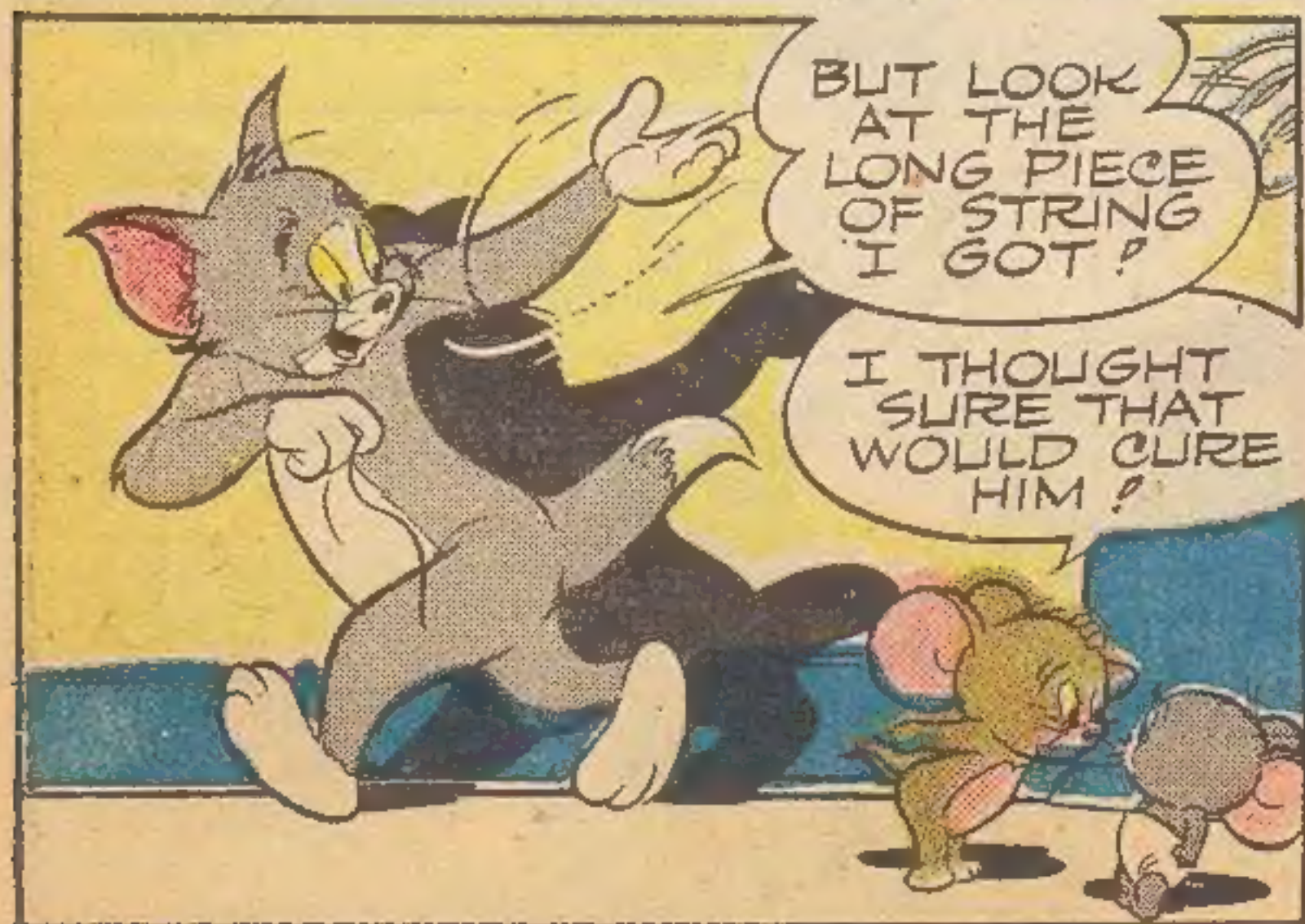


HEH, HEH? **THAT** OUGHTA FIX HIM SO HE'LL NEVER WANT TO TOUCH ANOTHER PIECE OF STRING AGAIN!



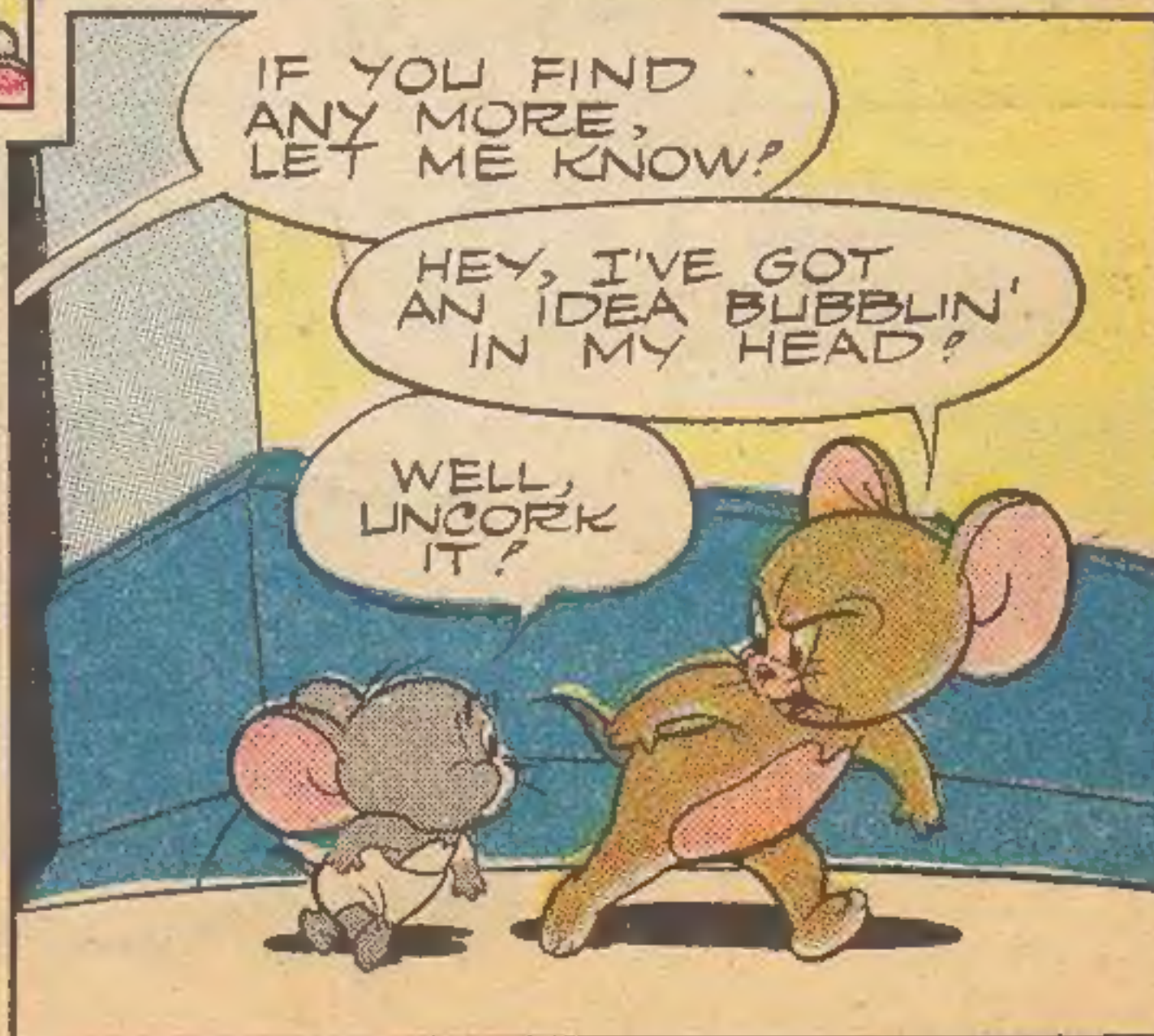
DIDN'T THAT HURT?

SURE!



BUT LOOK AT THE LONG PIECE OF STRING I GOT!

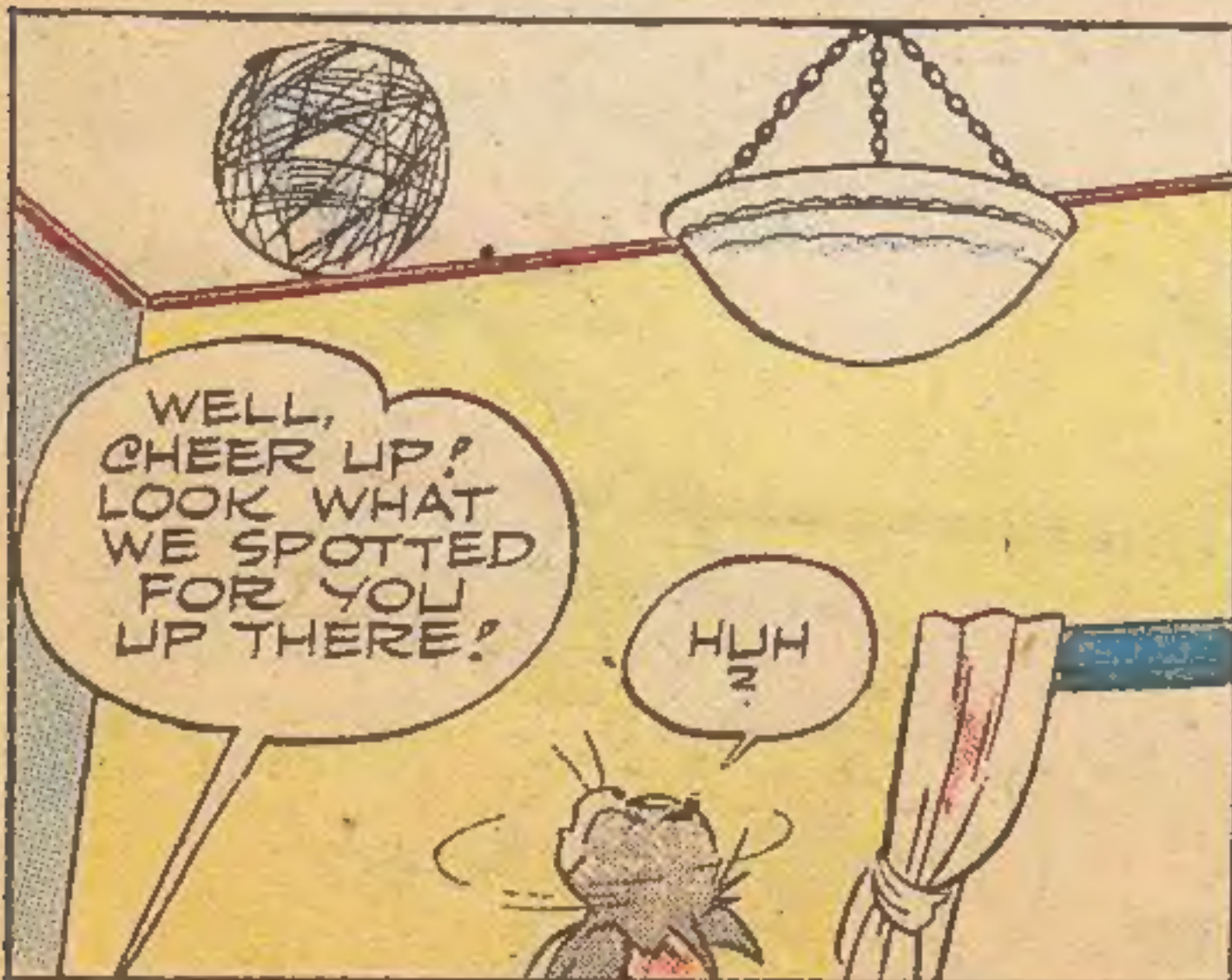
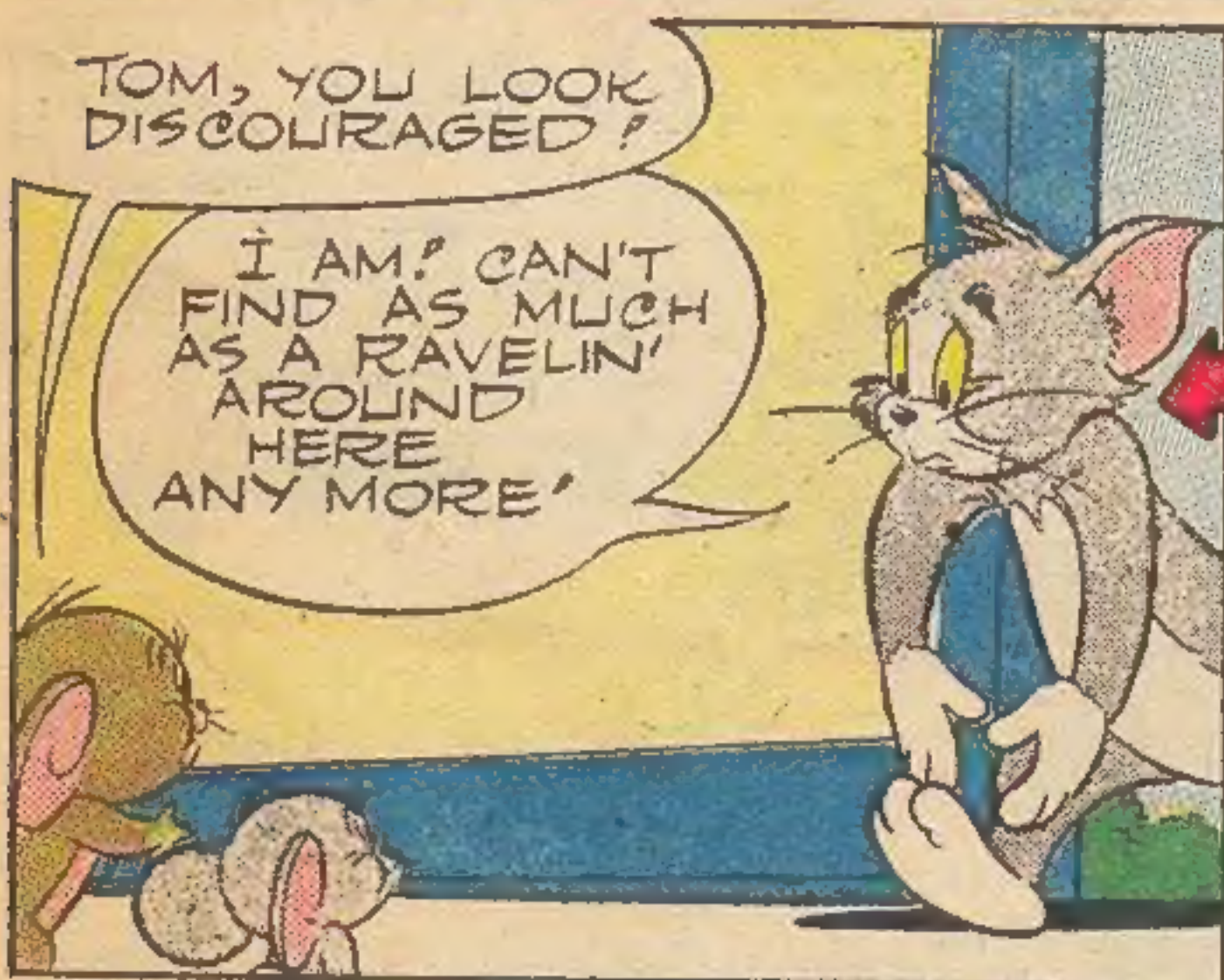
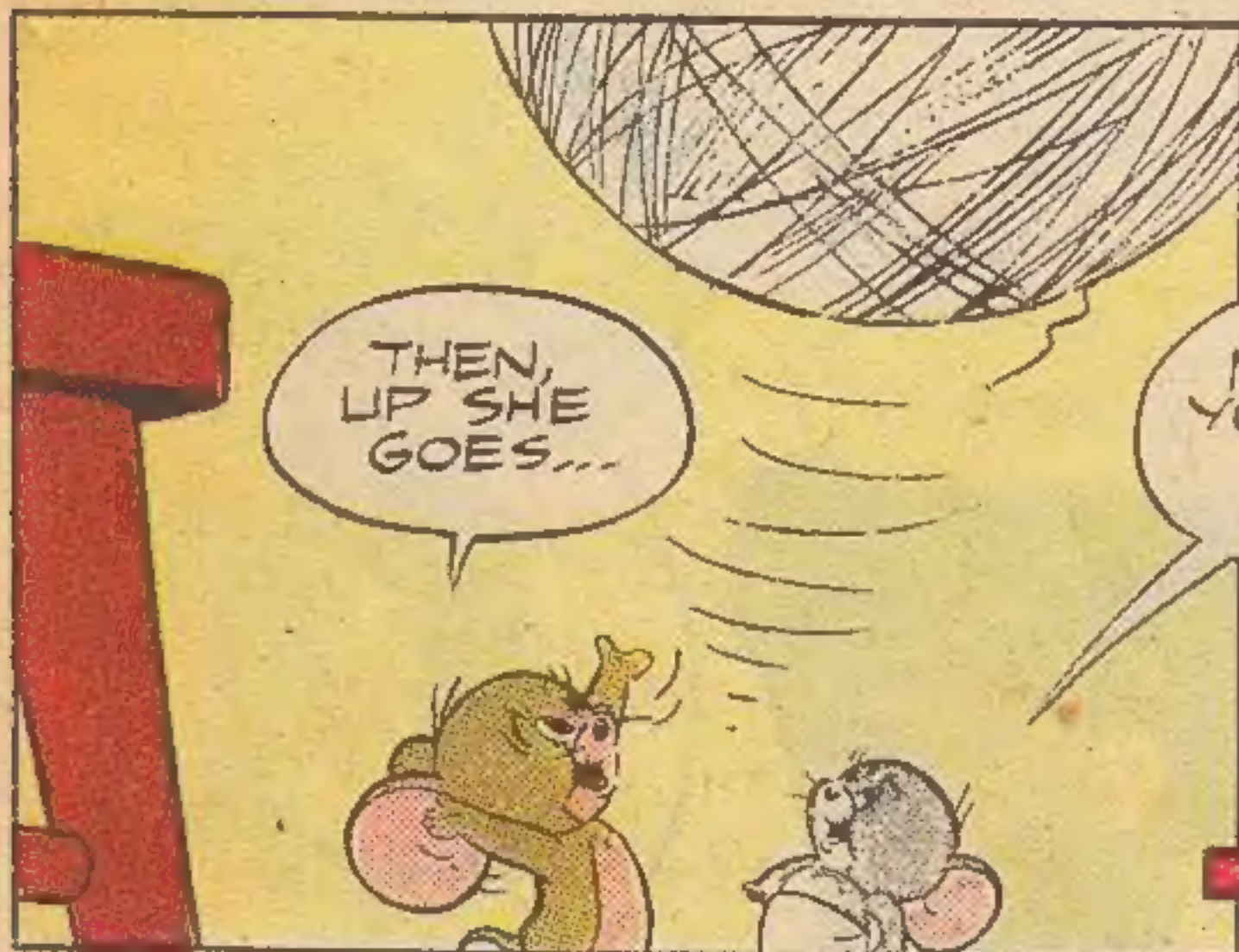
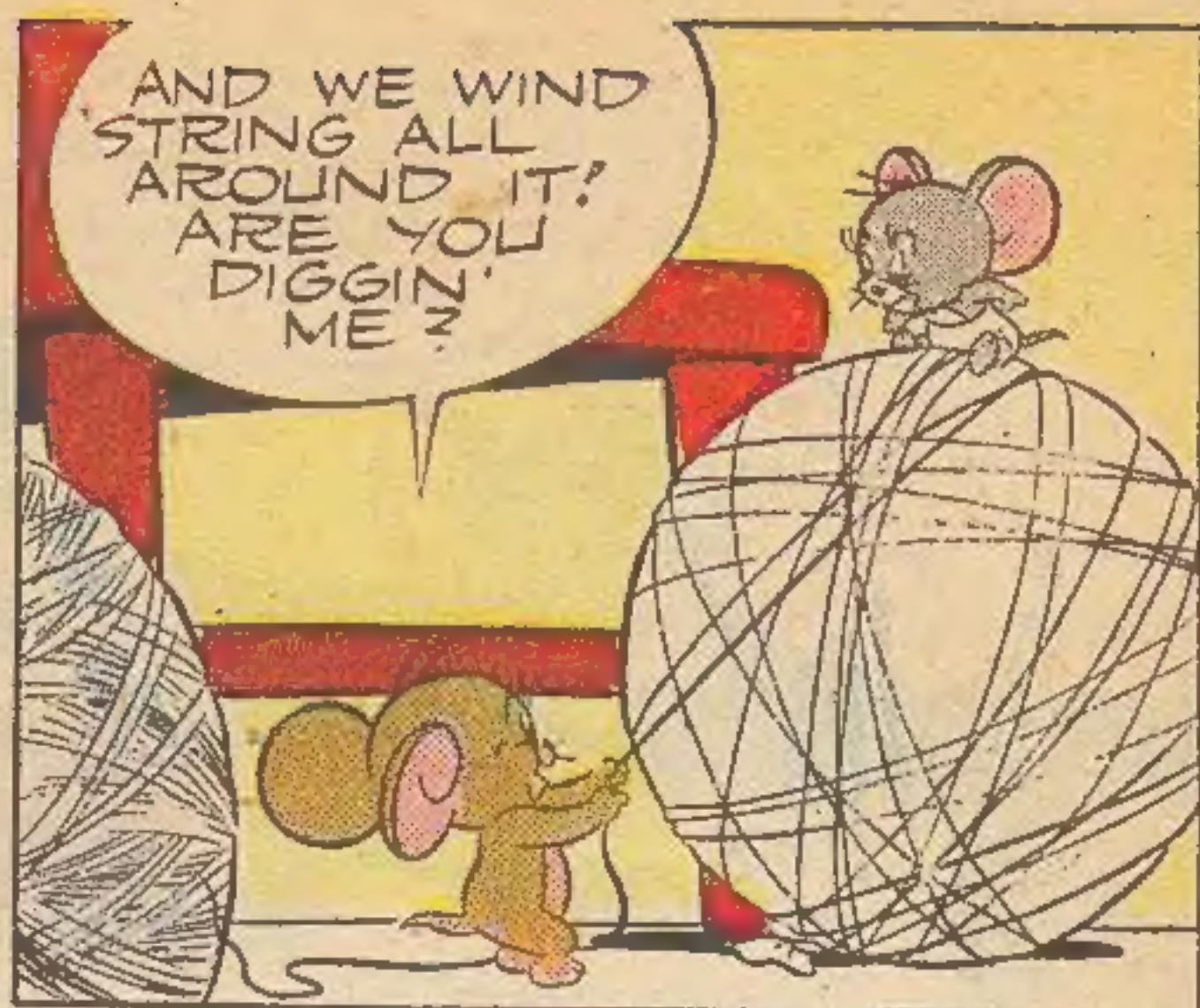
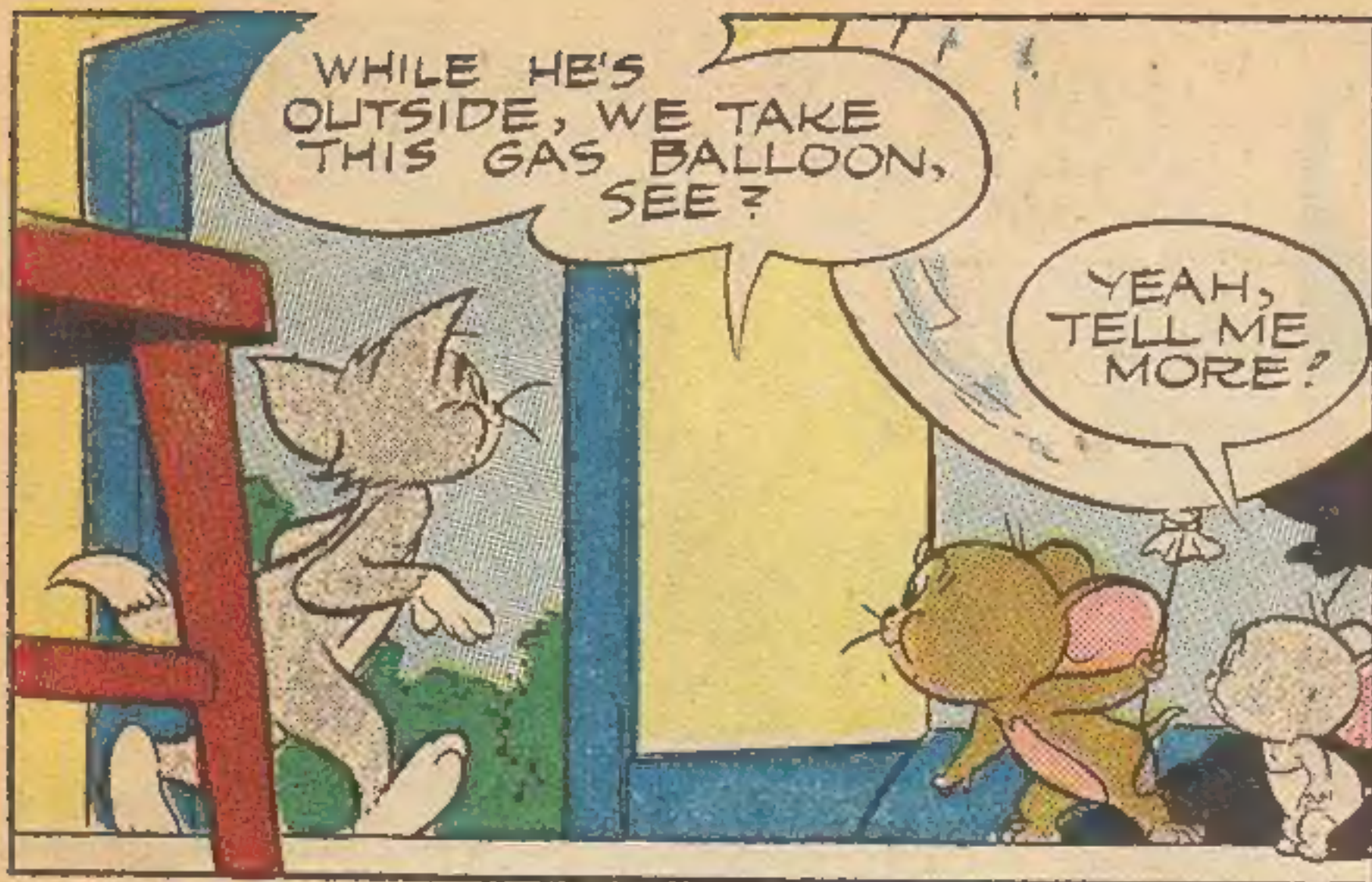
I THOUGHT SURE THAT WOULD CURE HIM!

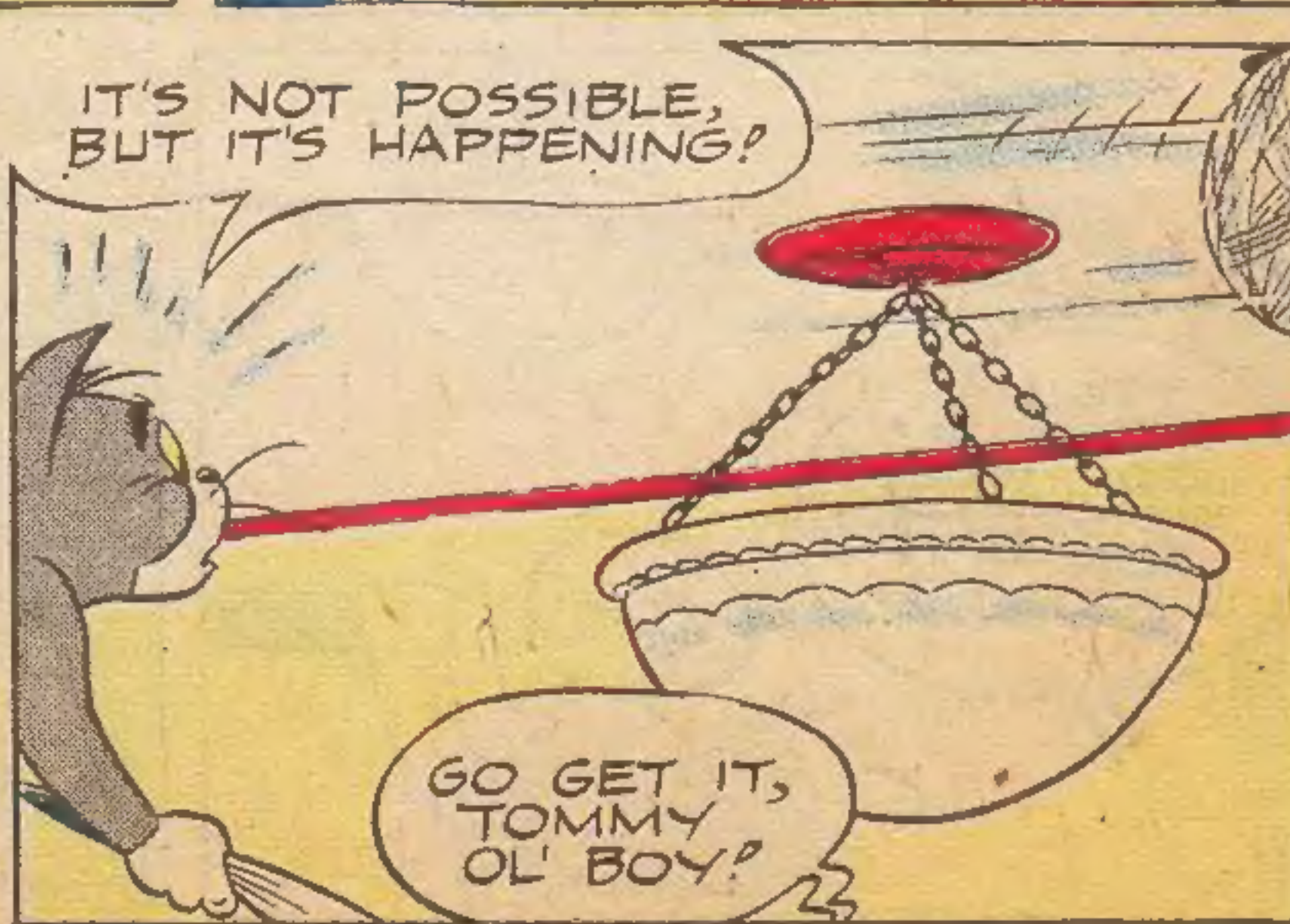
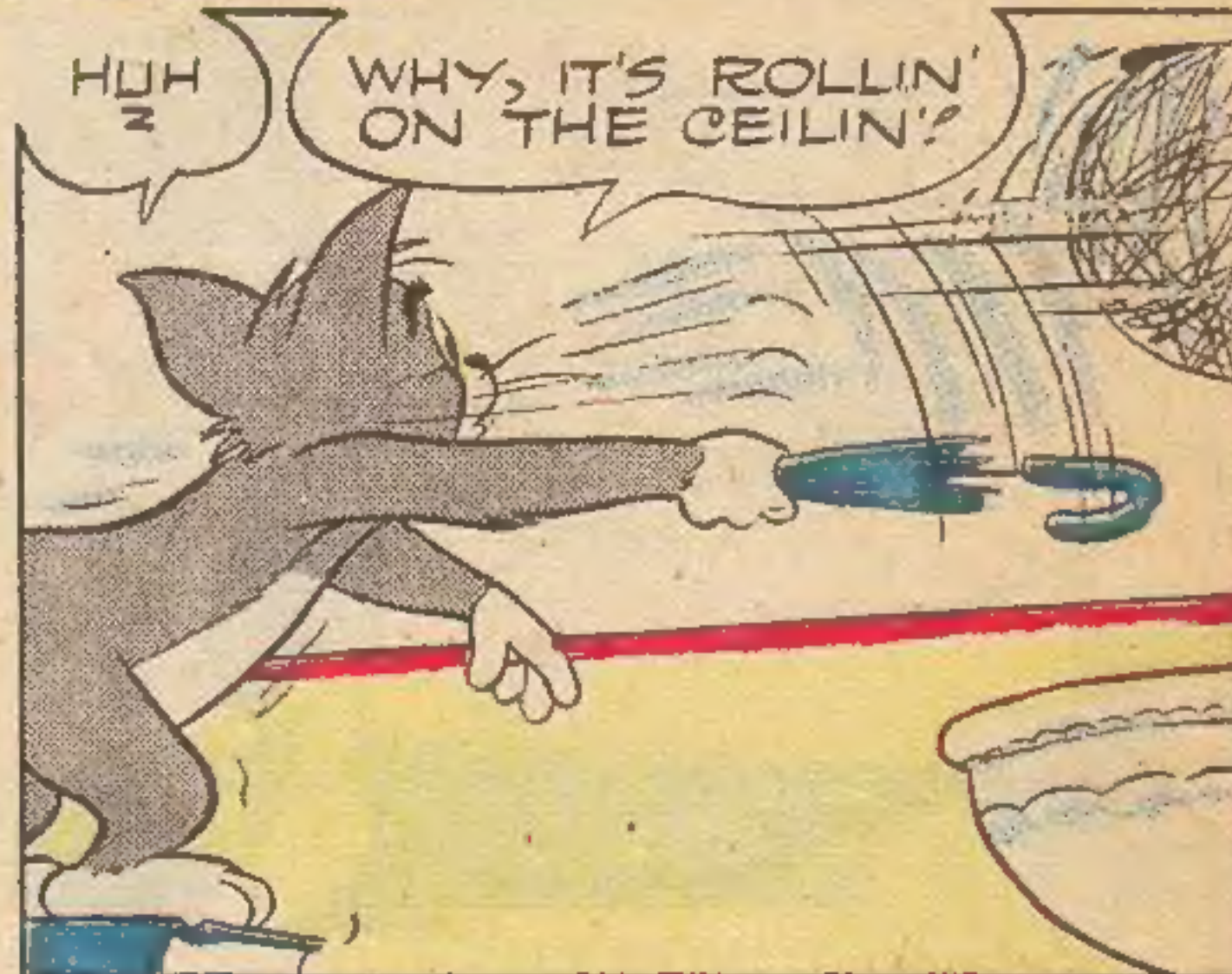
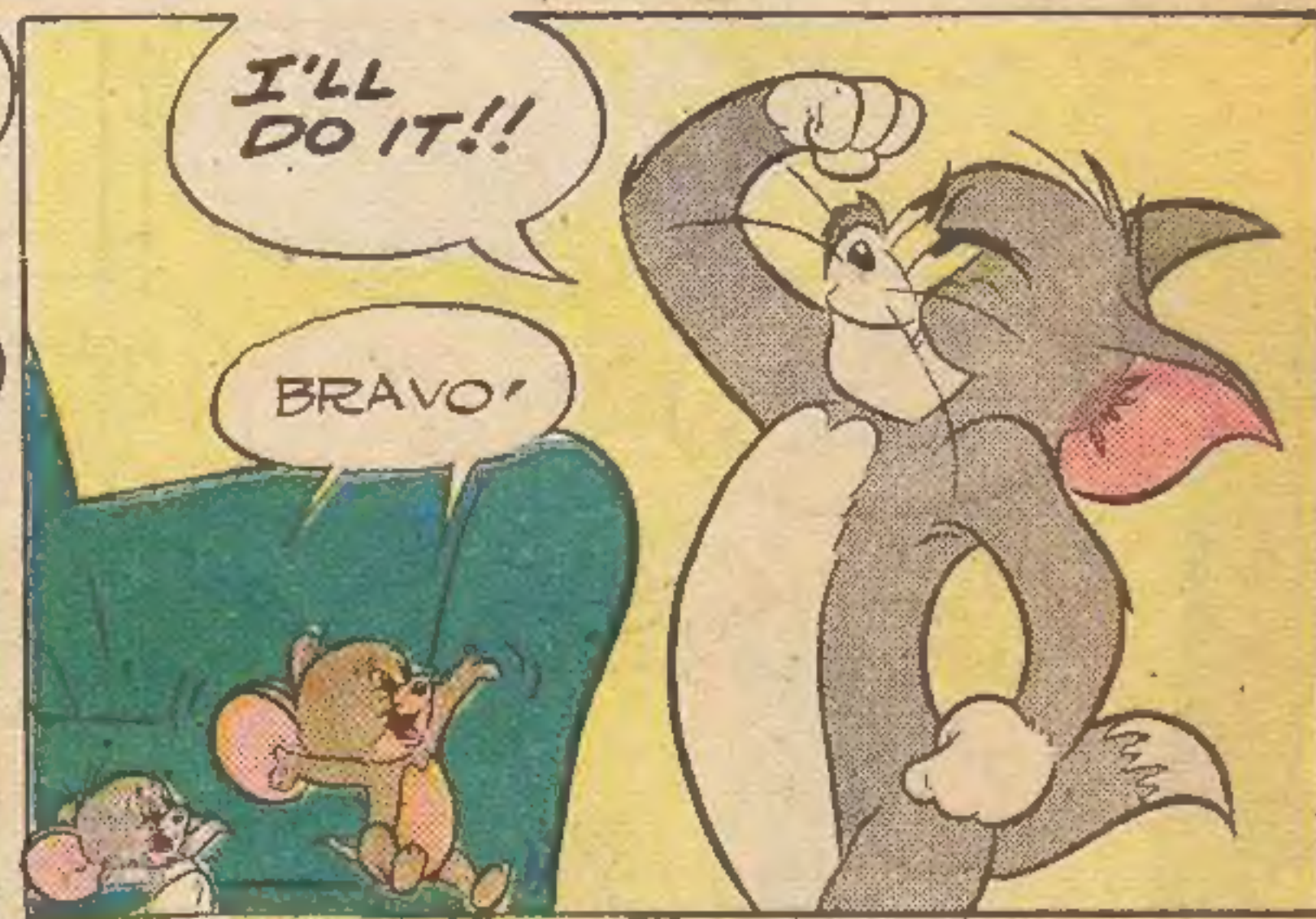
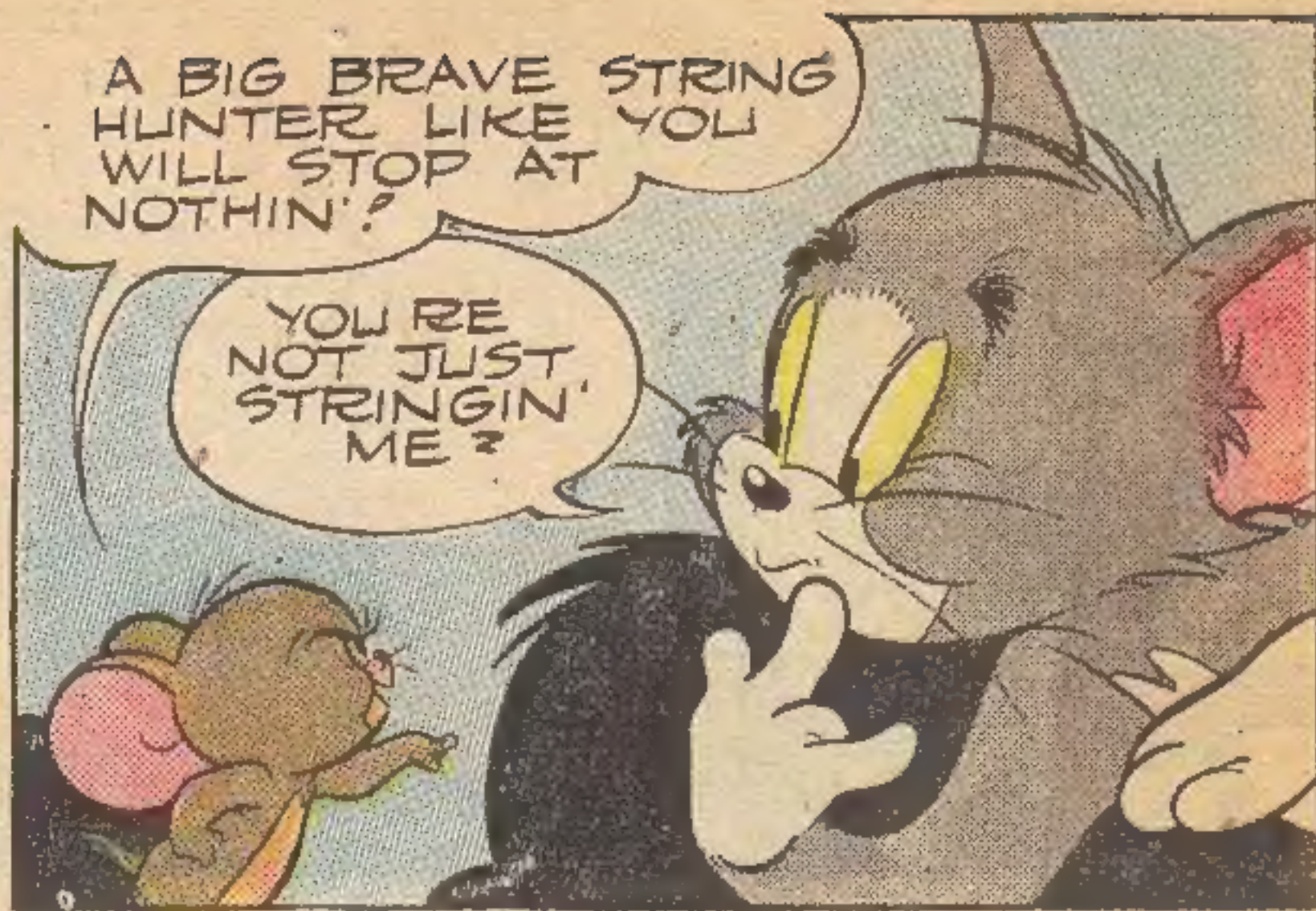
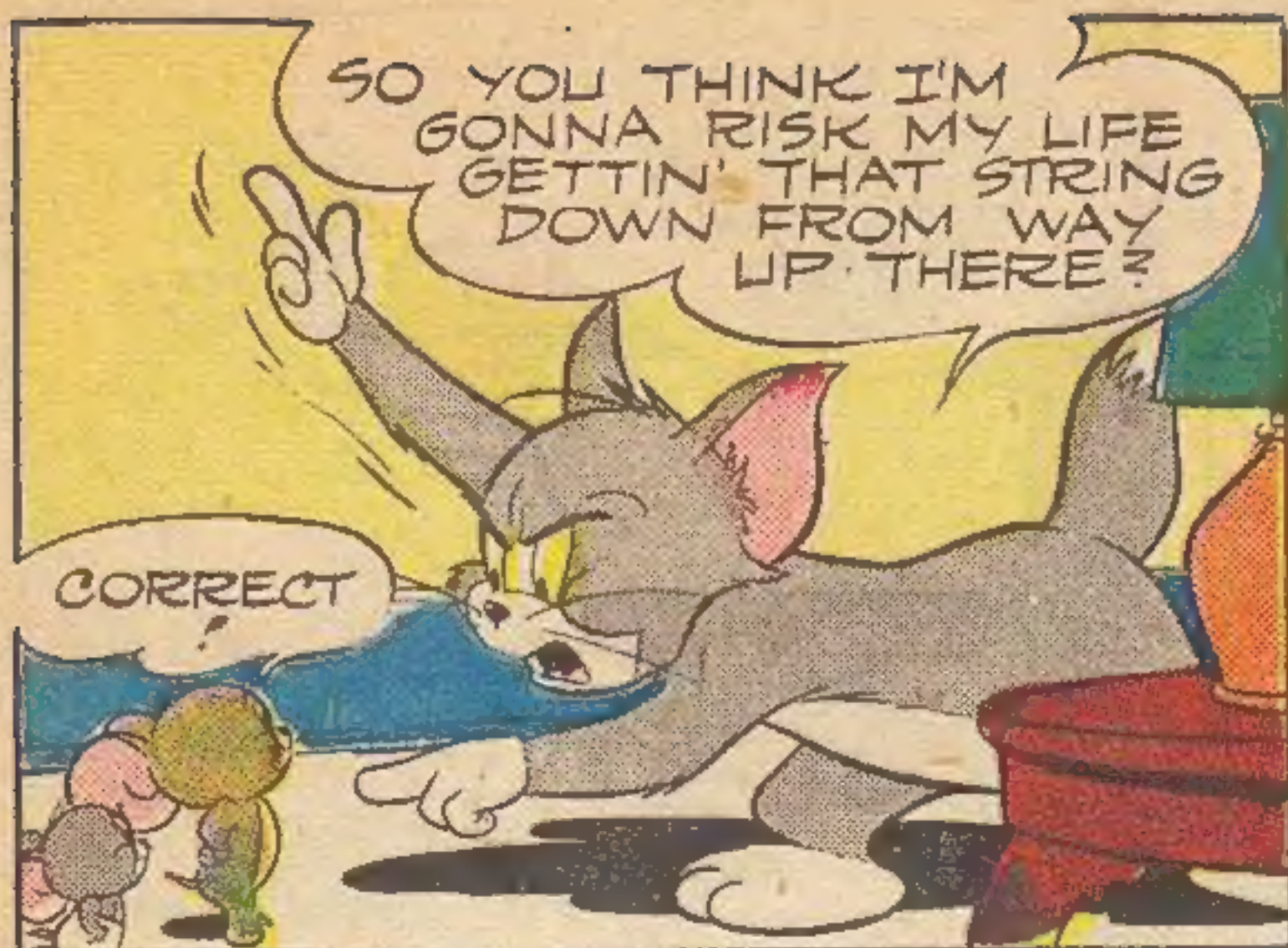


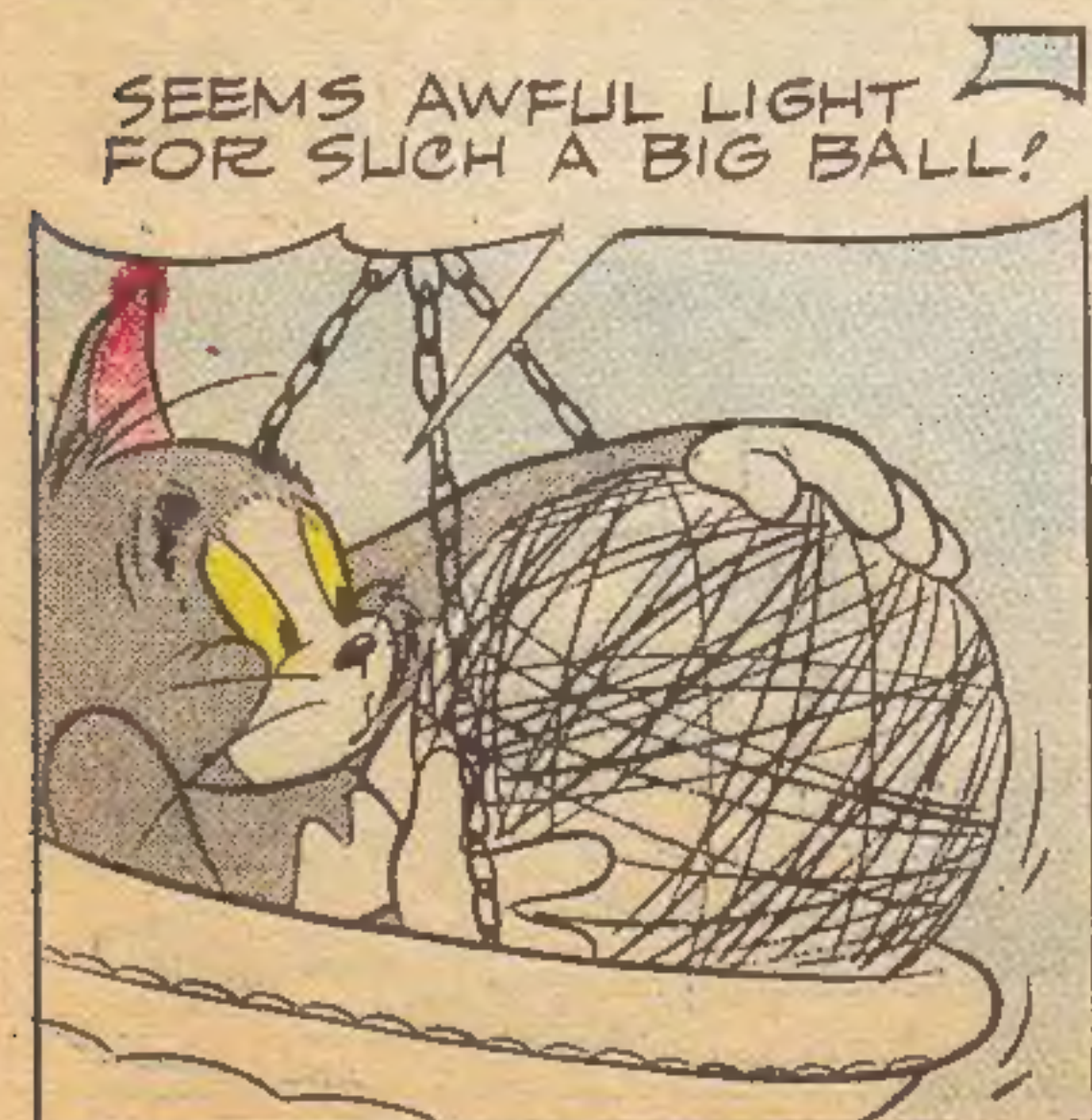
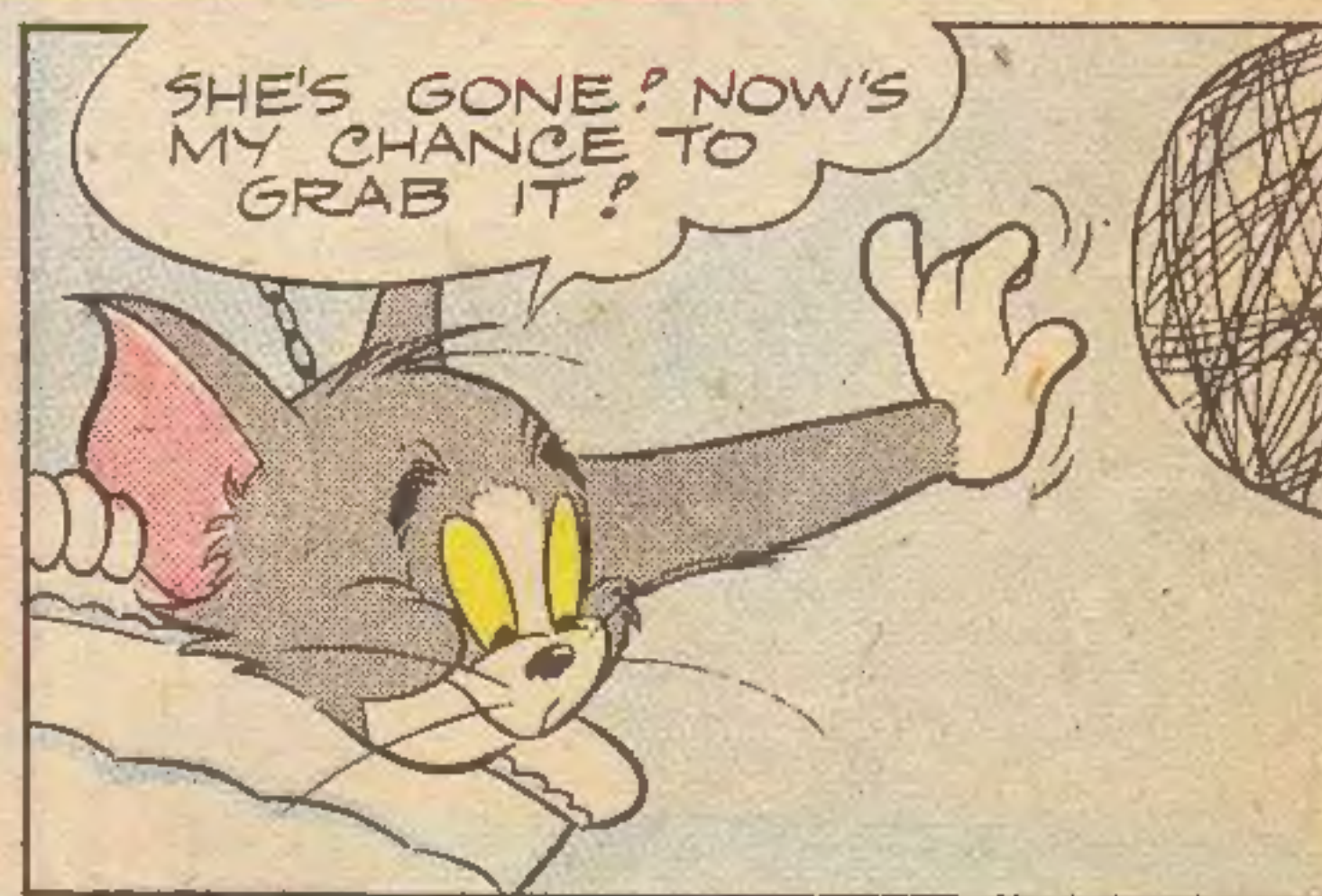
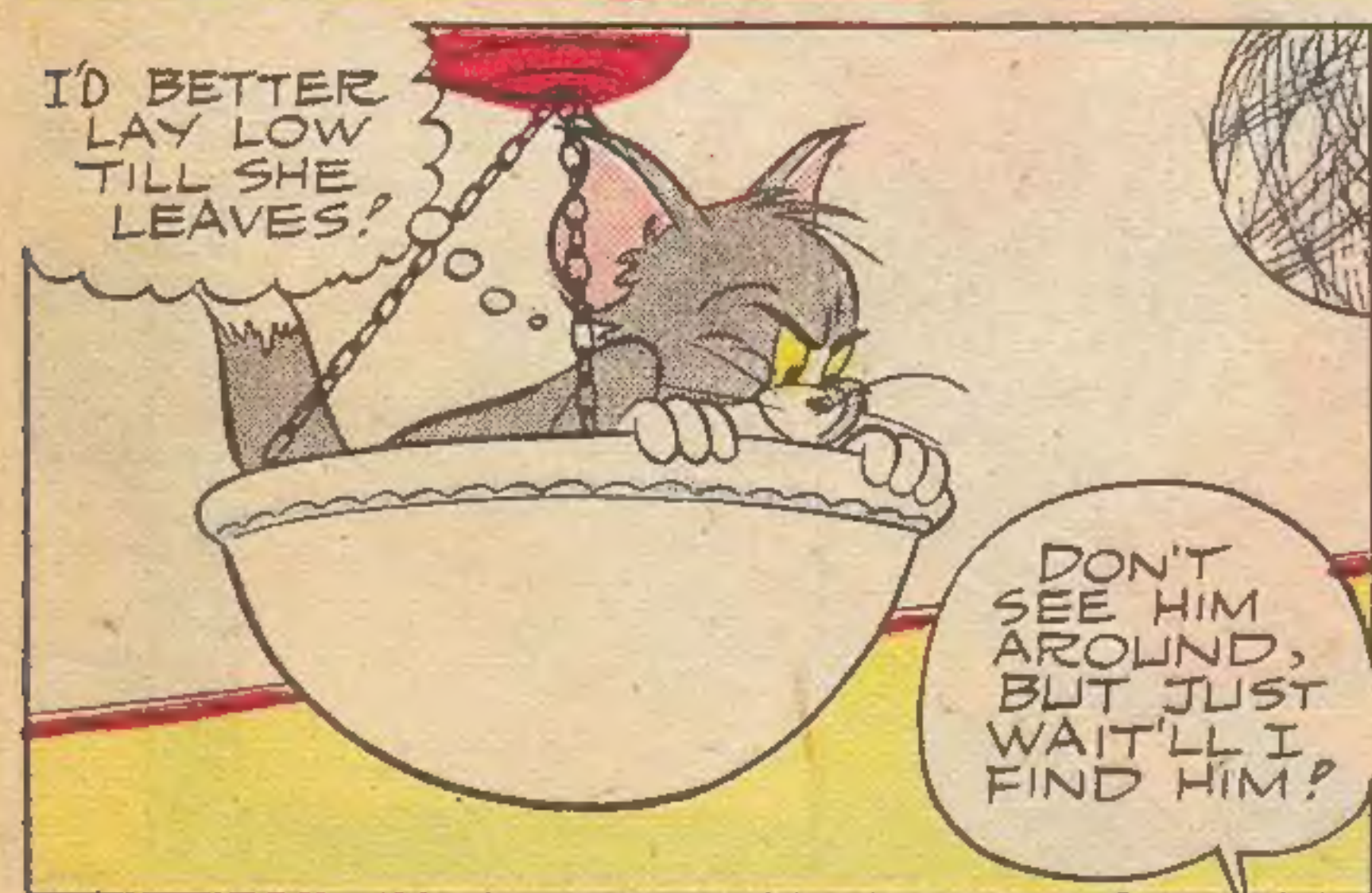
IF YOU FIND ANY MORE, LET ME KNOW!

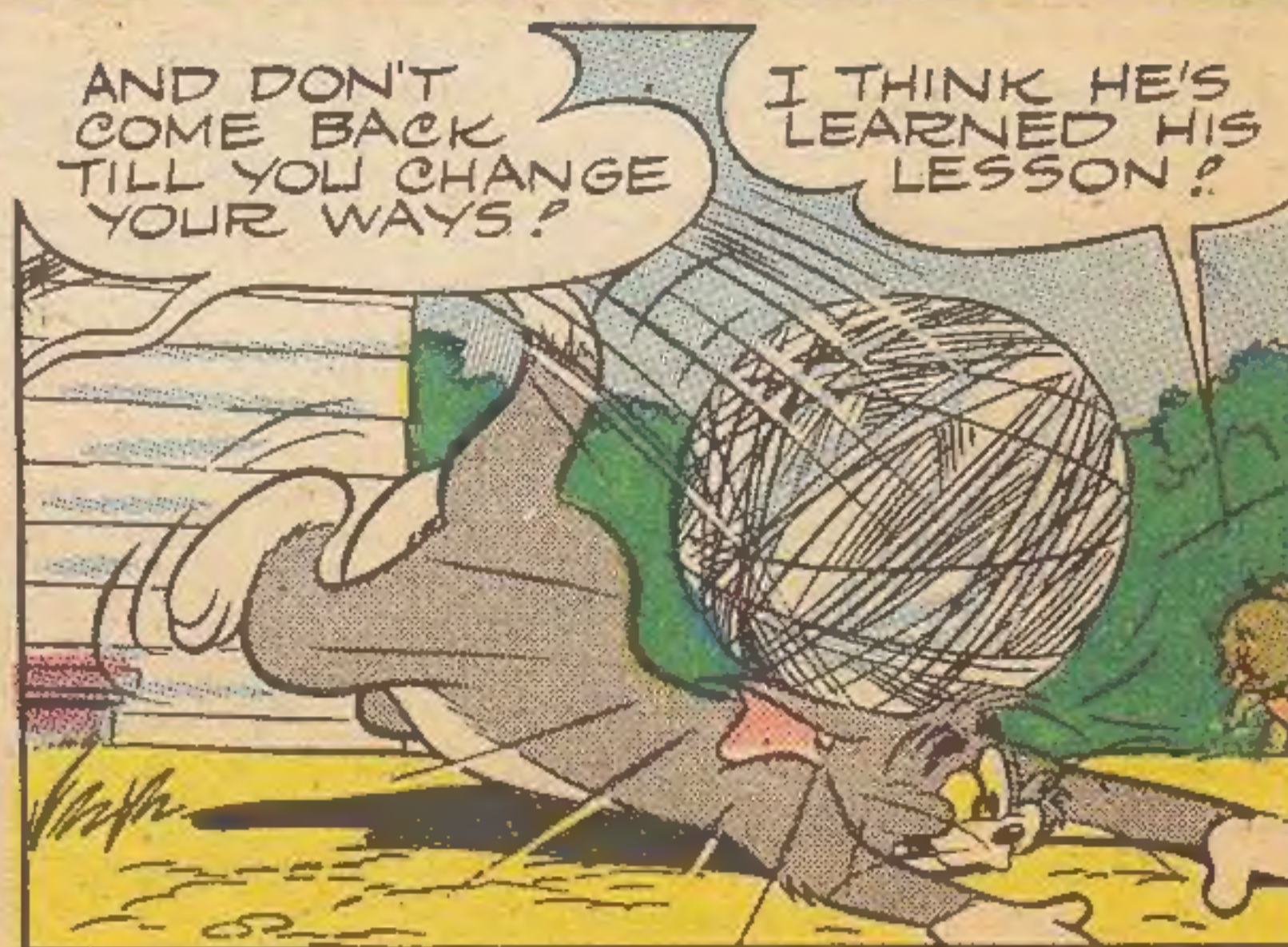
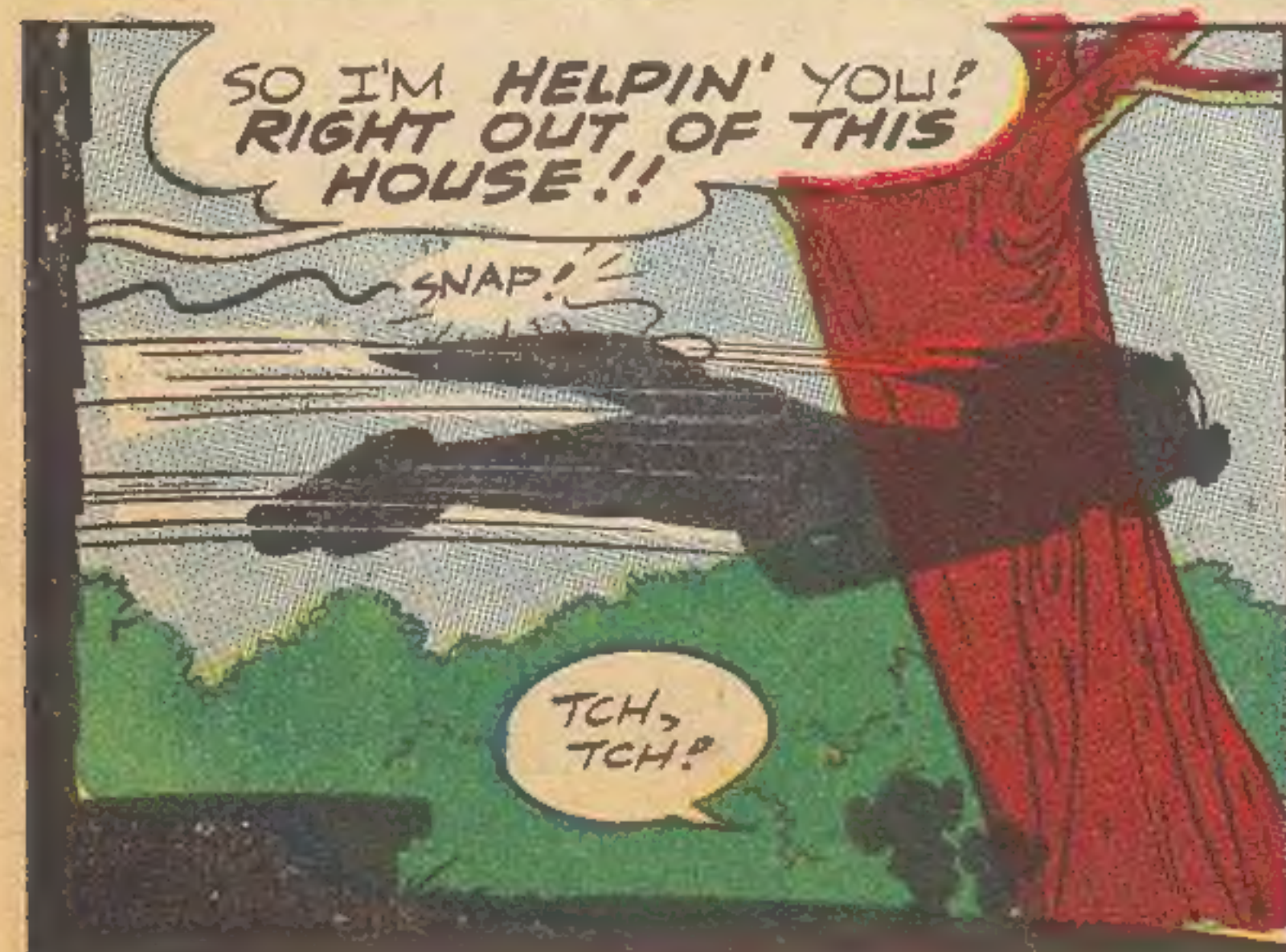
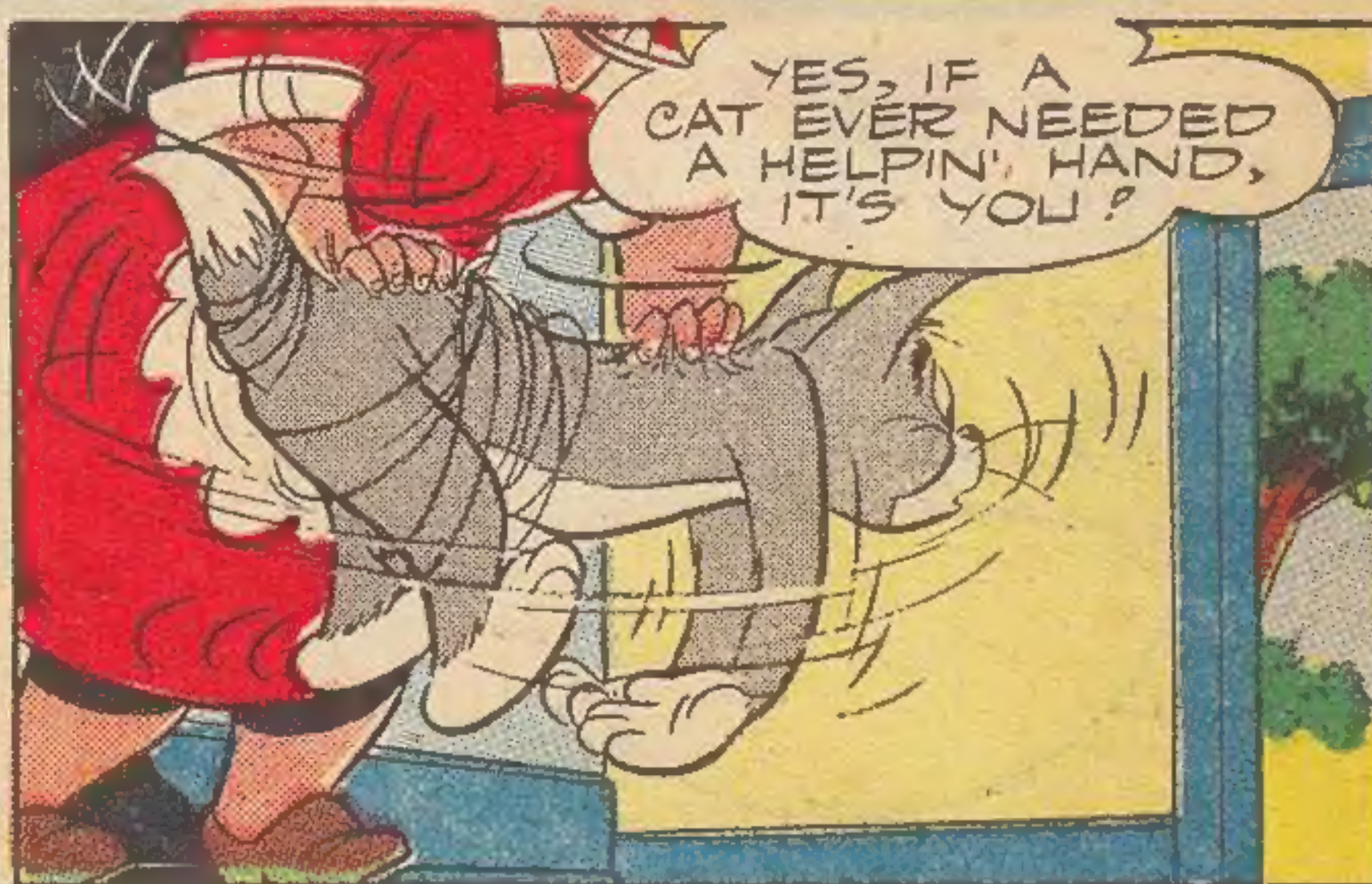
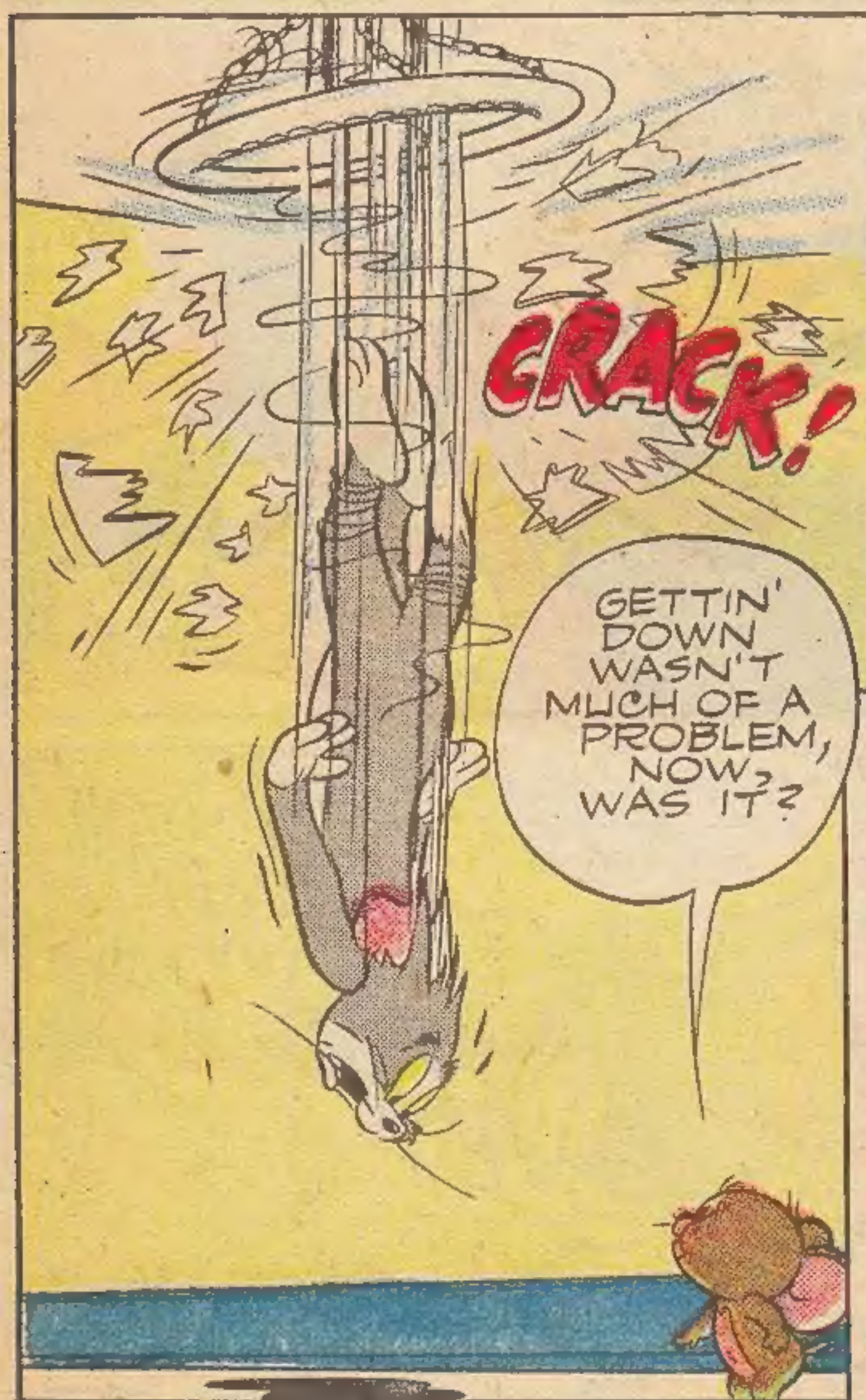
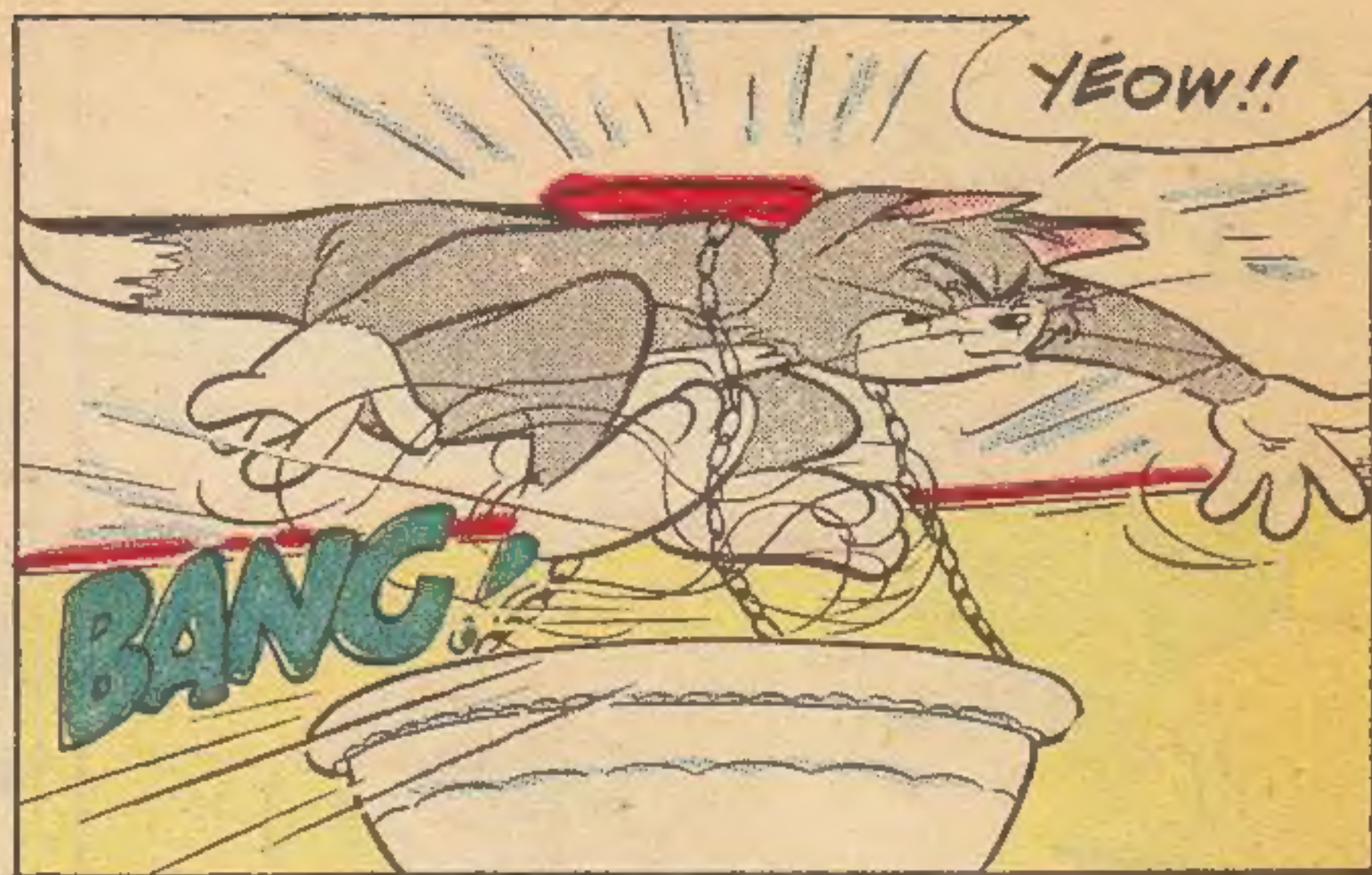
HEY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA BUBBLIN' IN MY HEAD!

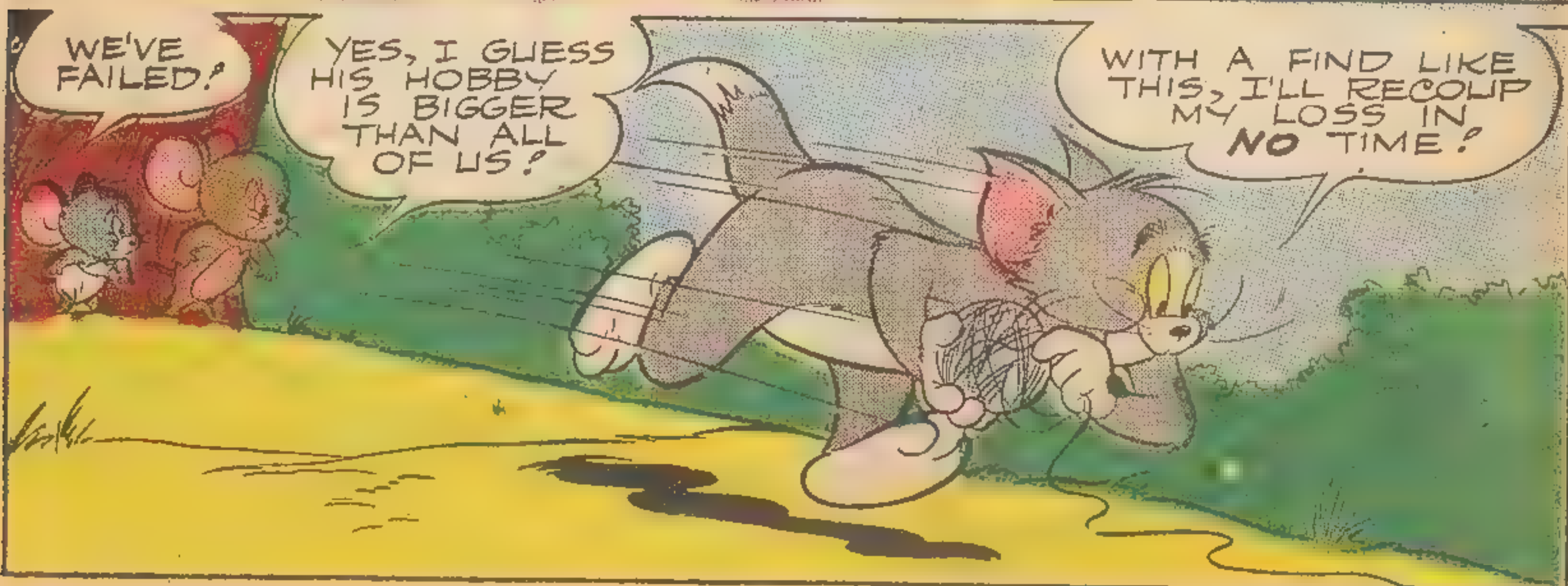
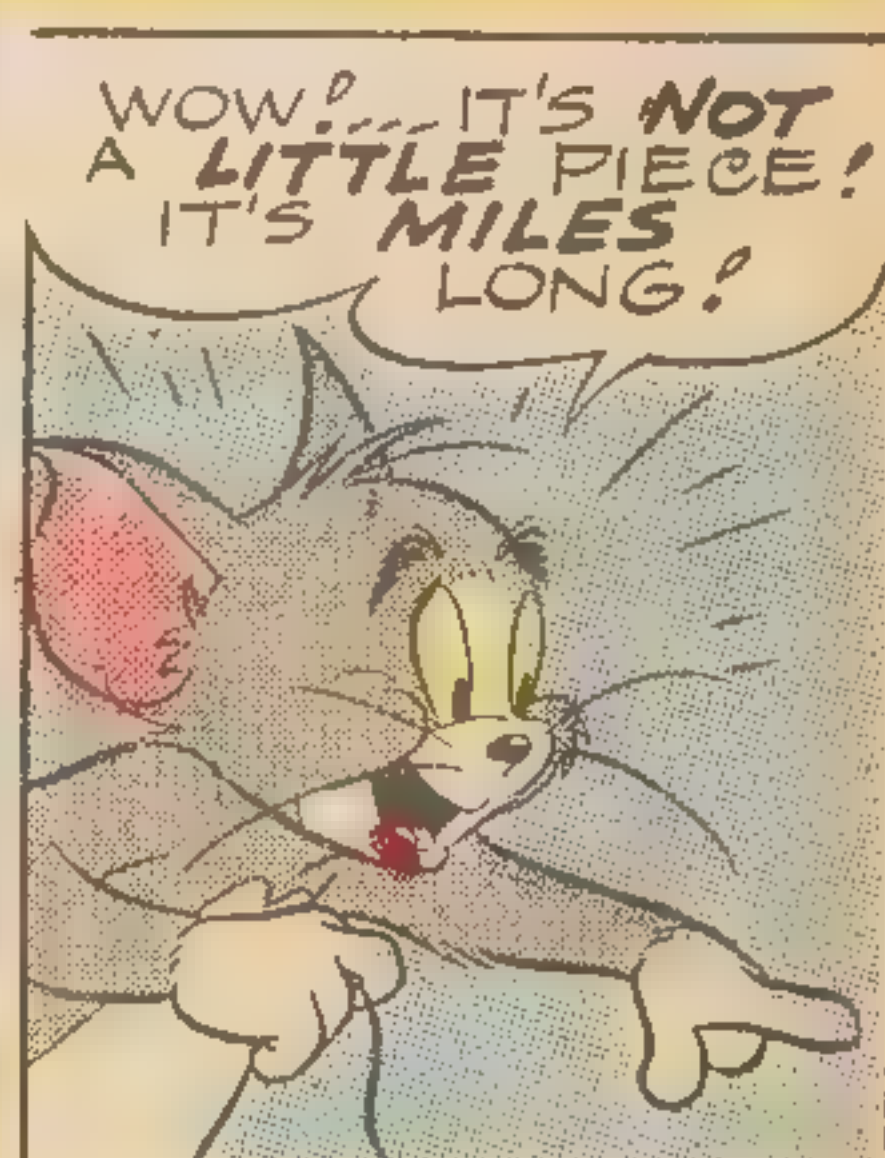
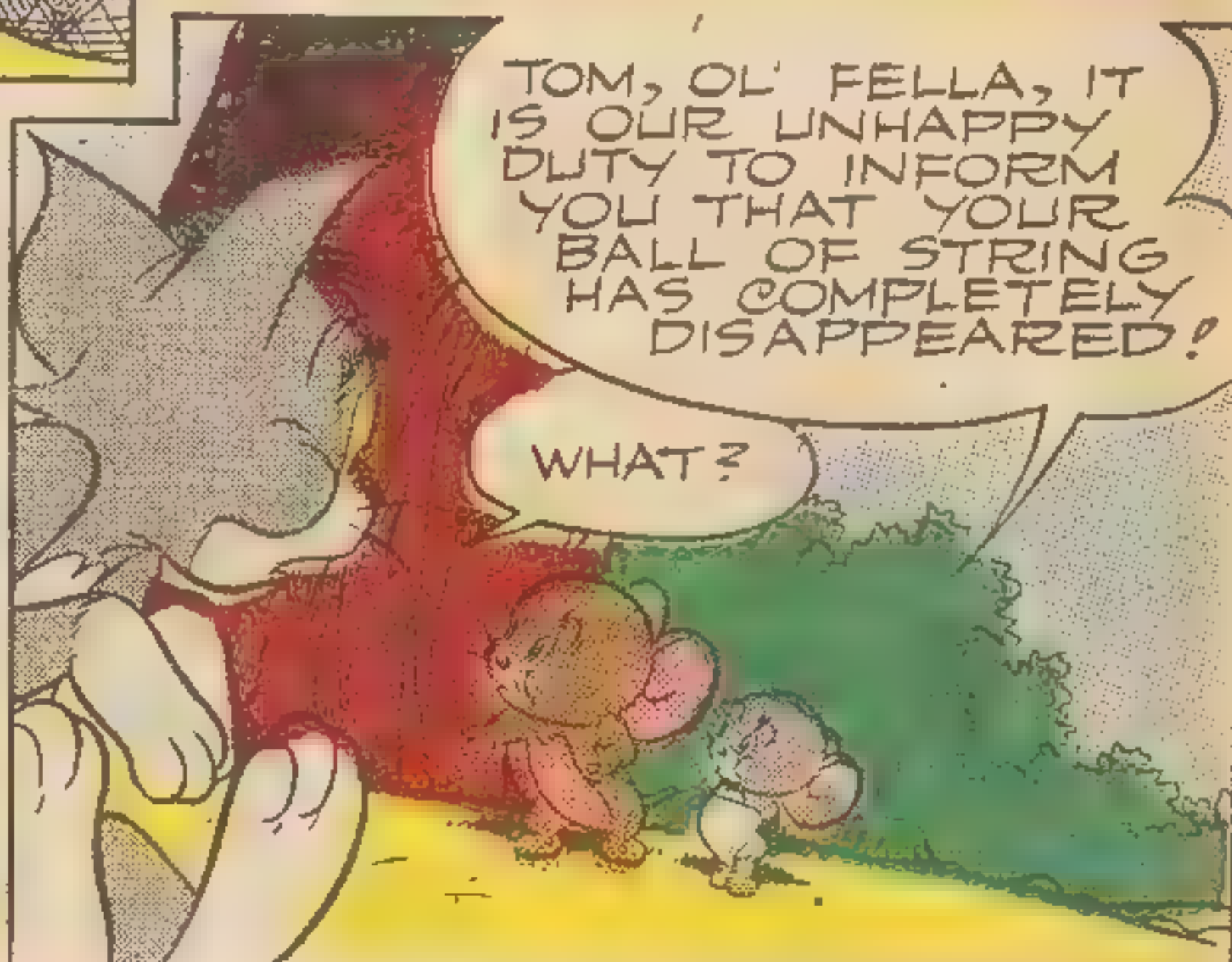
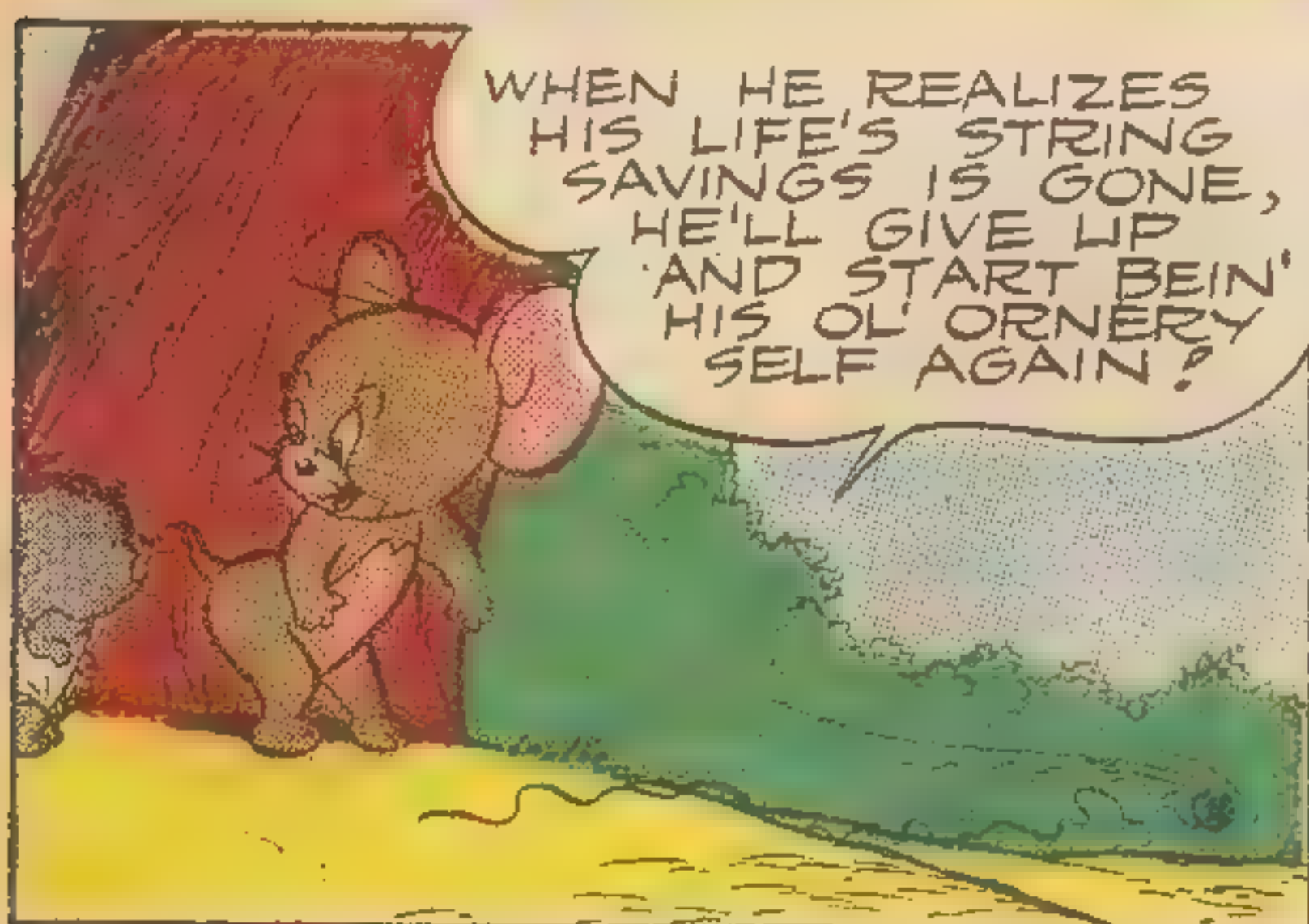
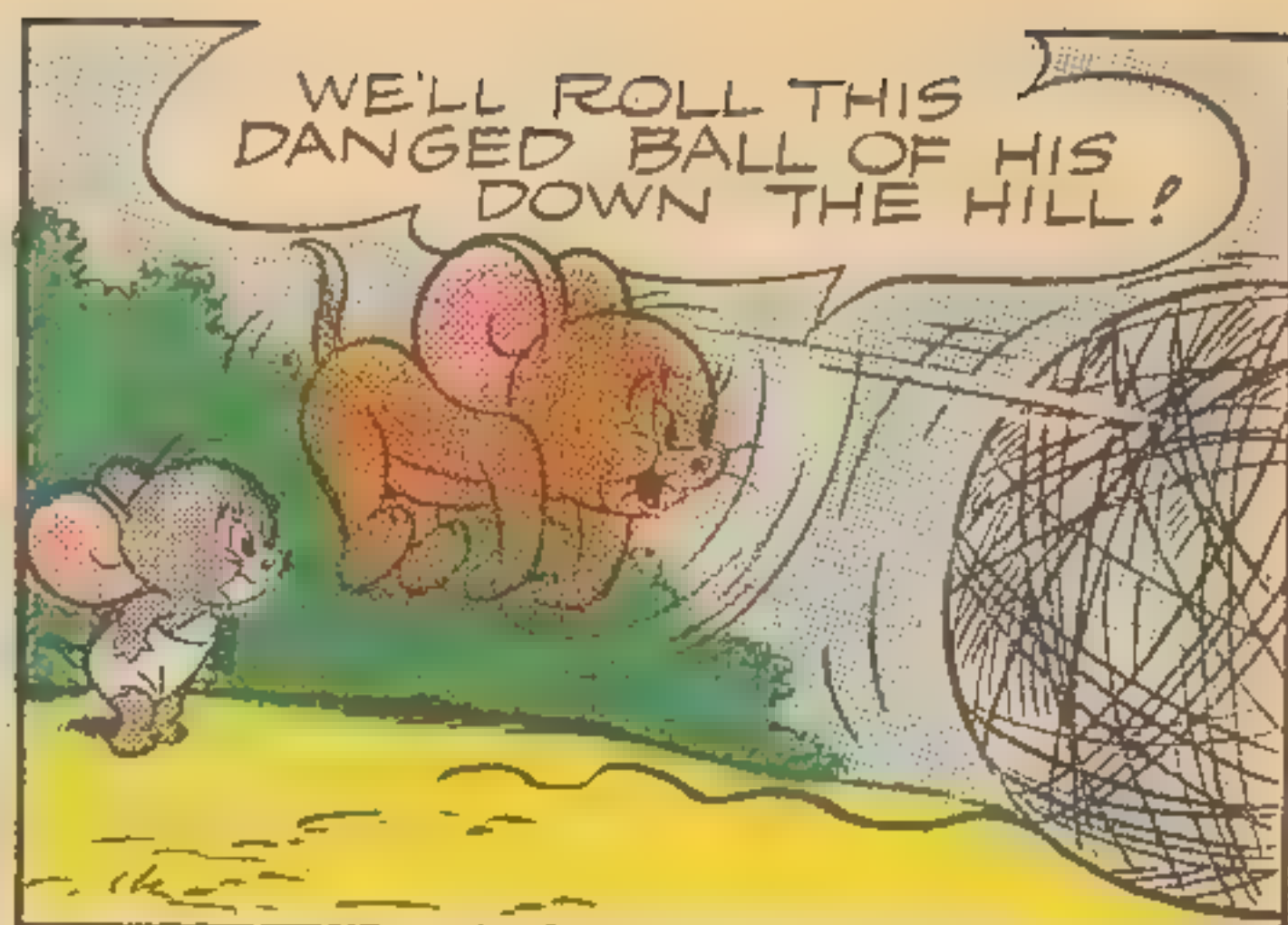
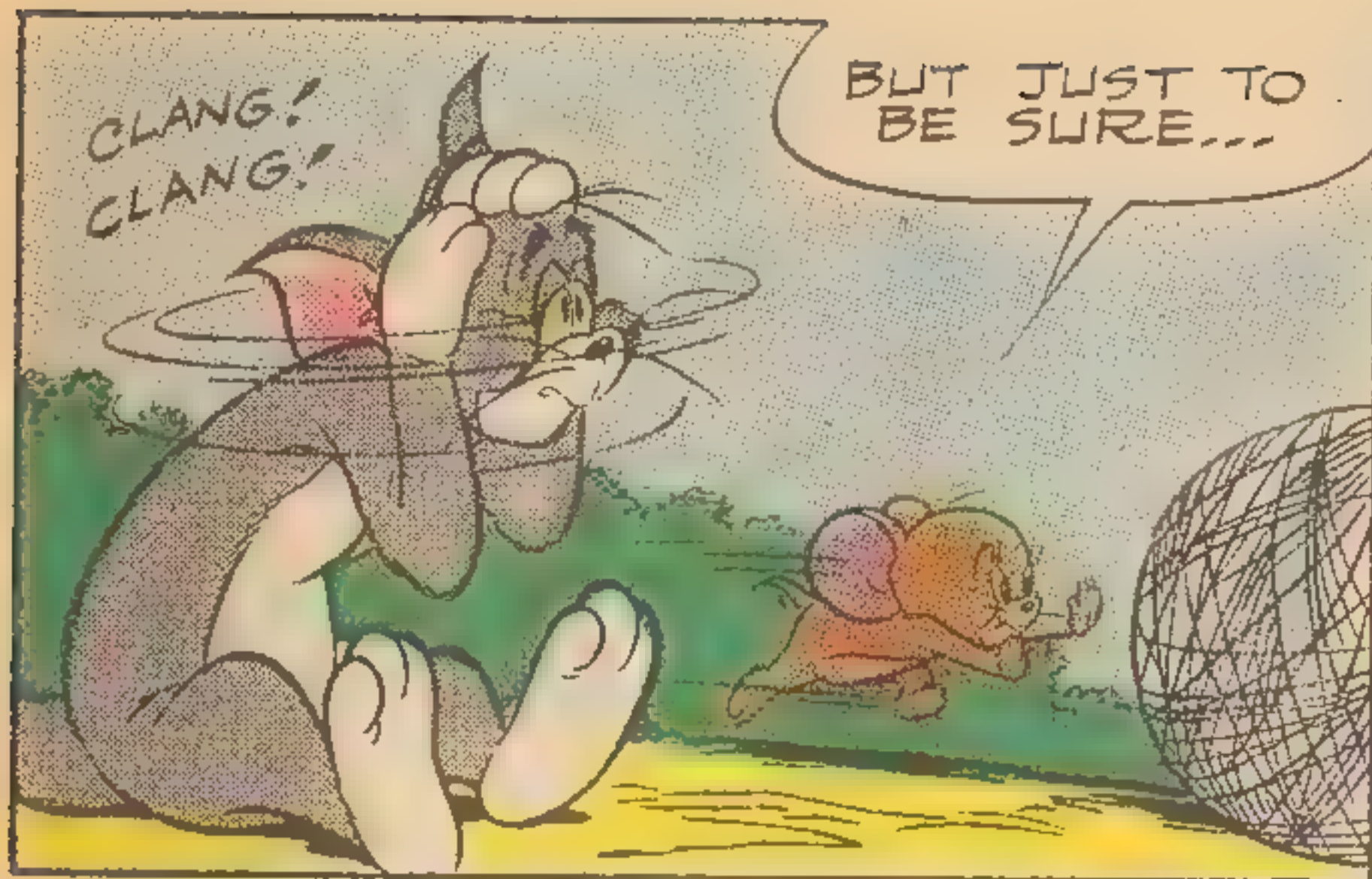
WELL, UNCORK IT!

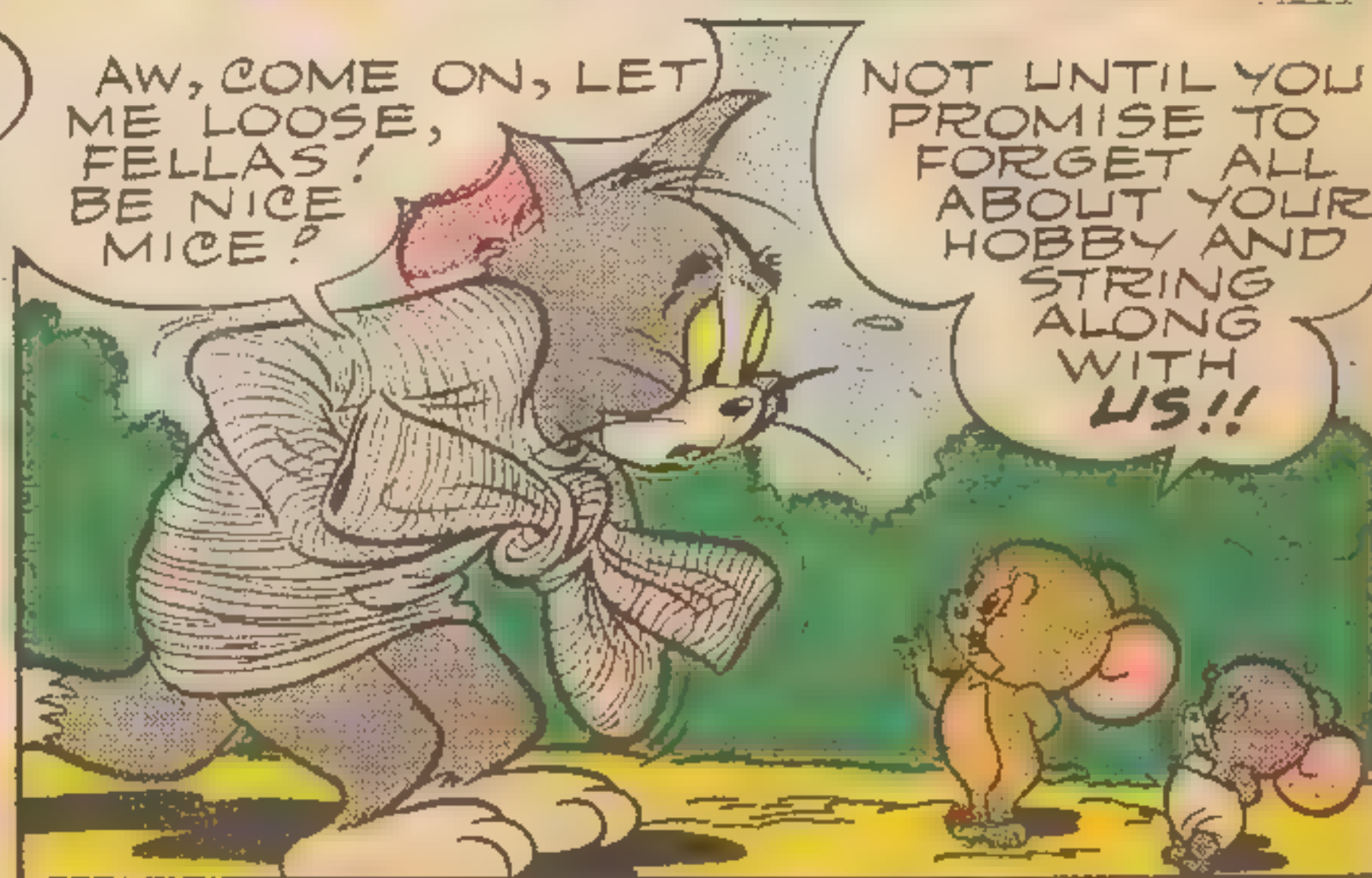
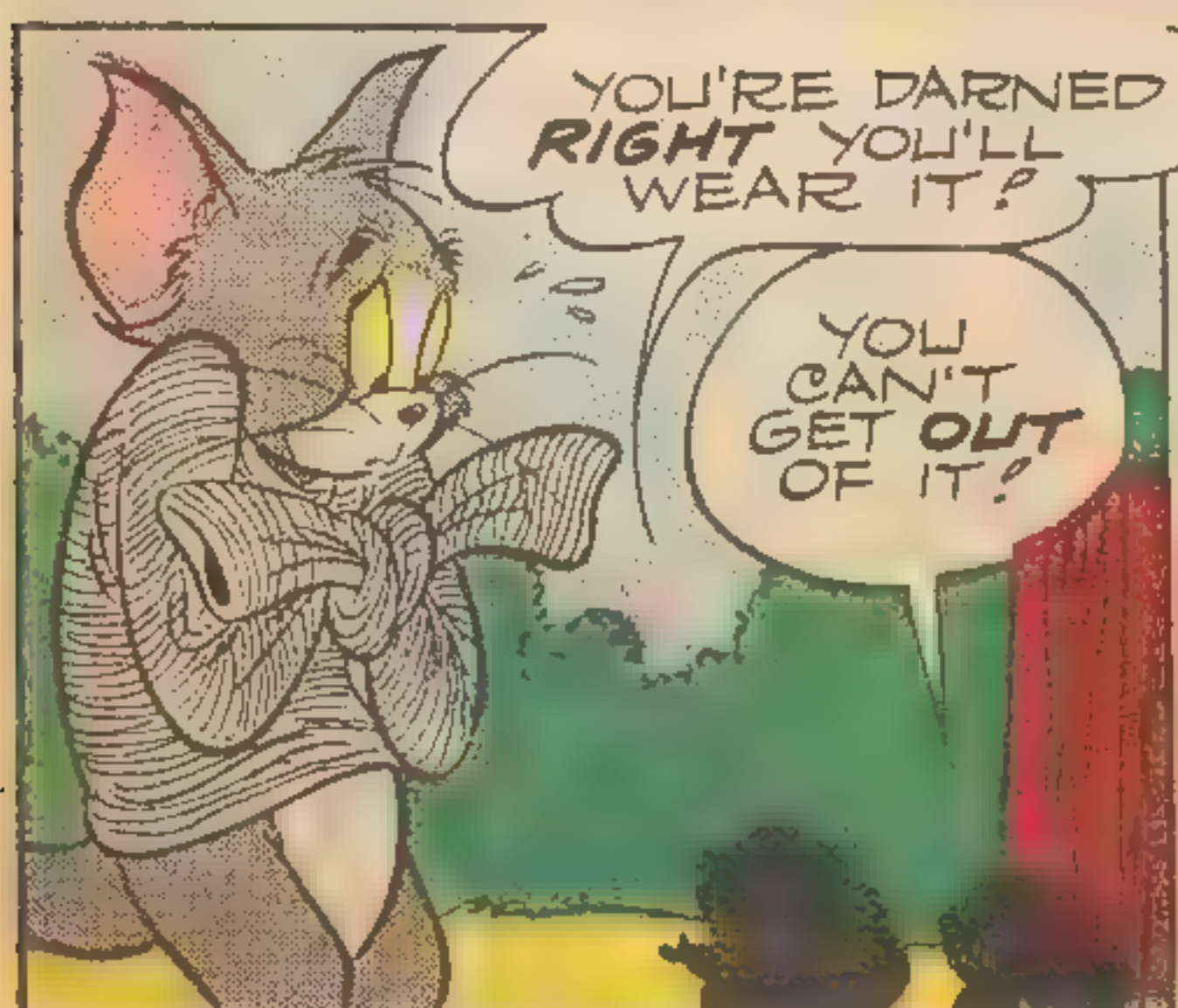
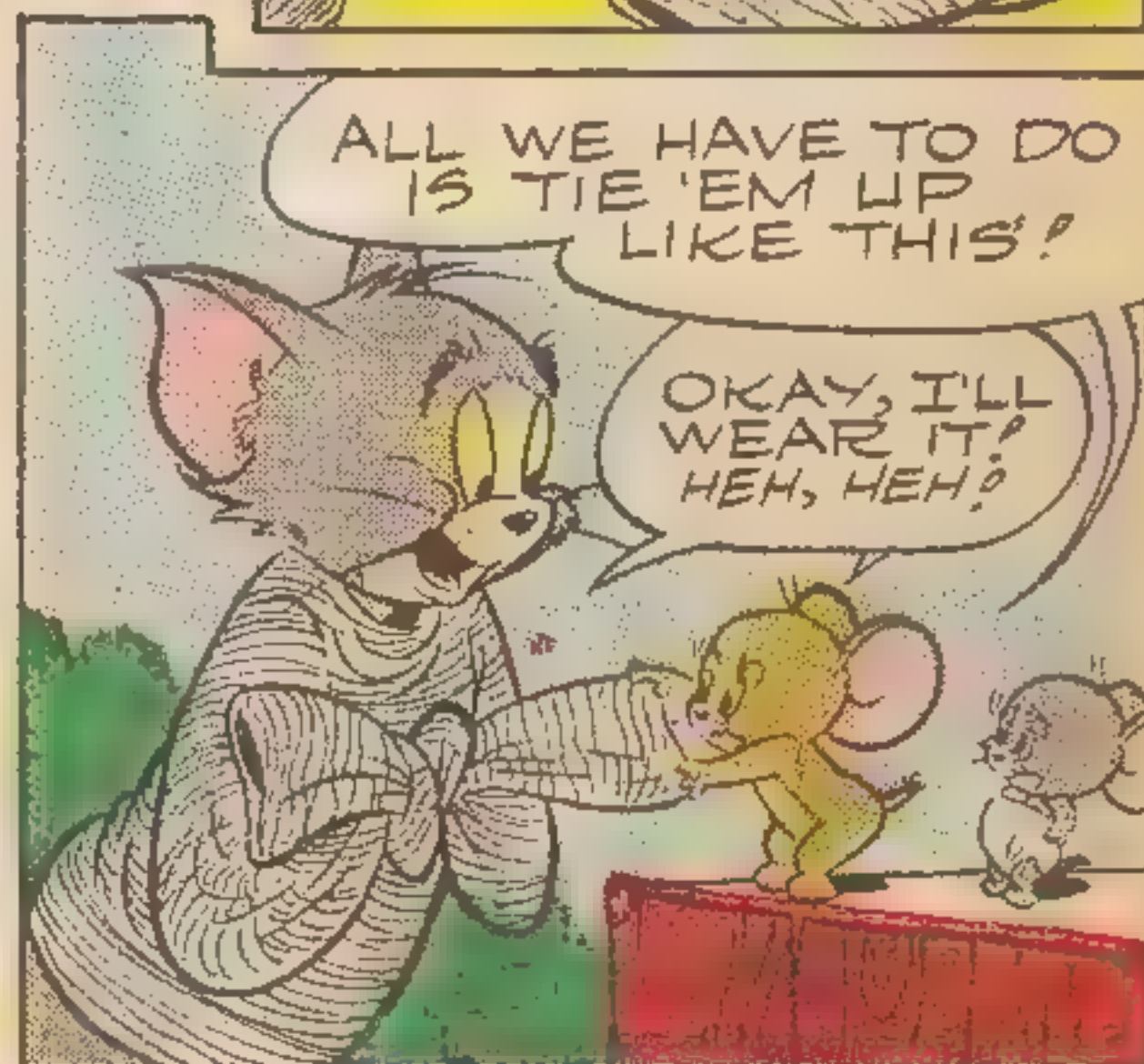
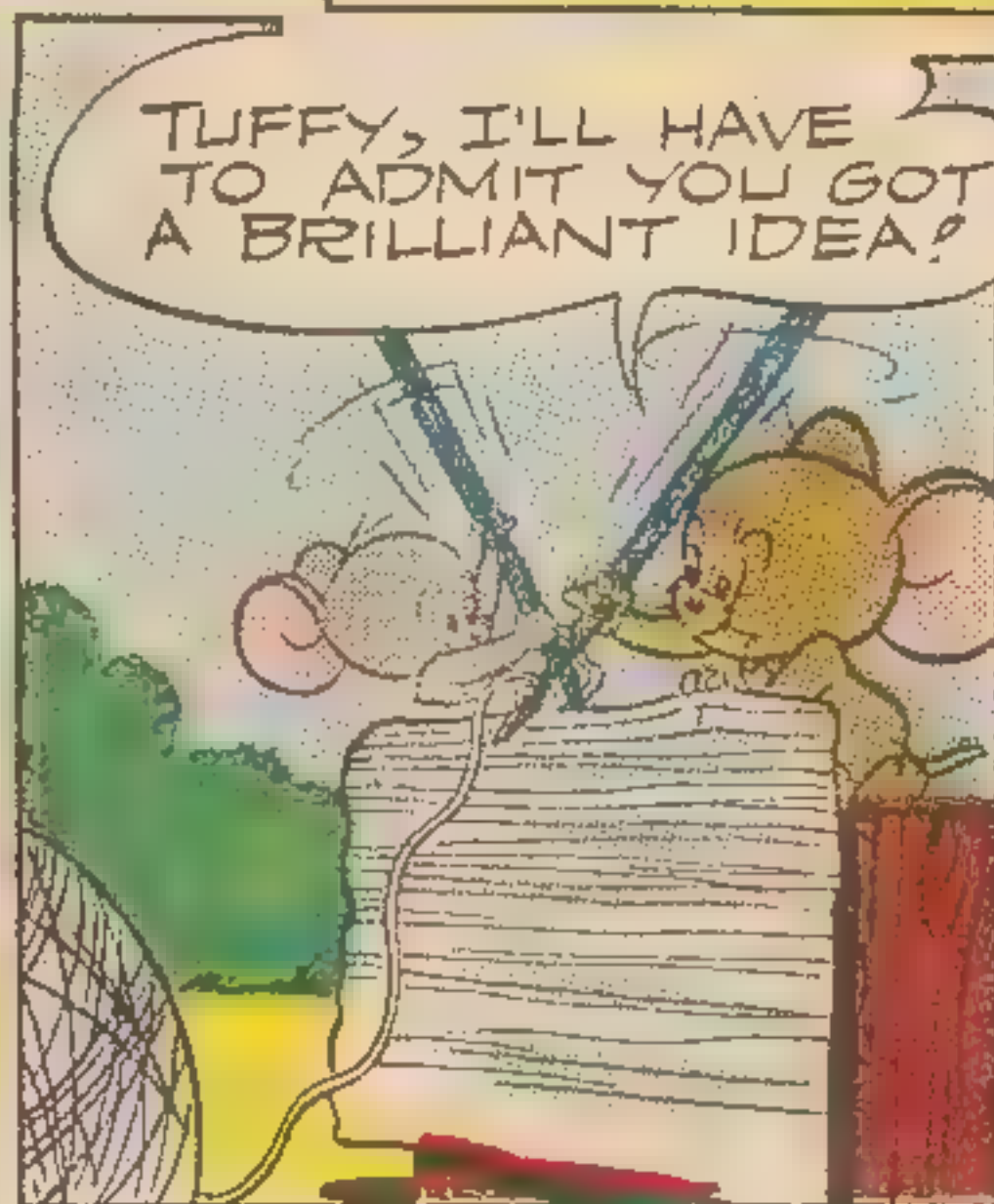
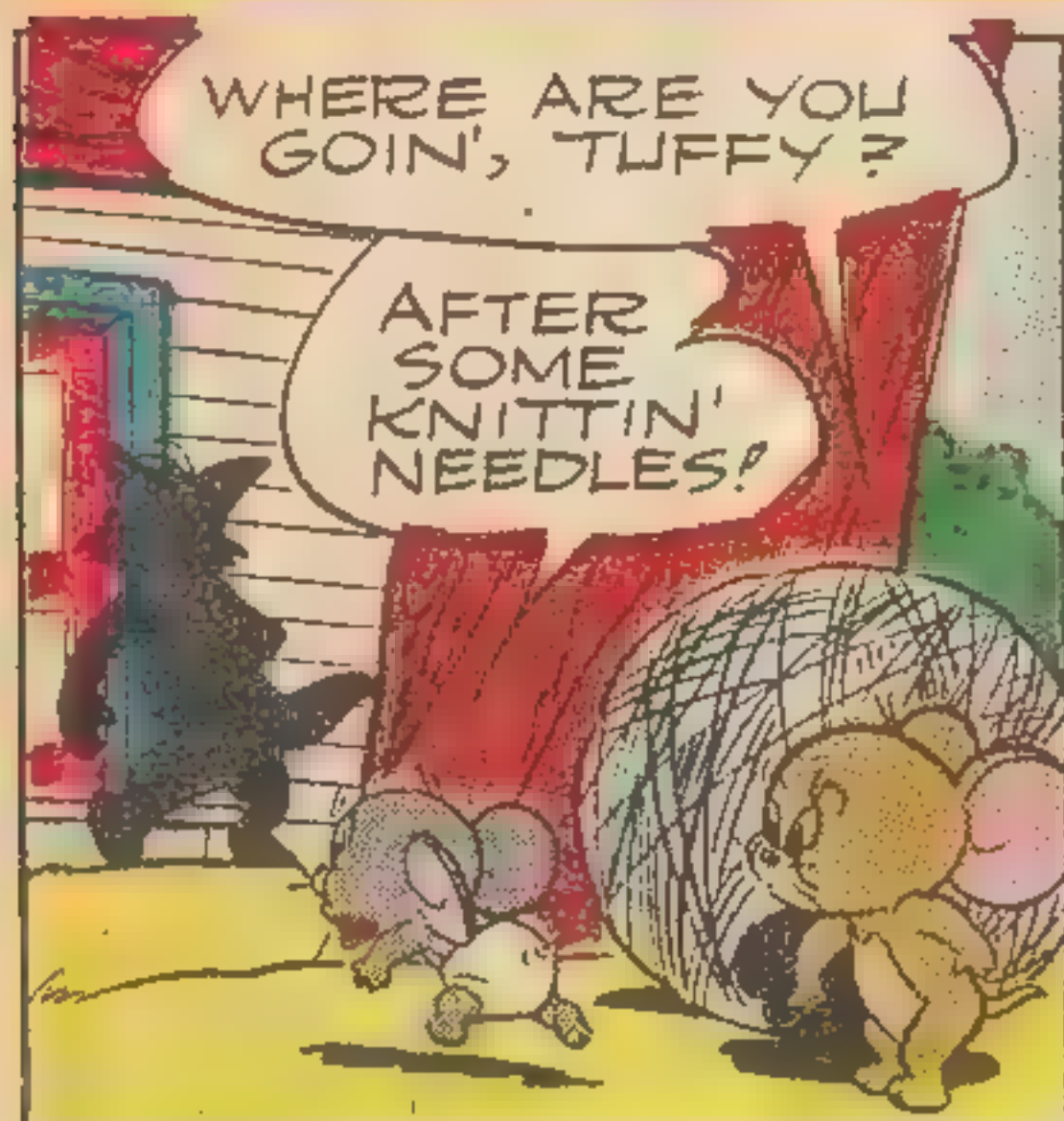
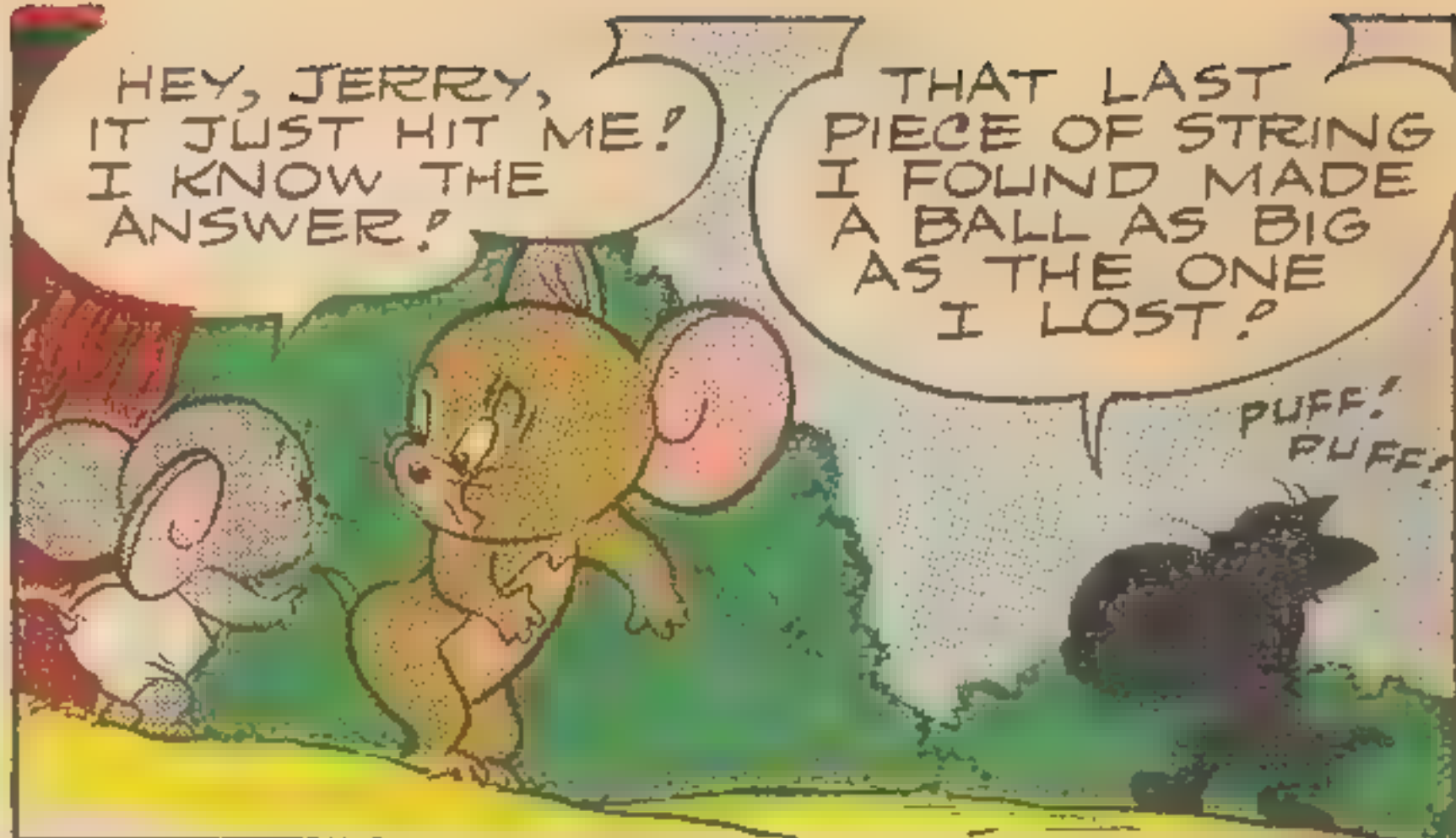
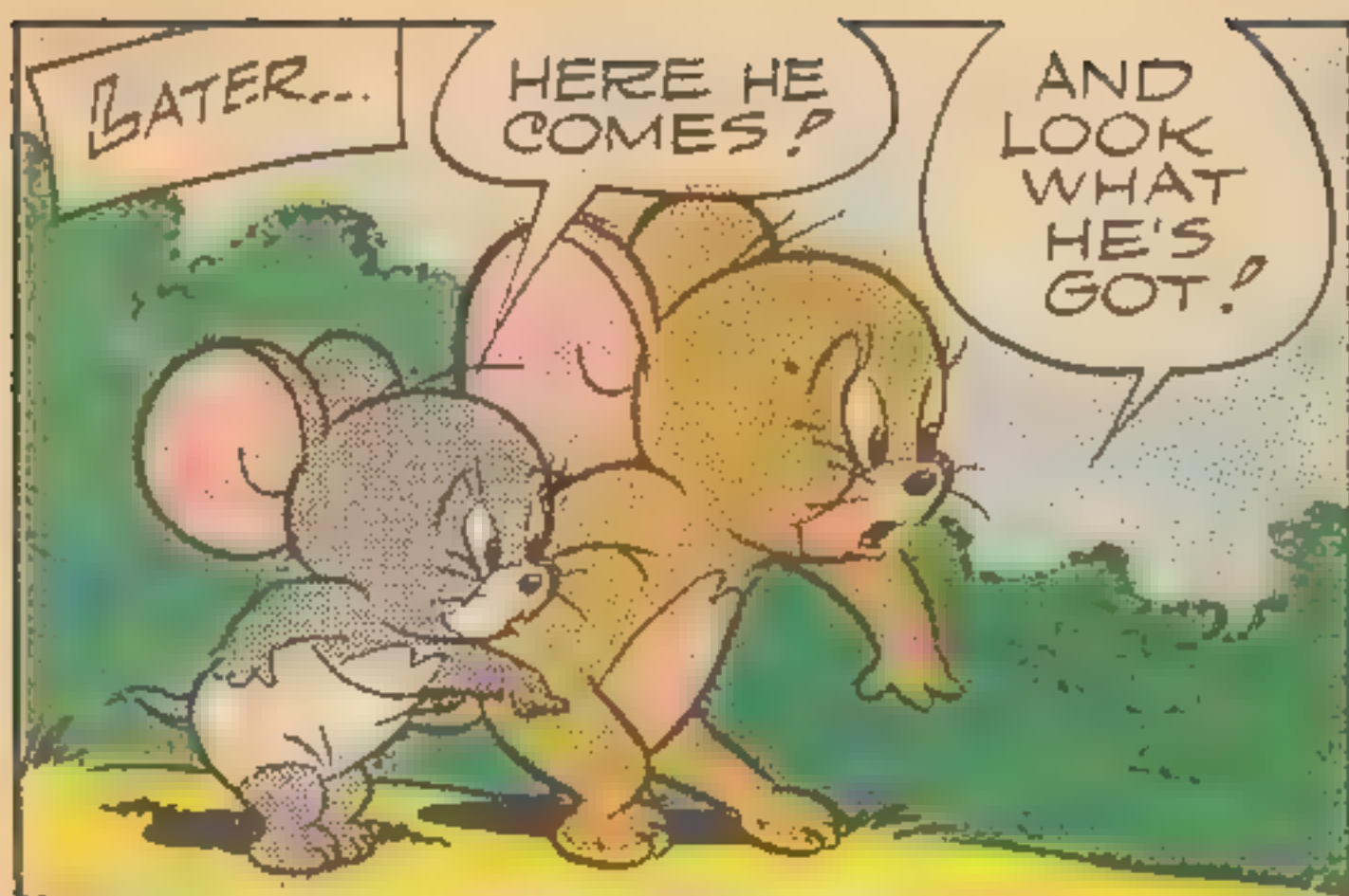






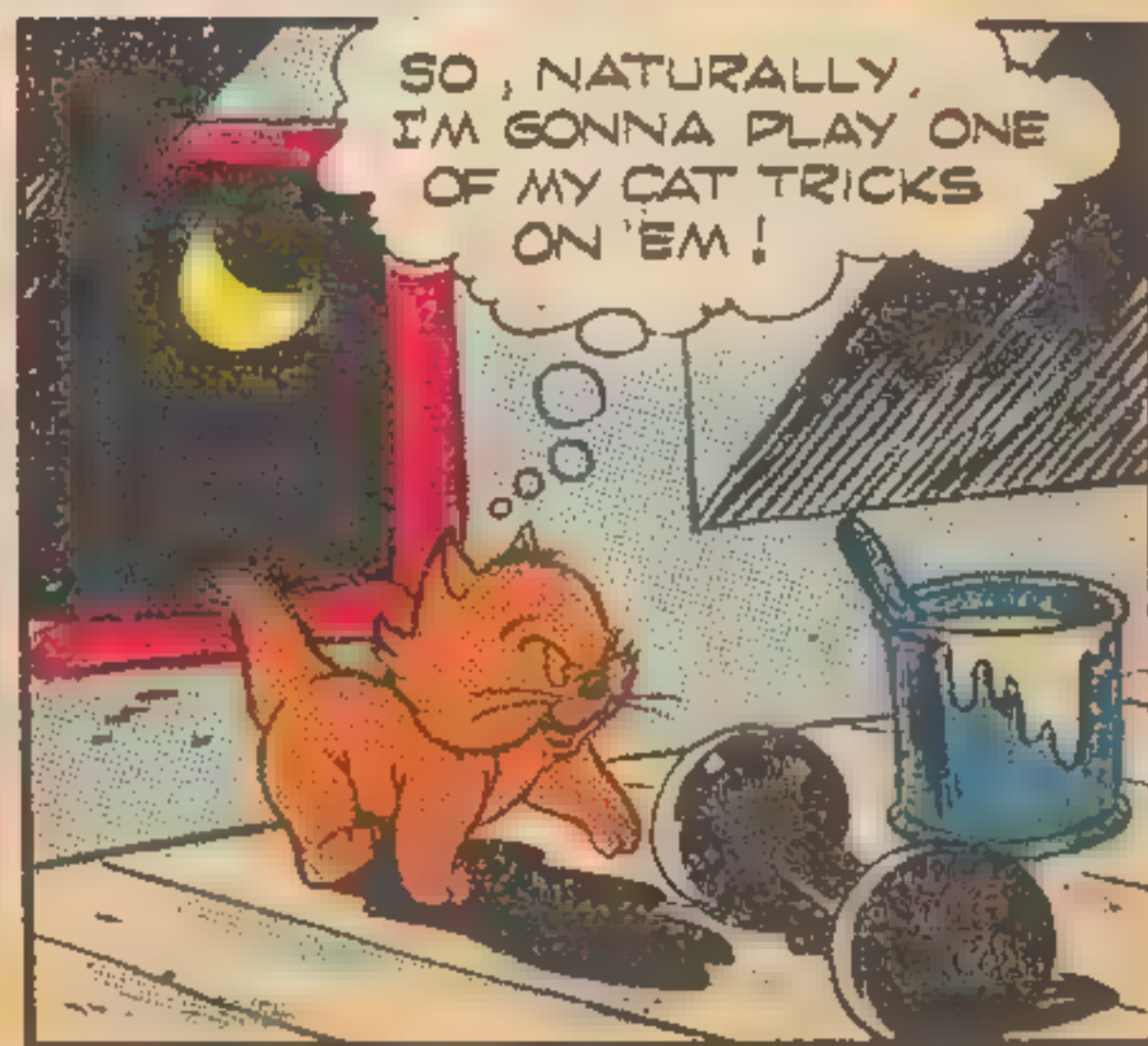
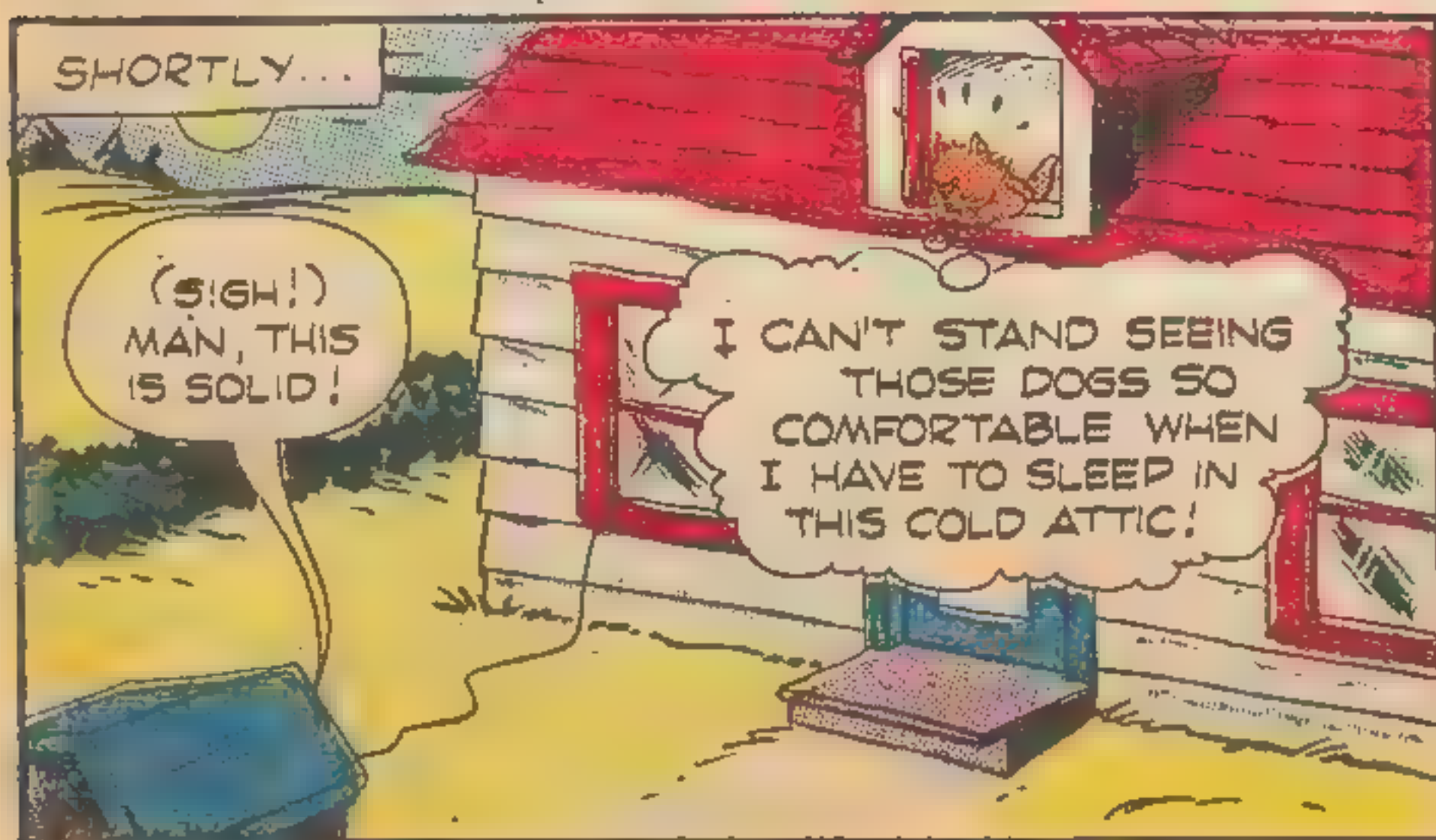
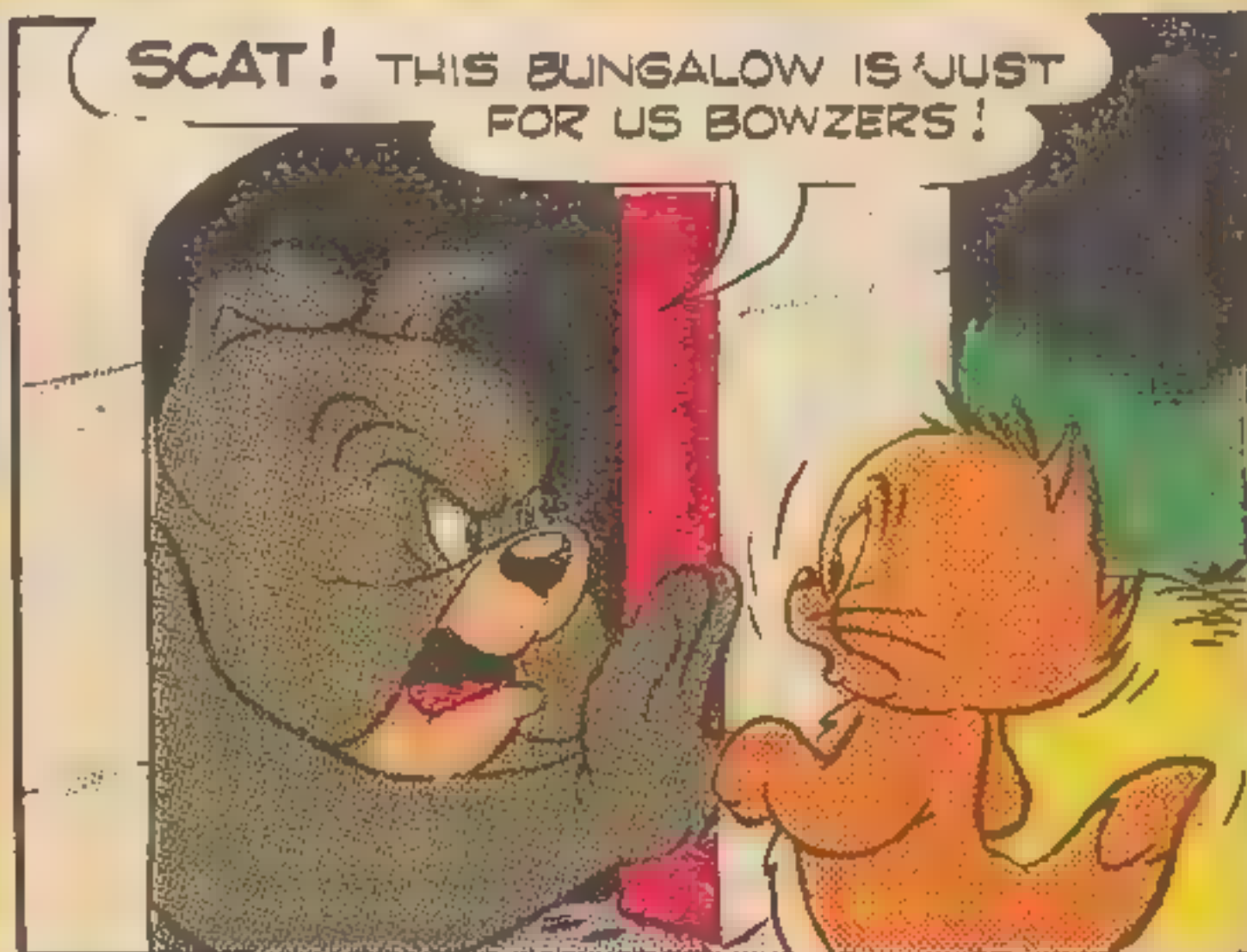
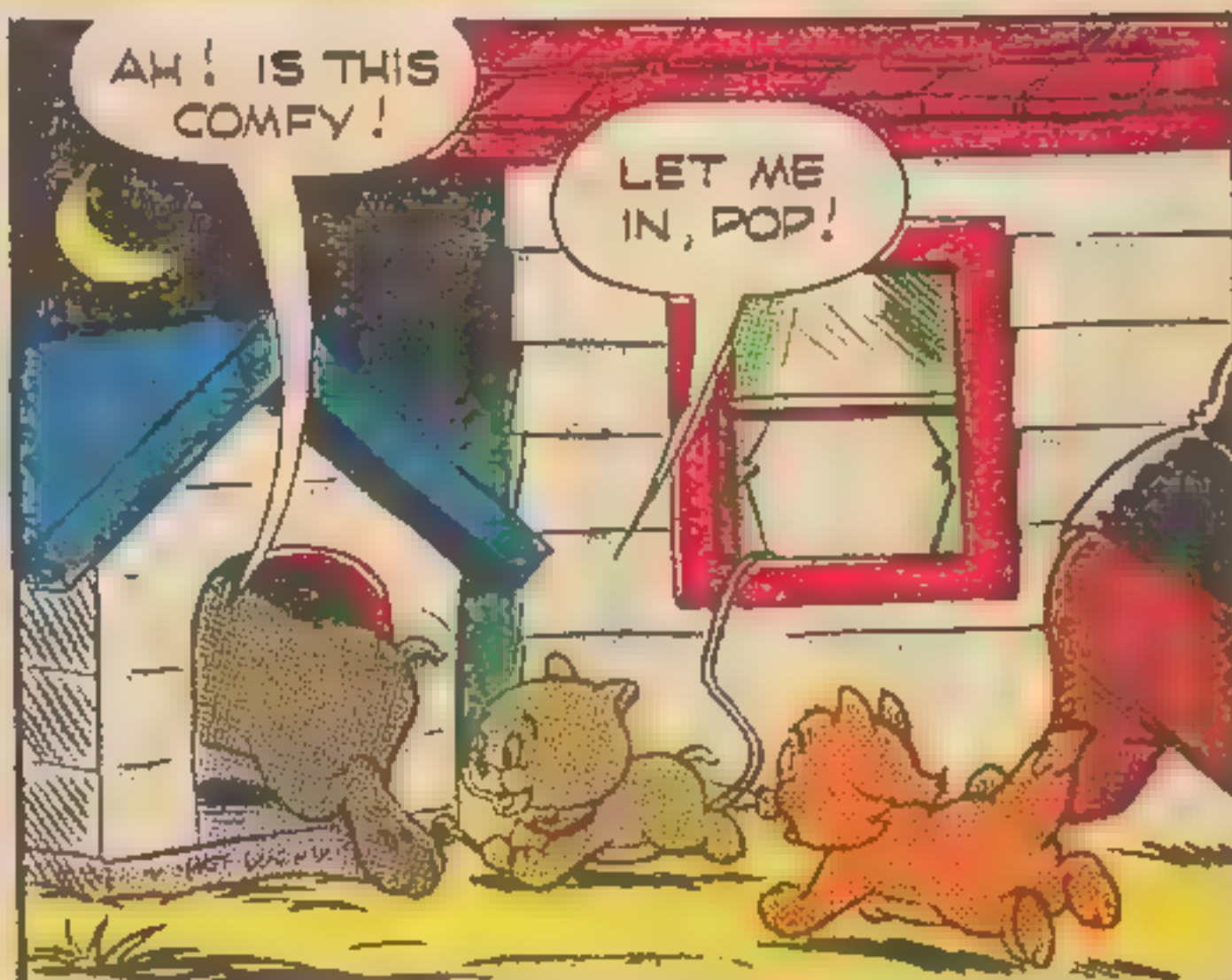
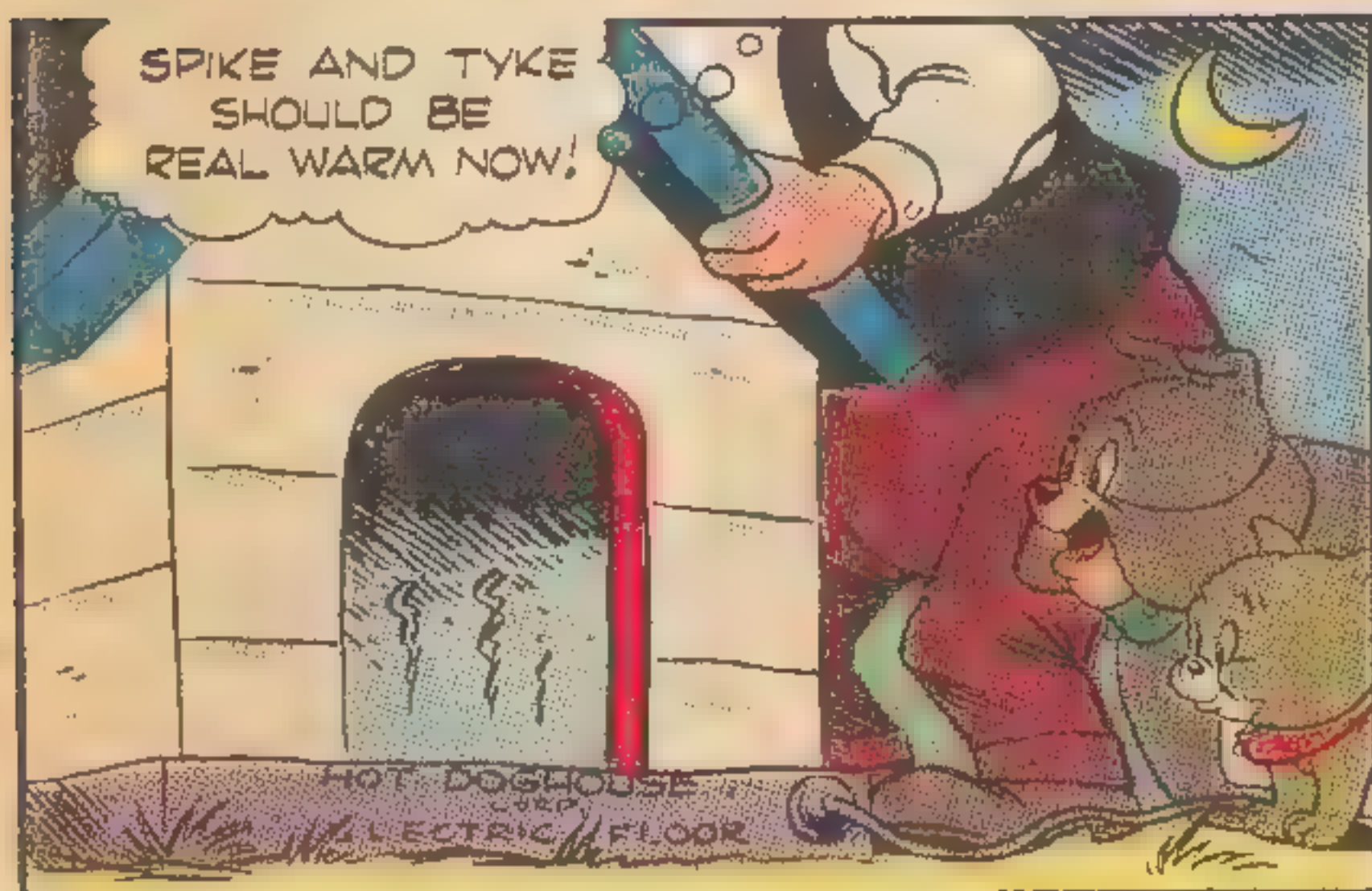
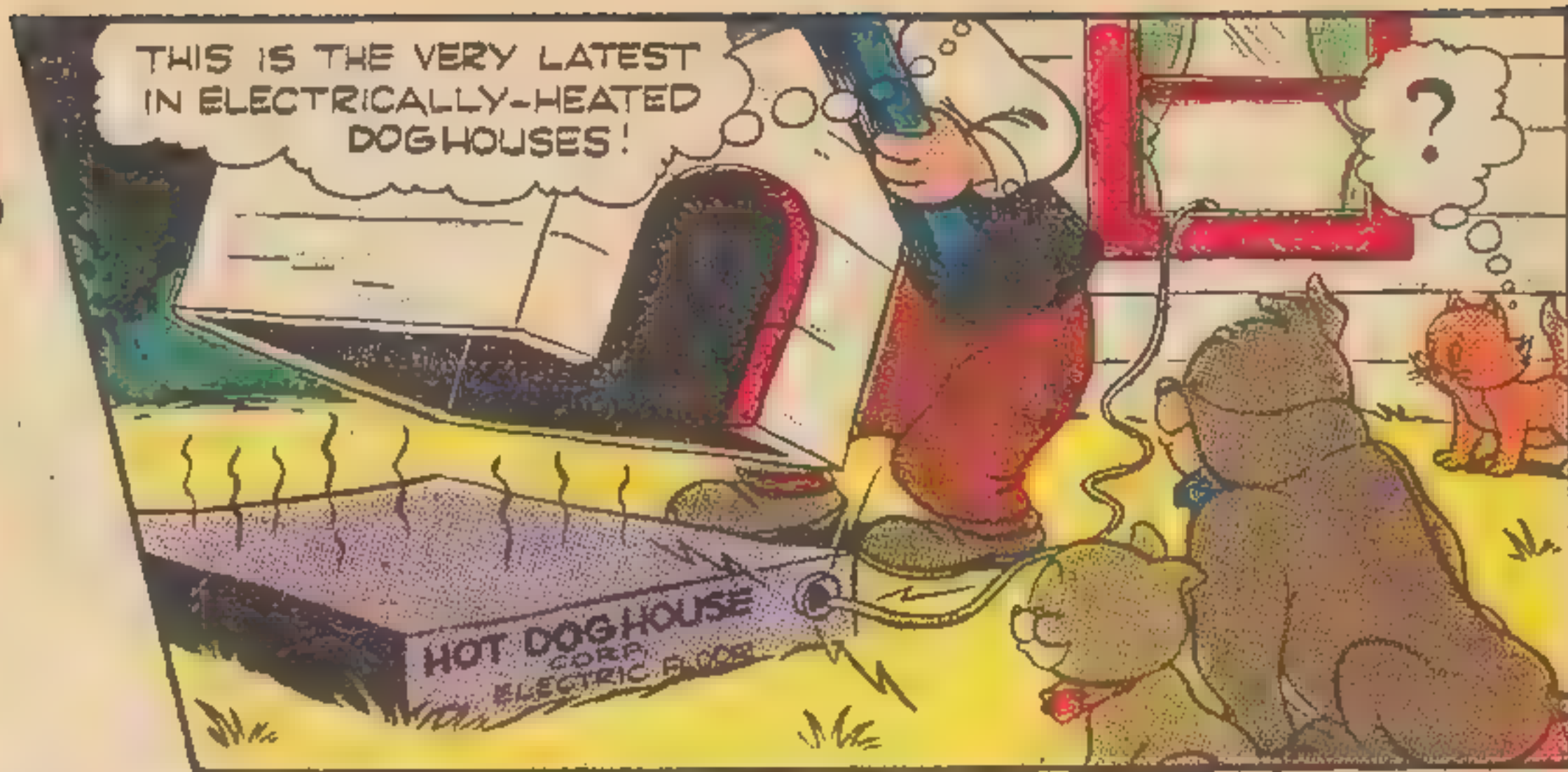


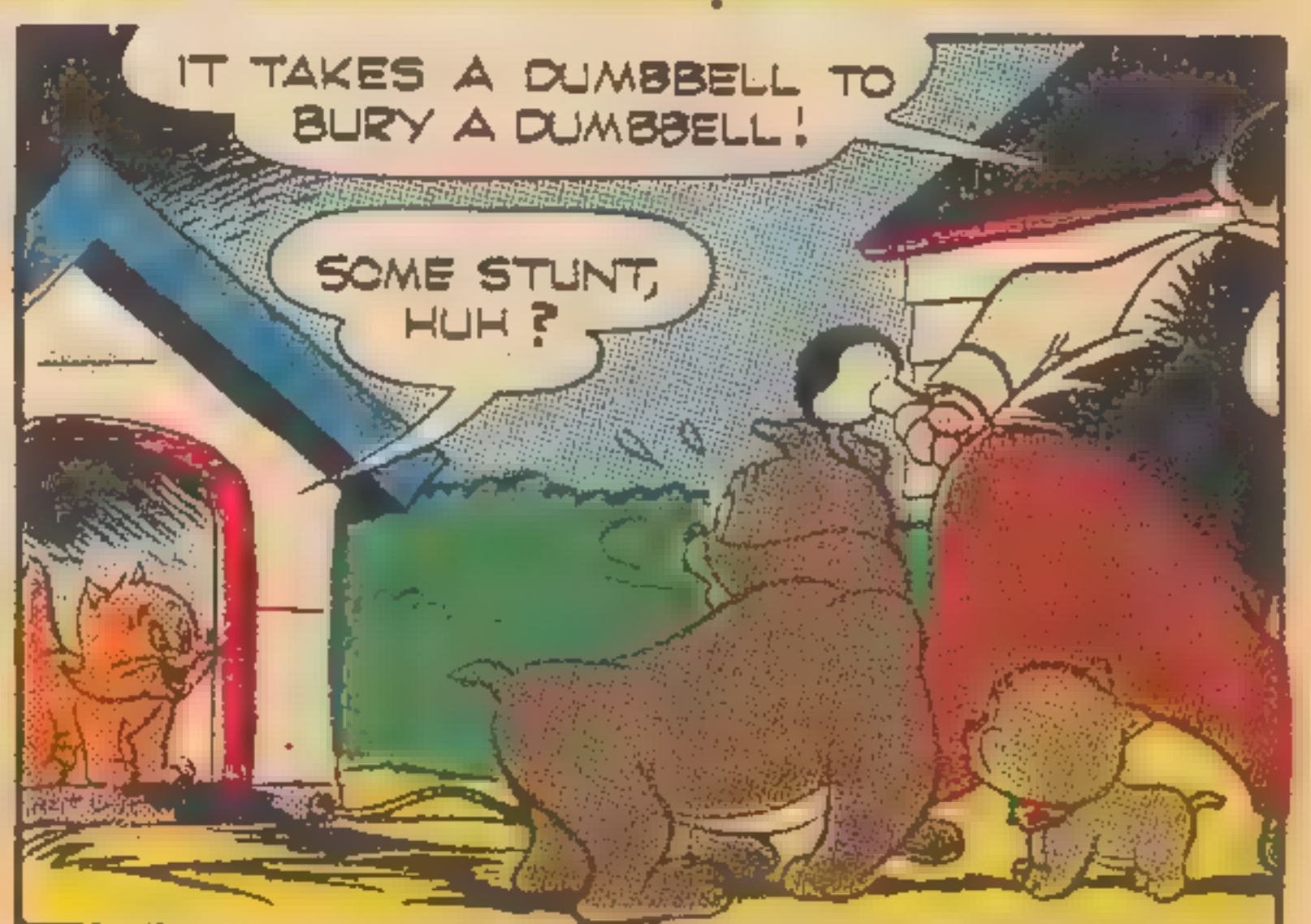
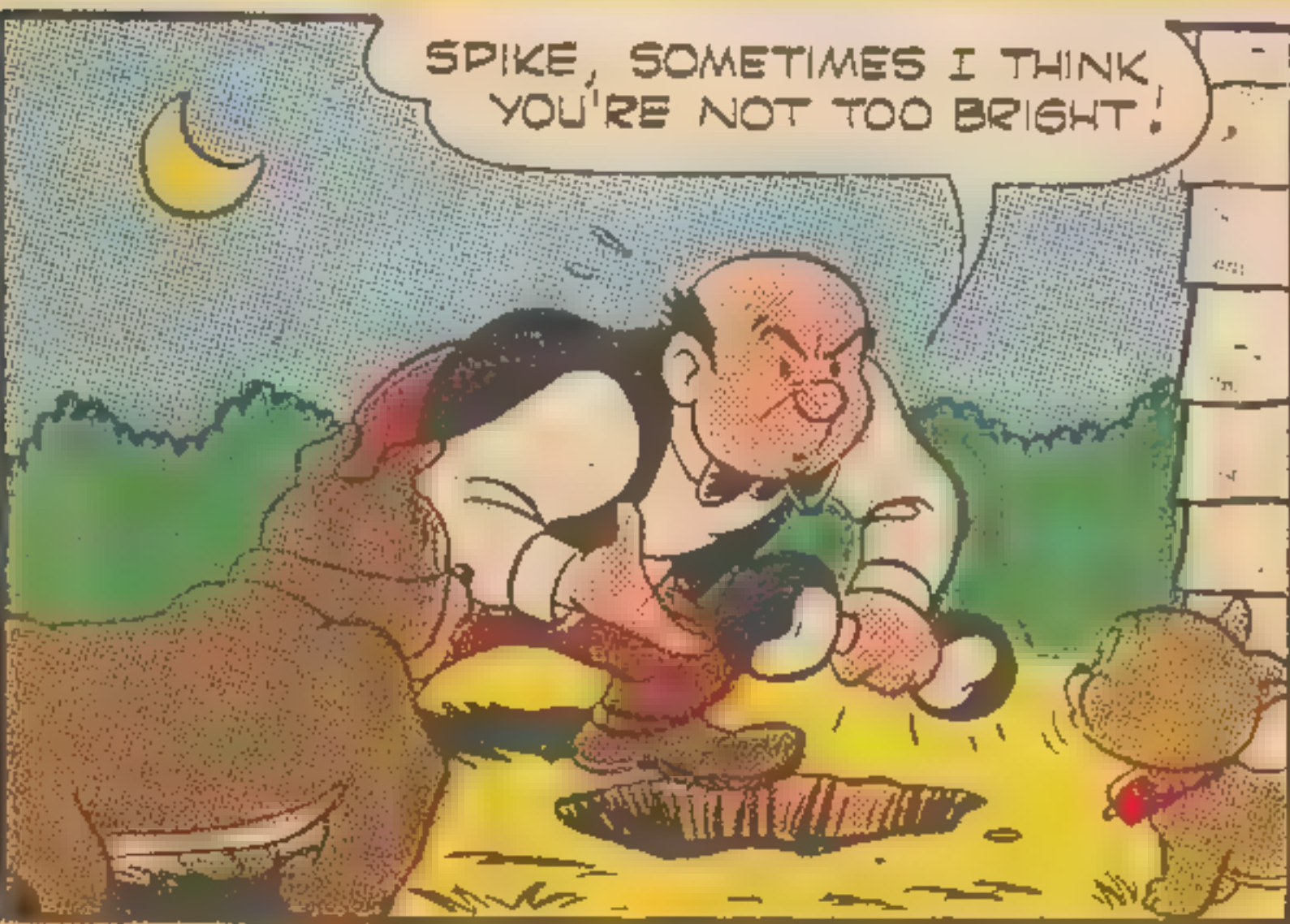
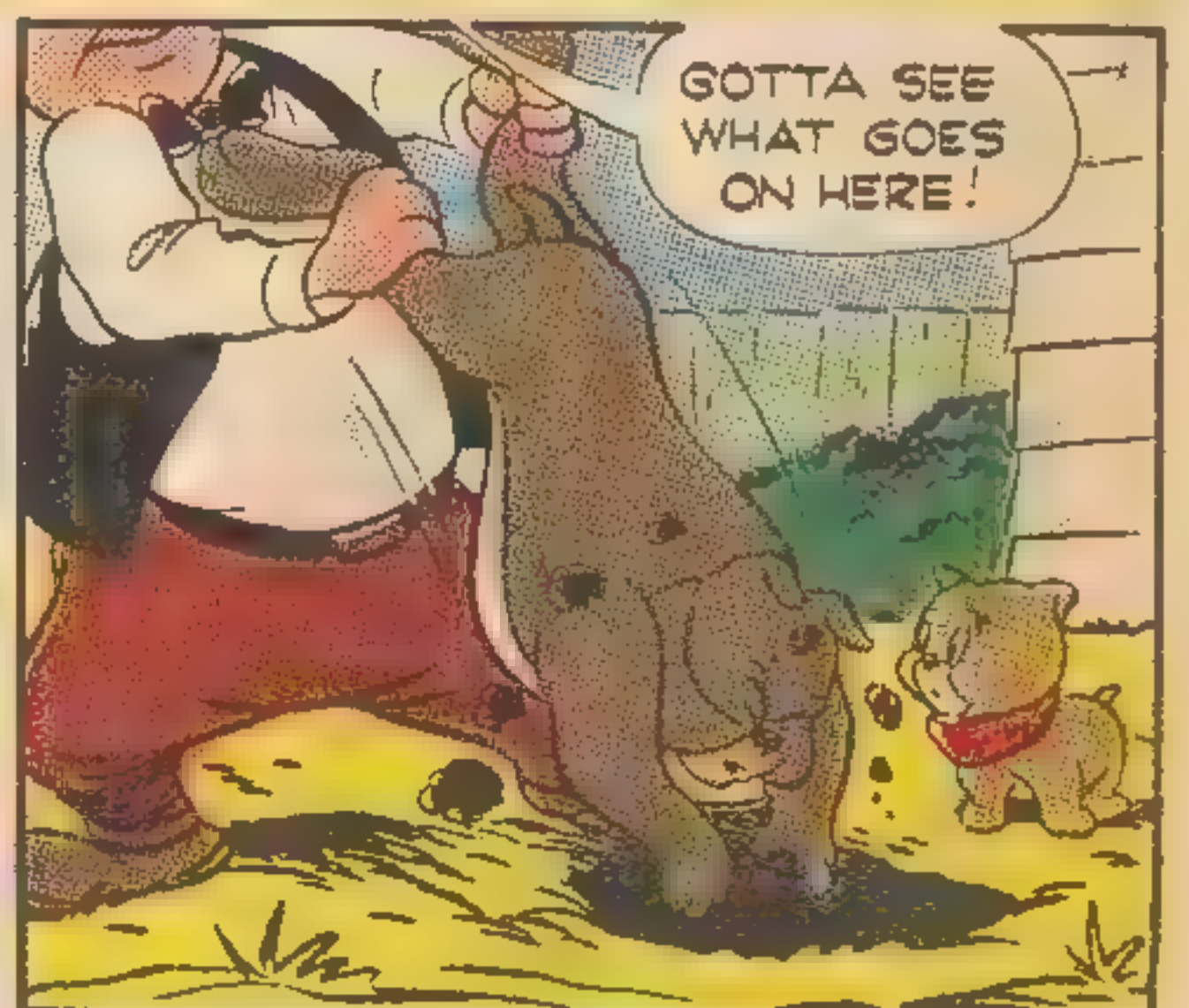
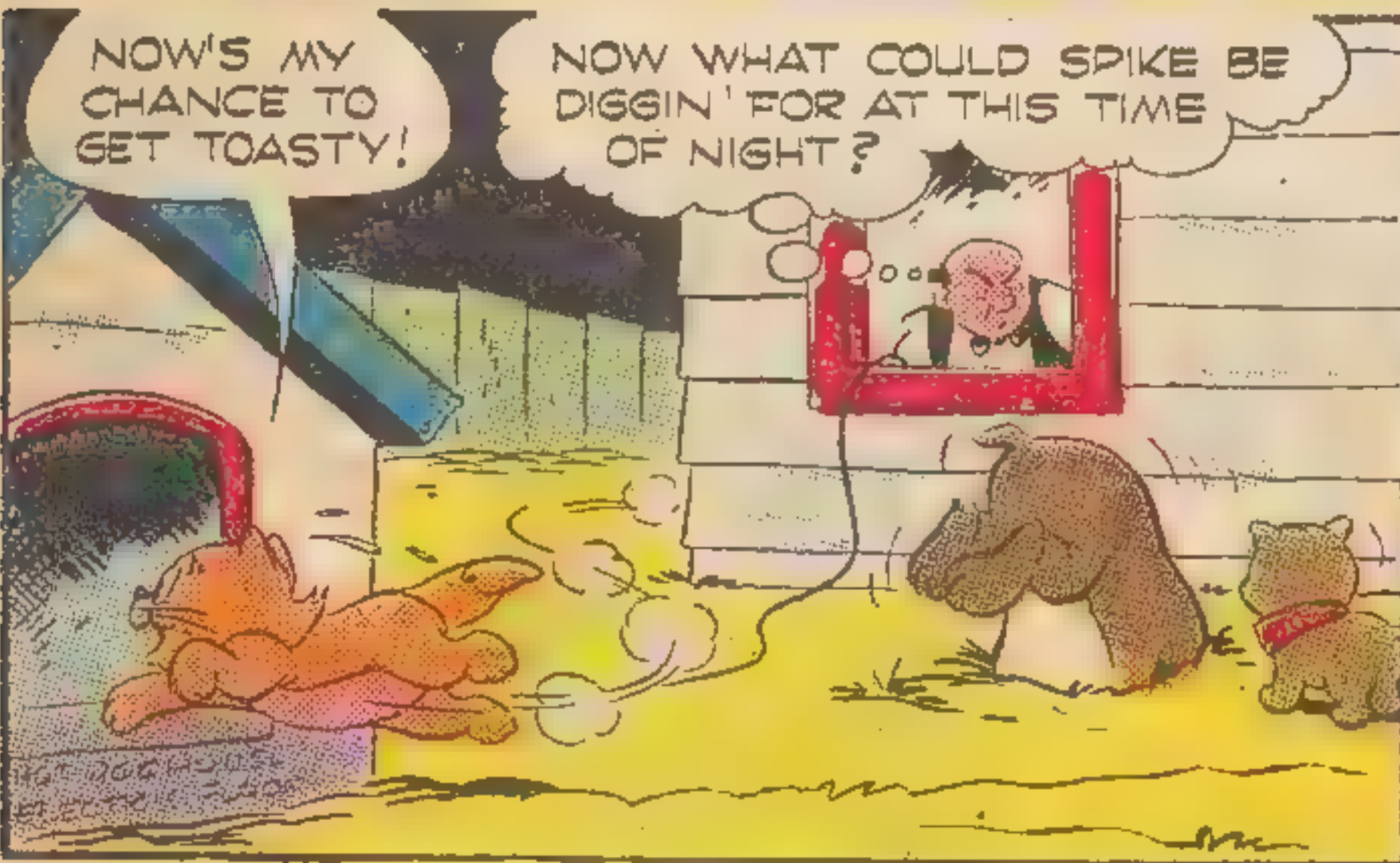
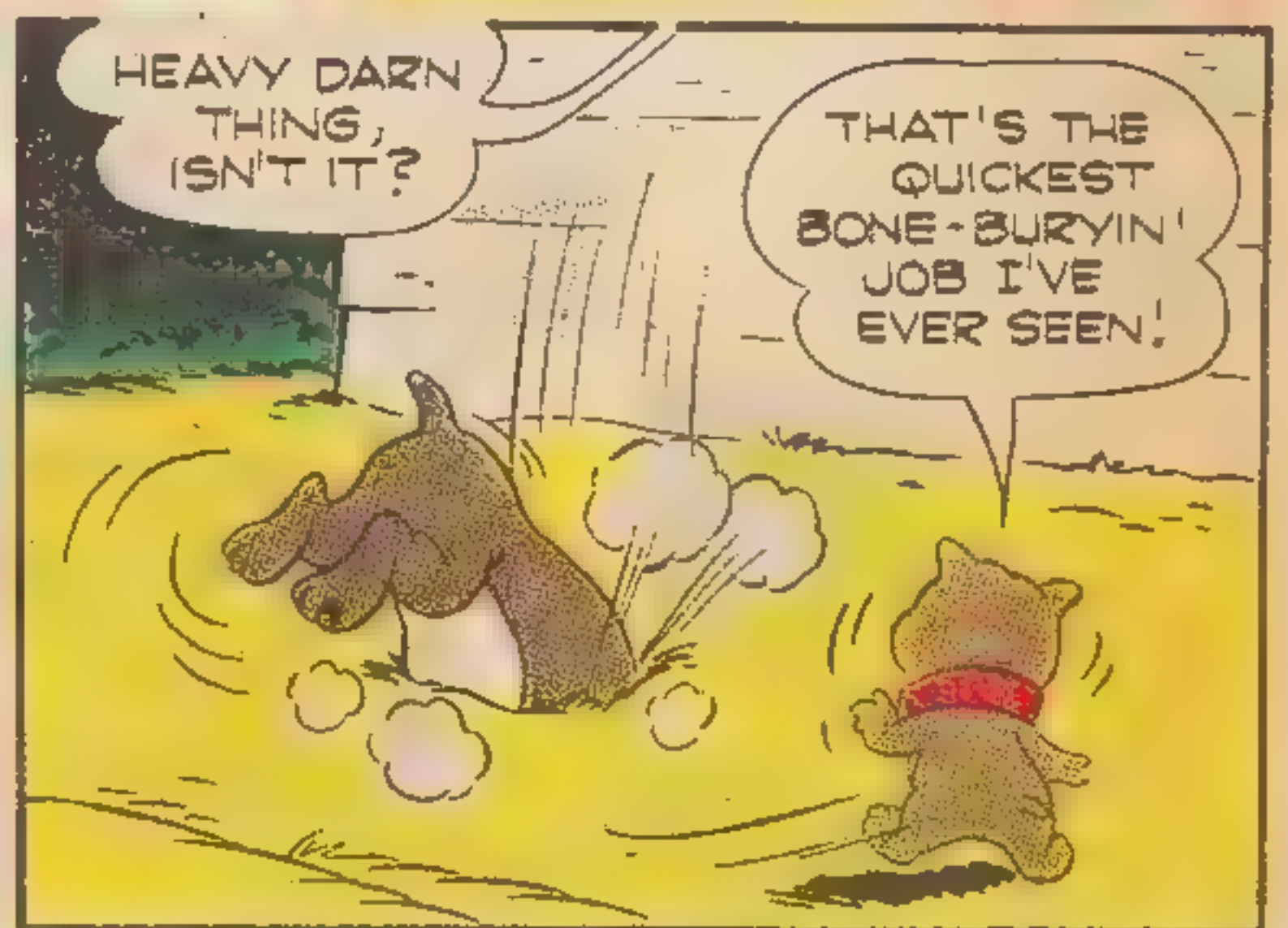
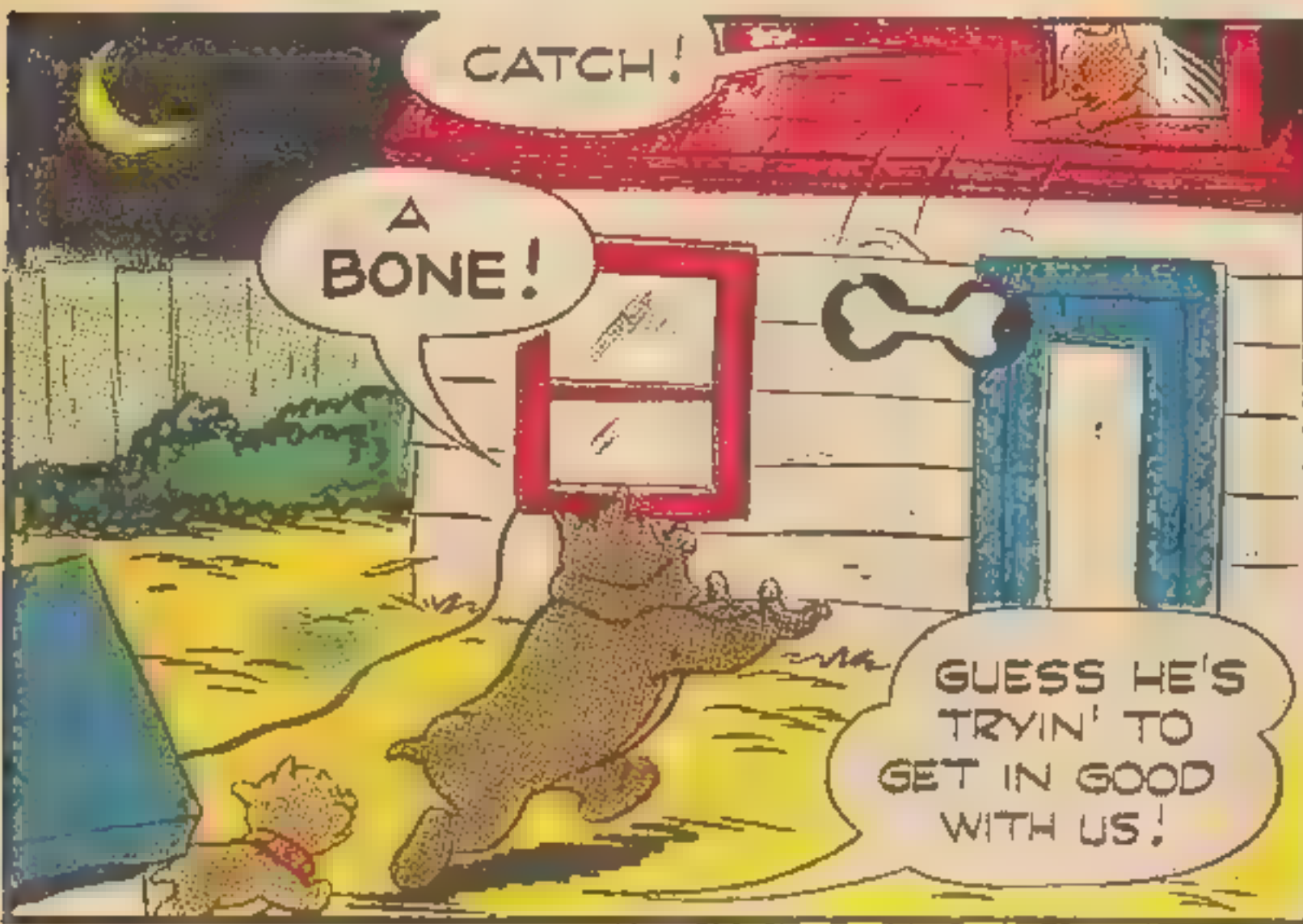
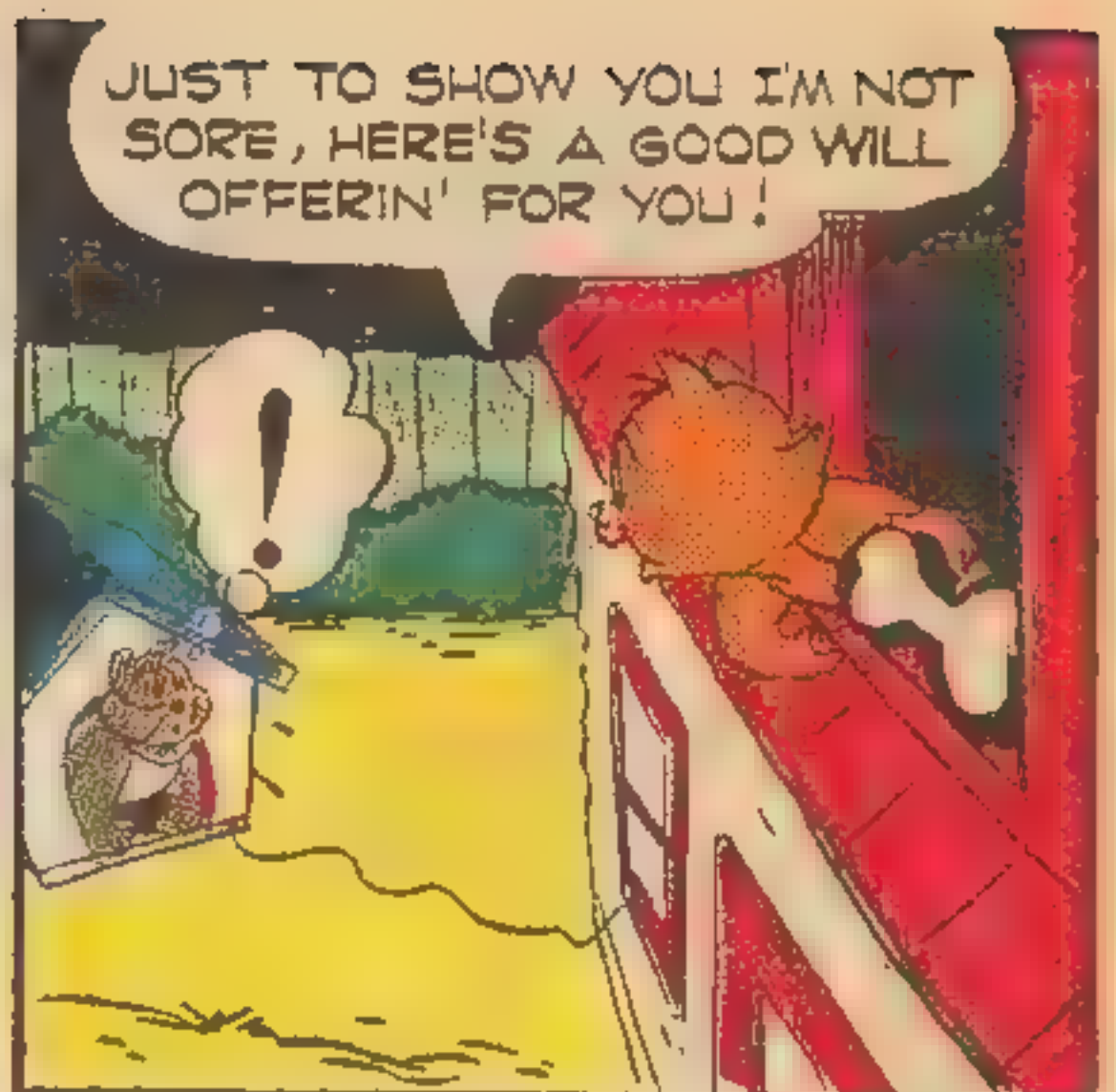


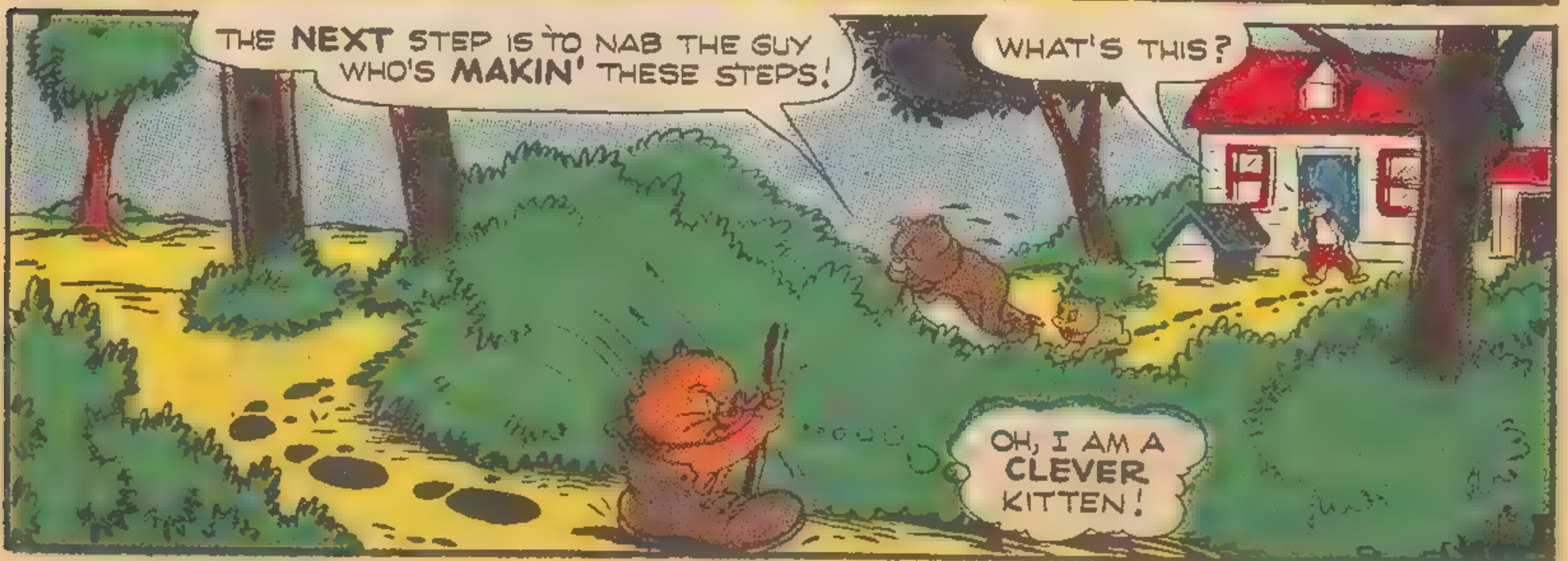
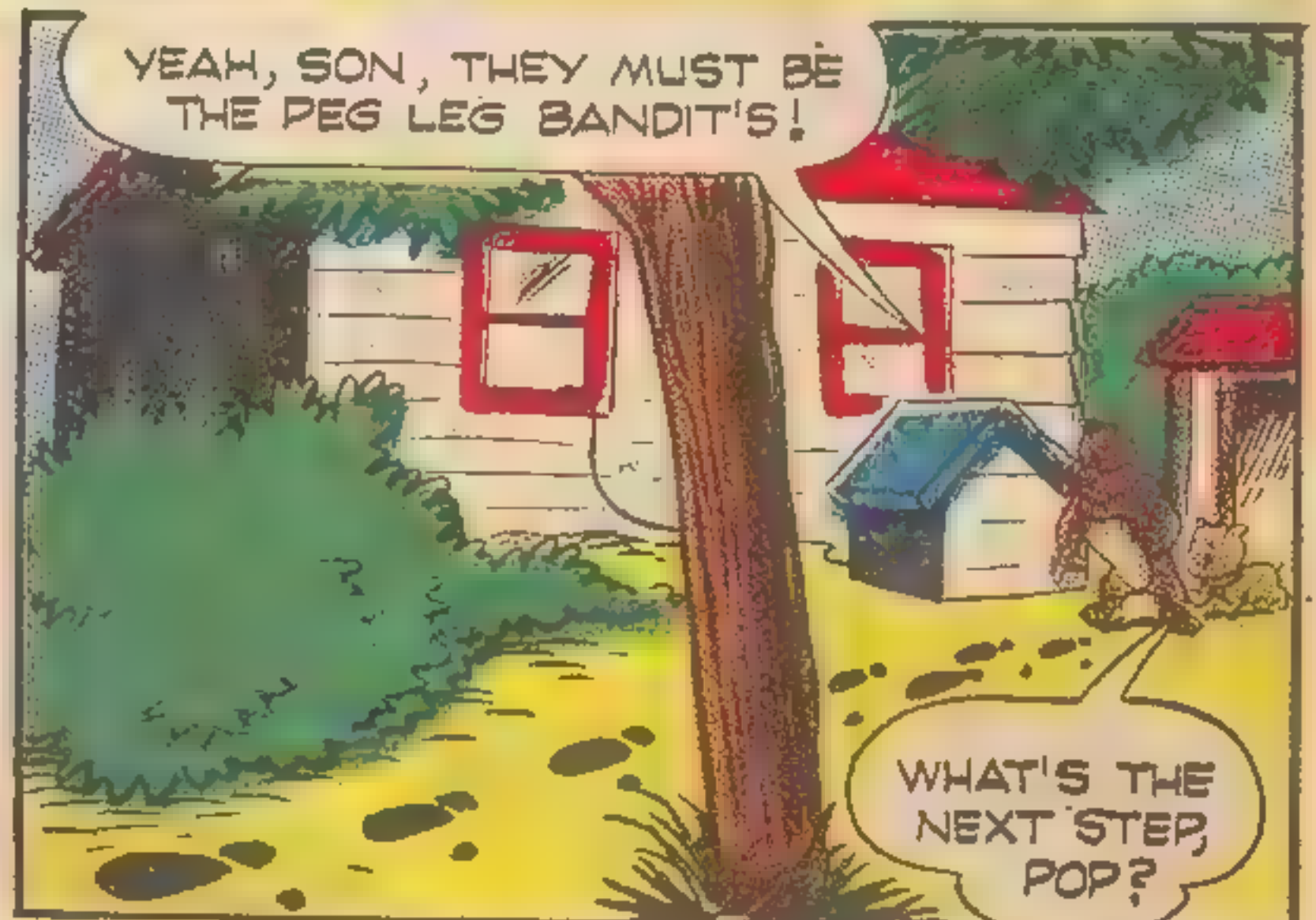
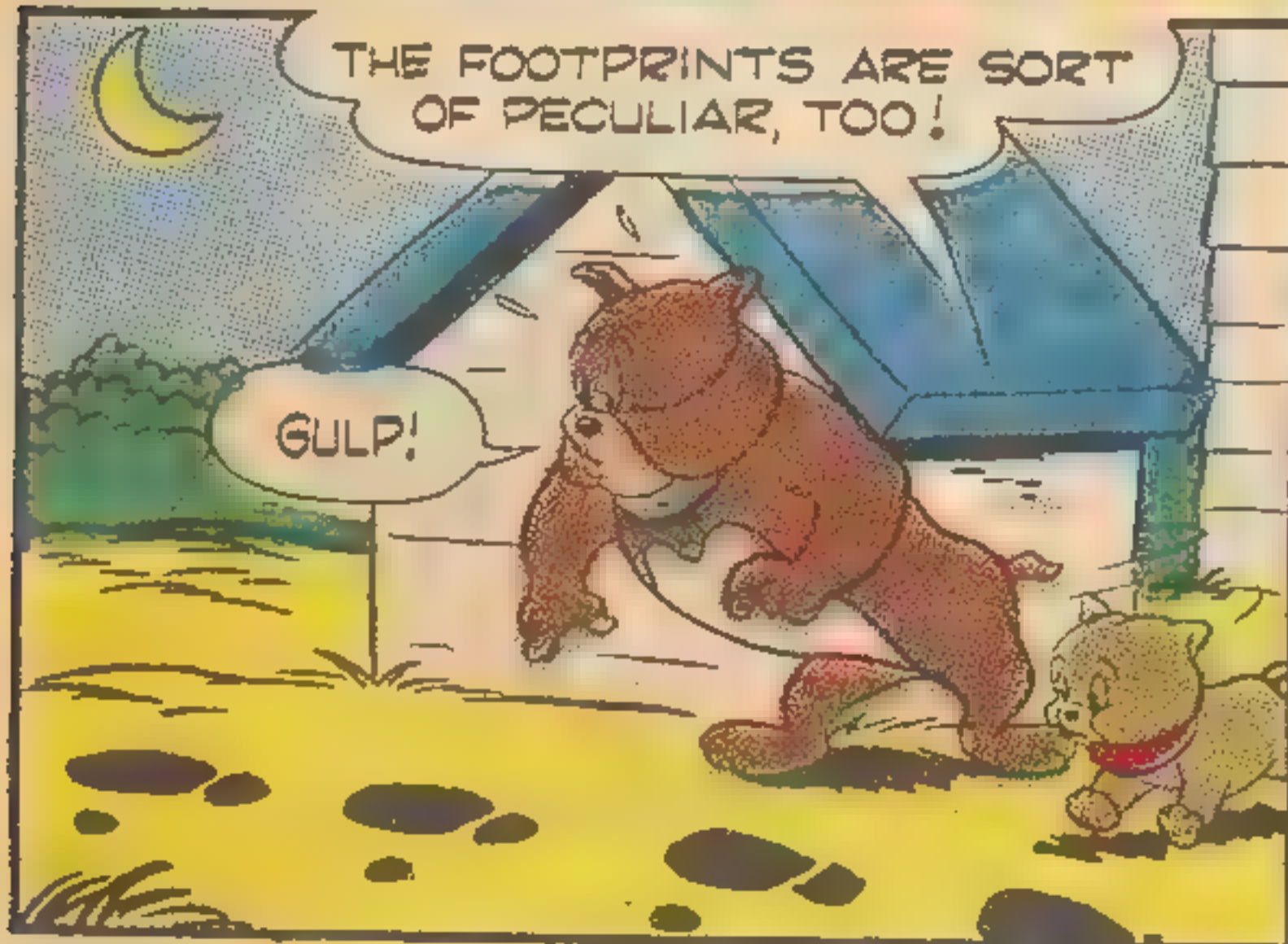
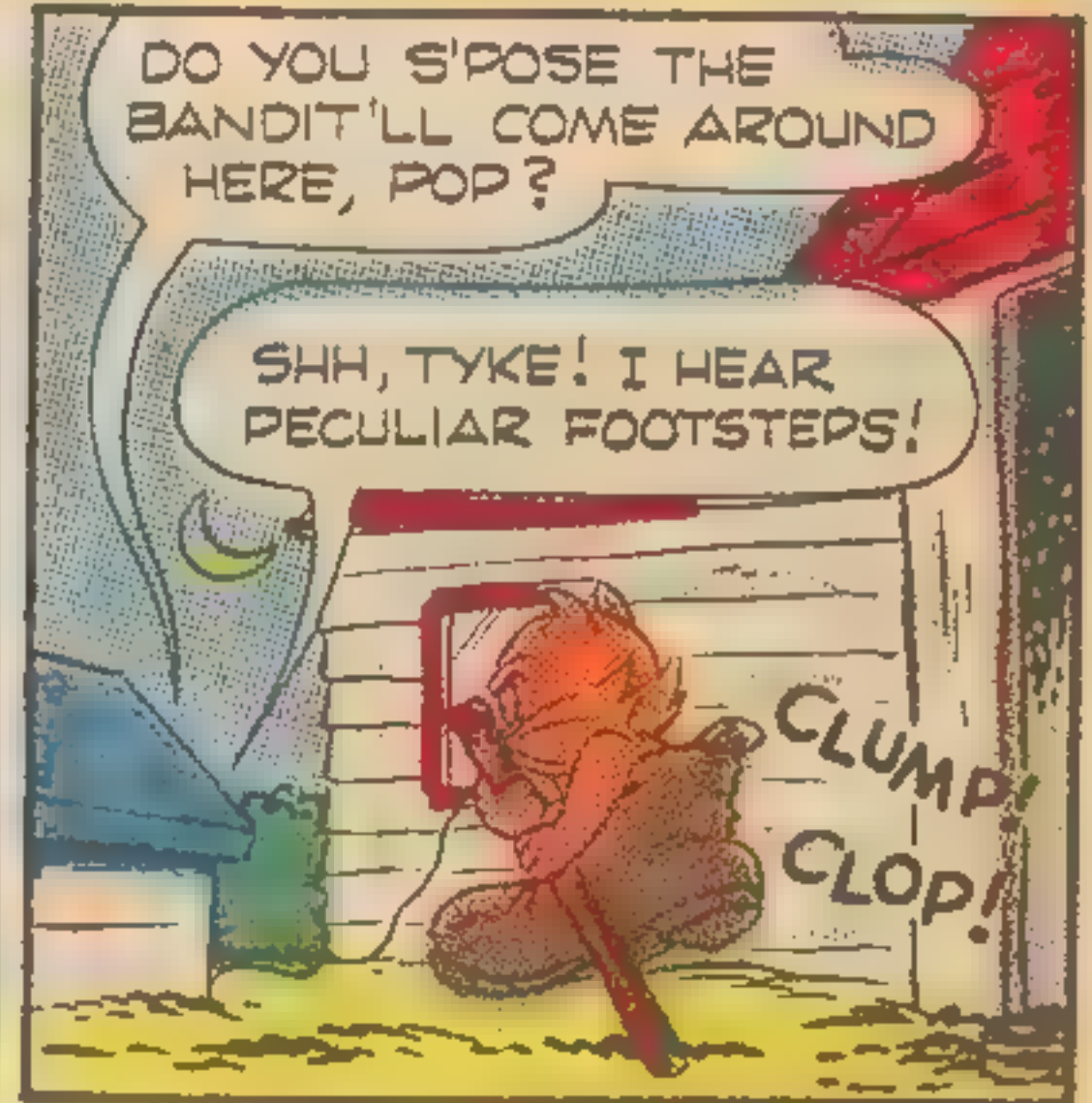
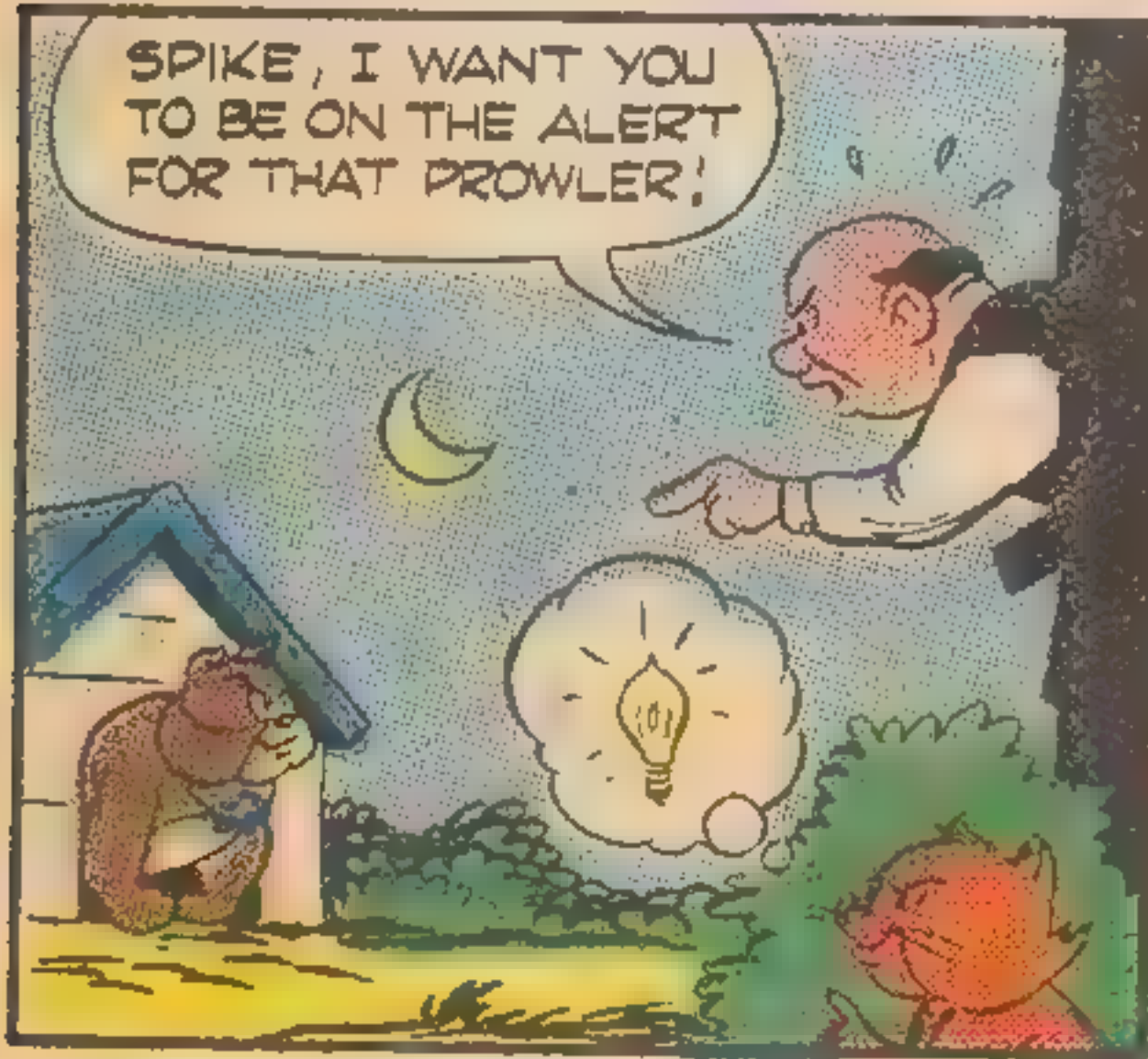
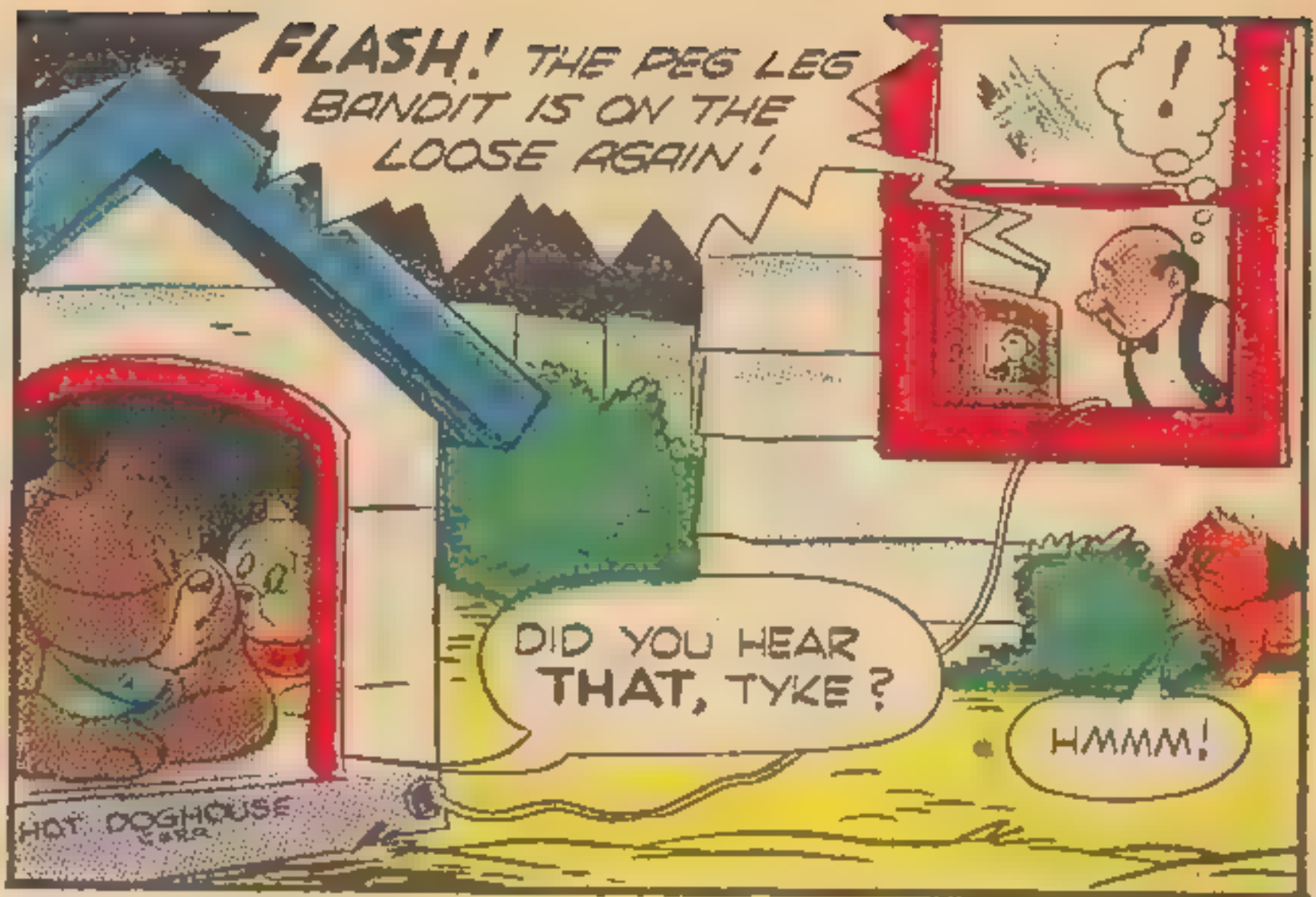
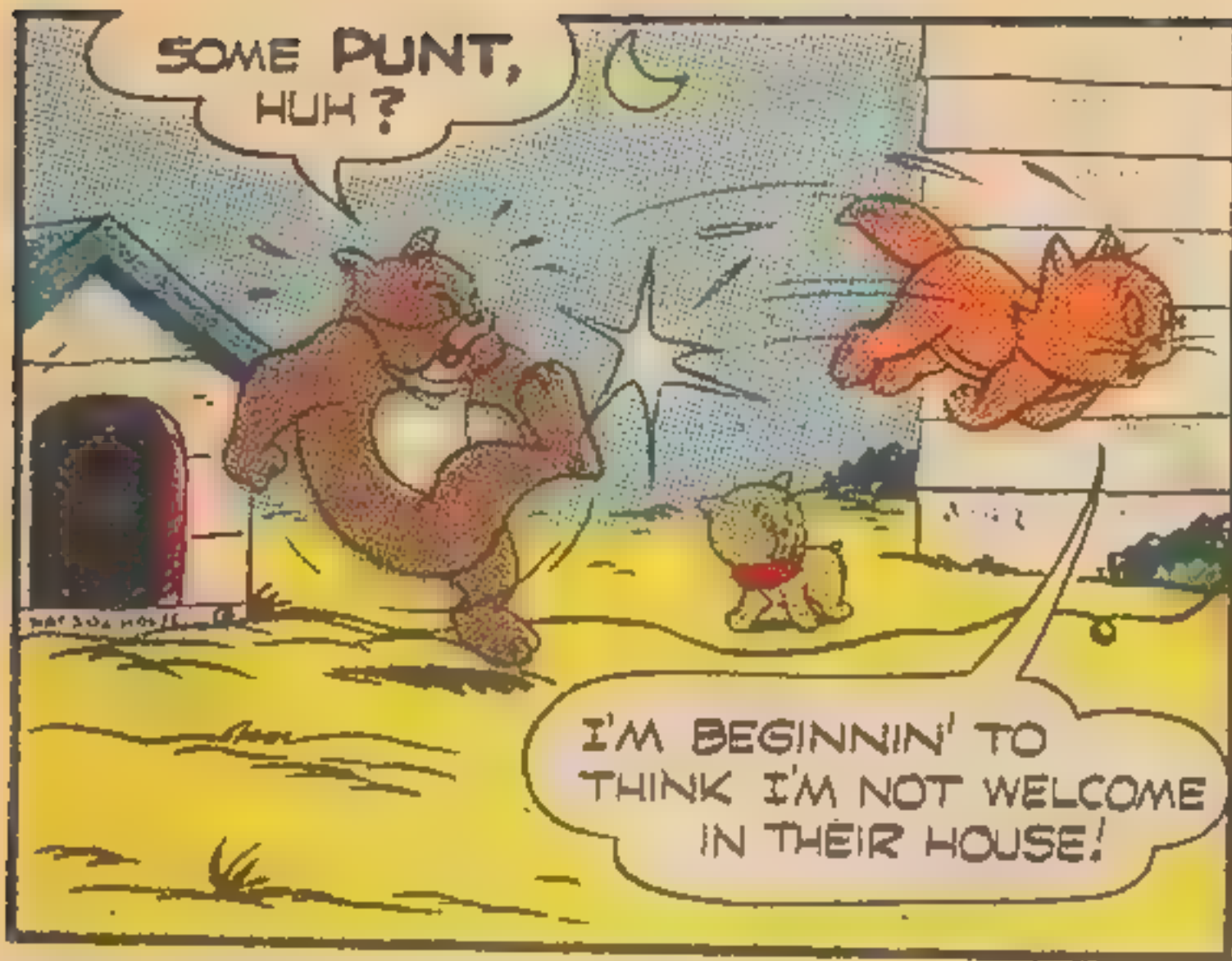


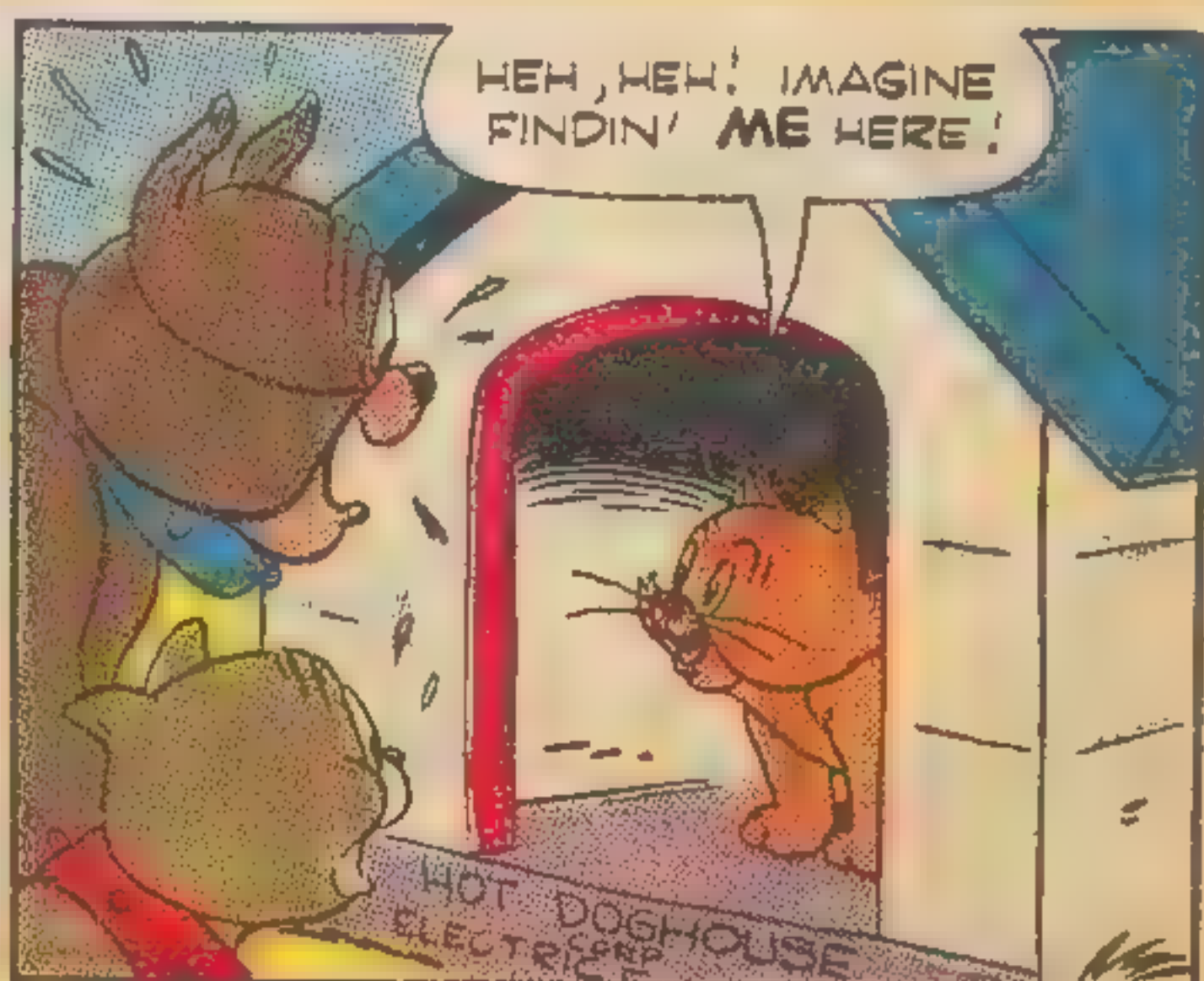
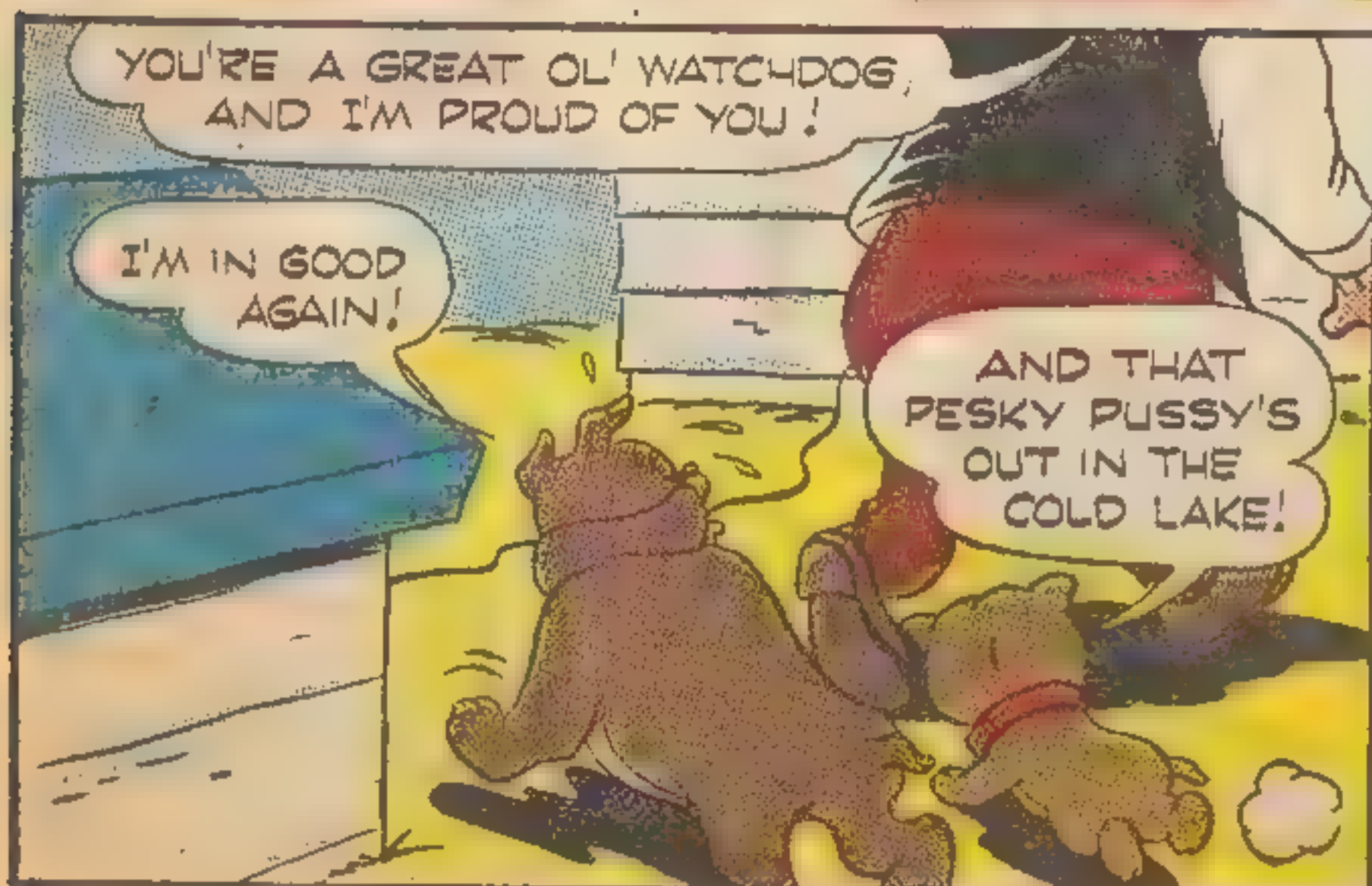
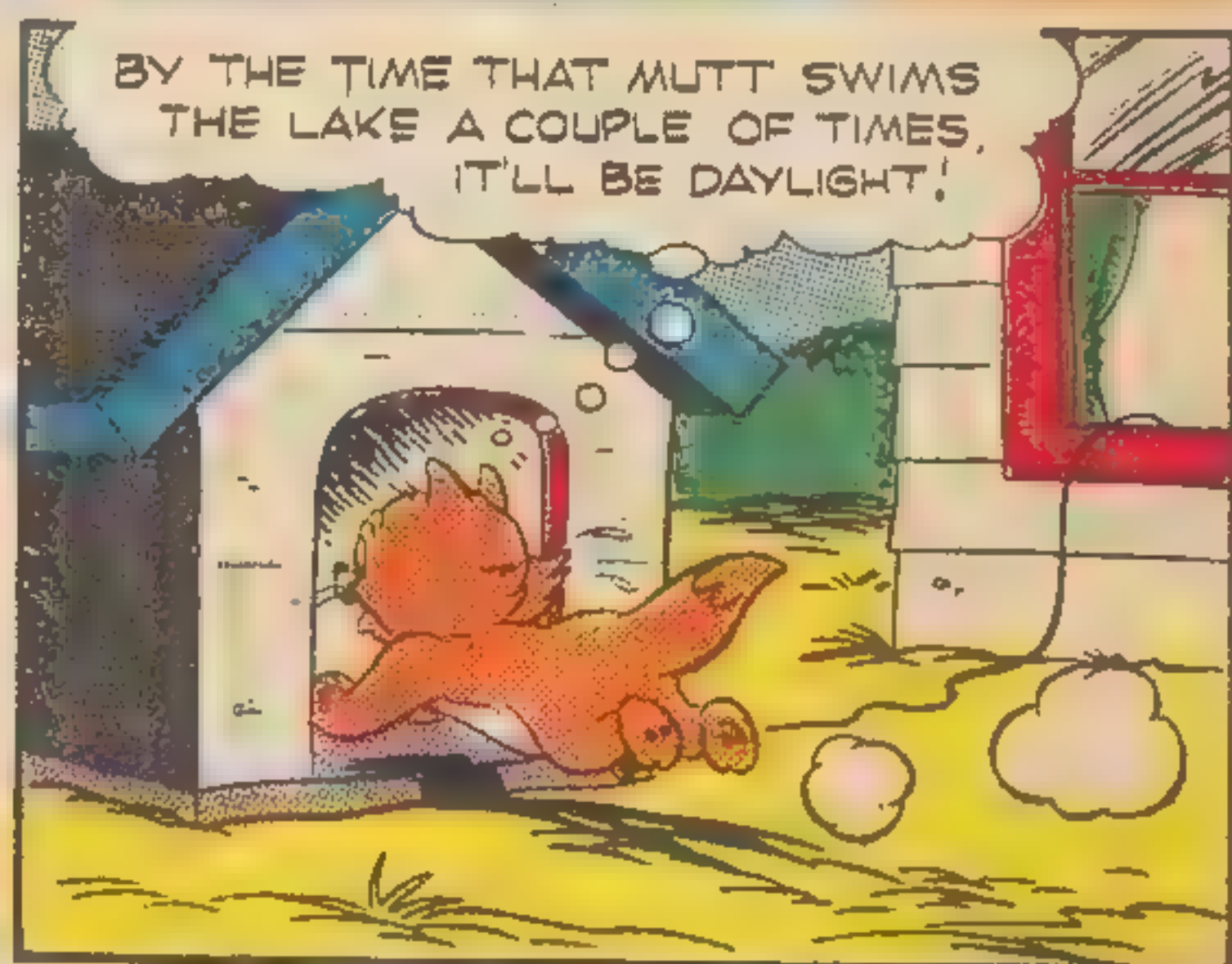
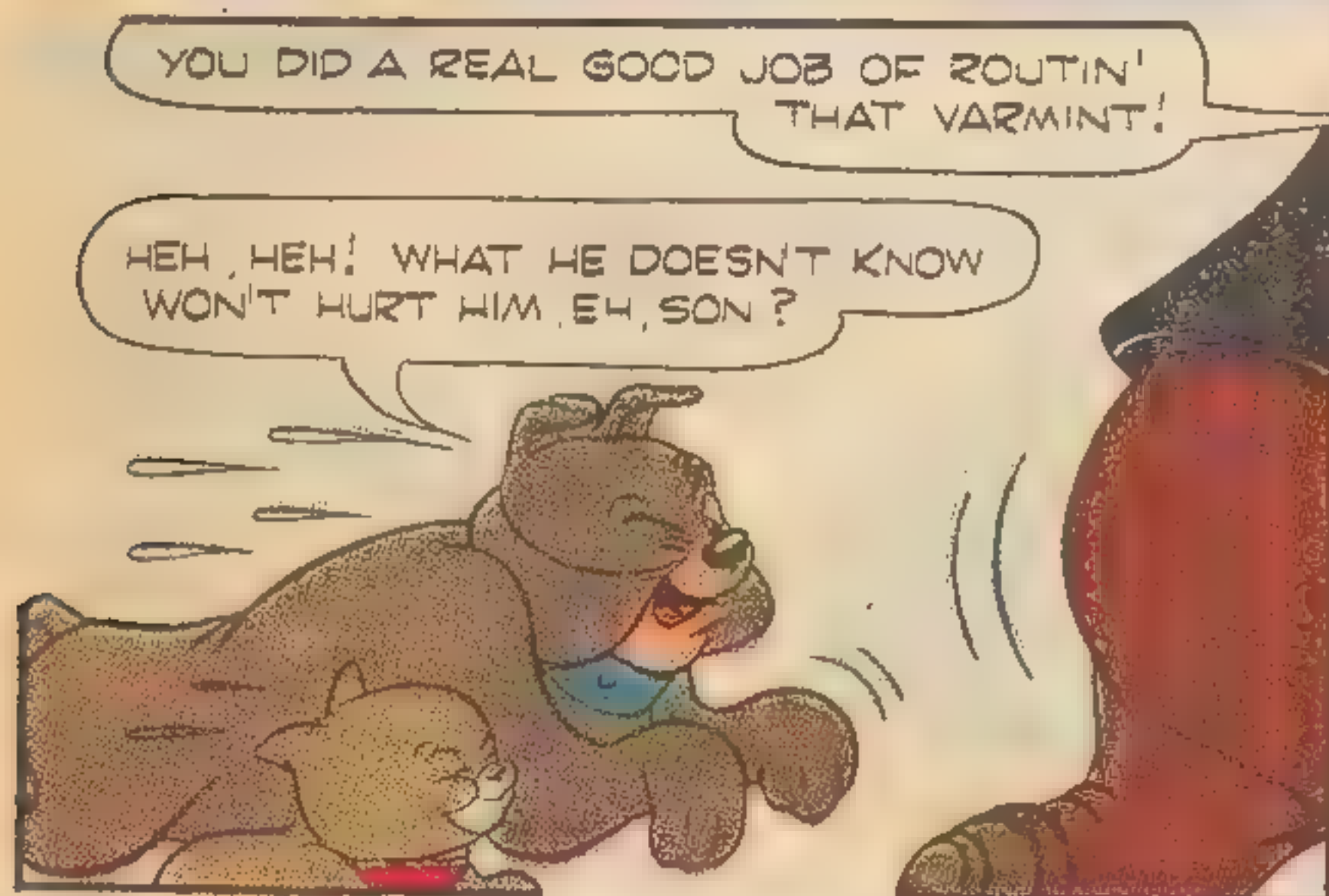
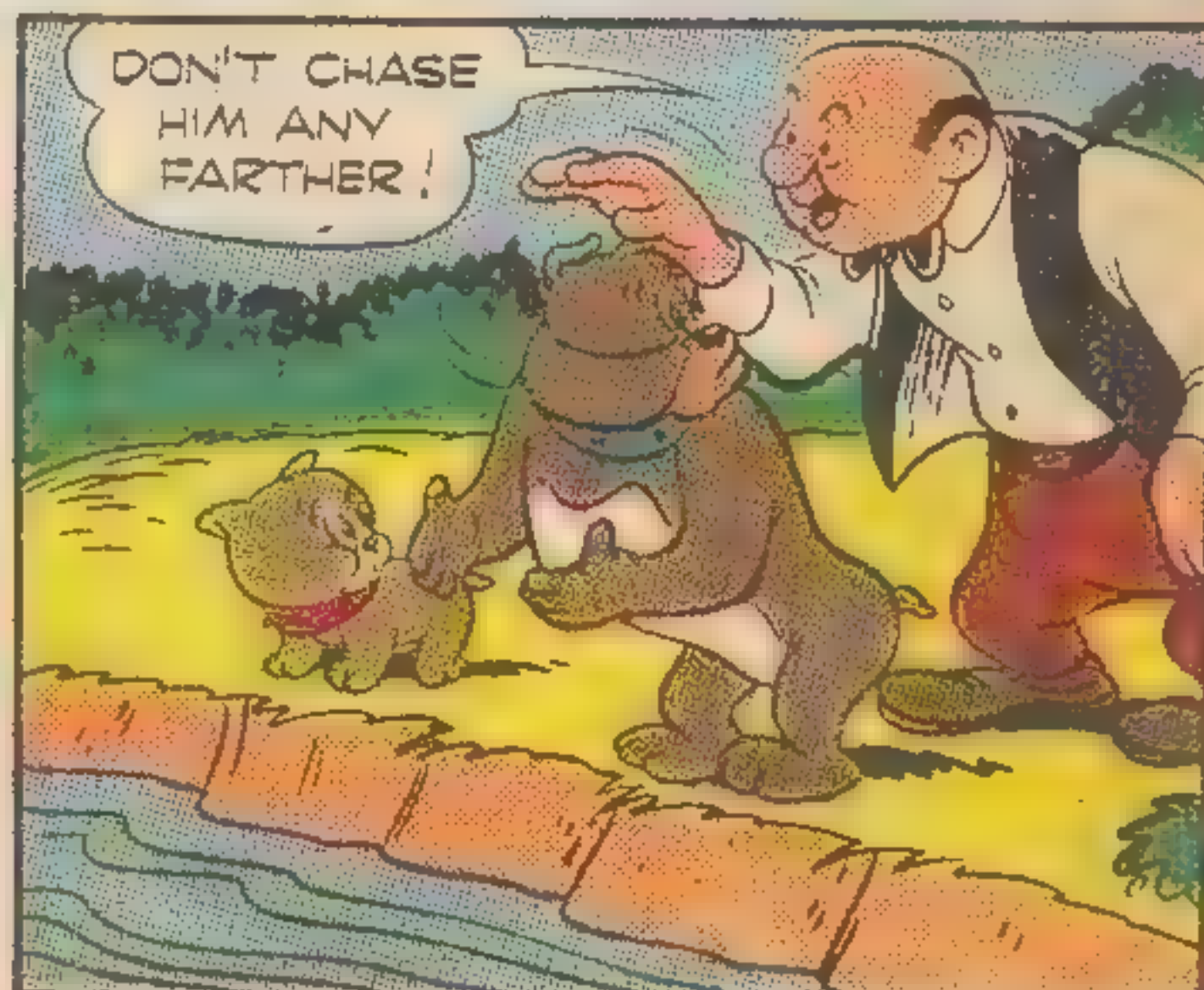
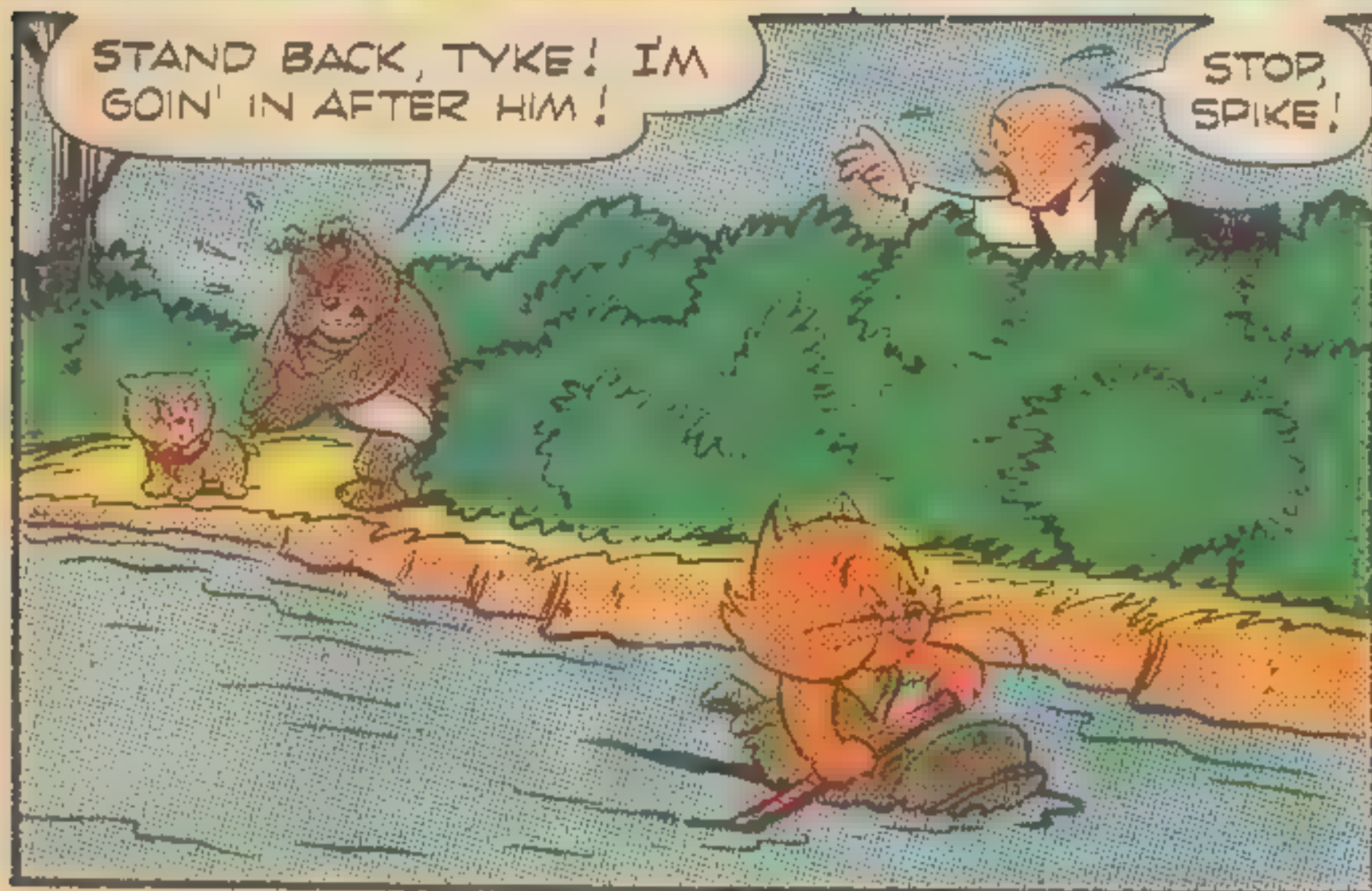
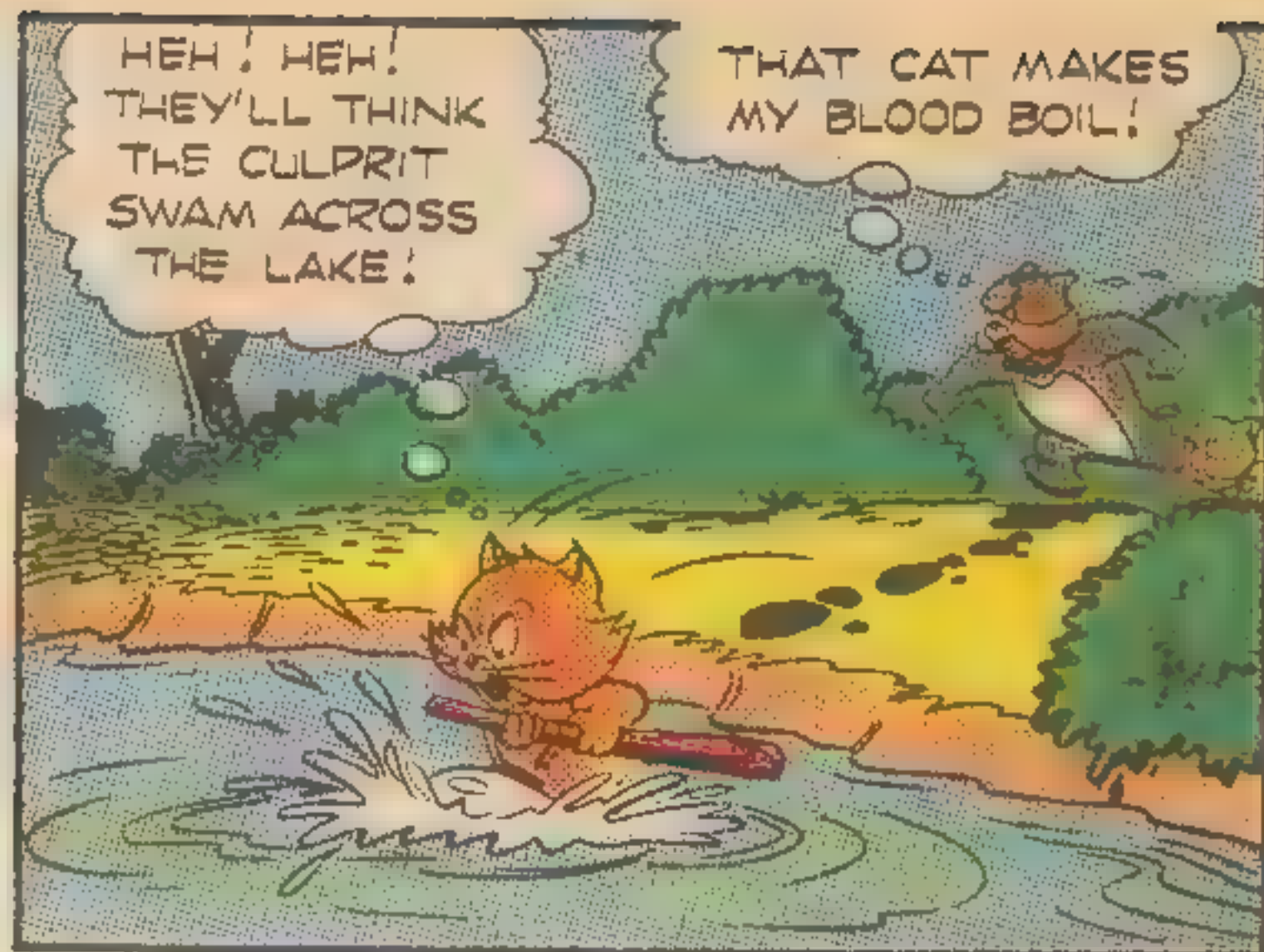
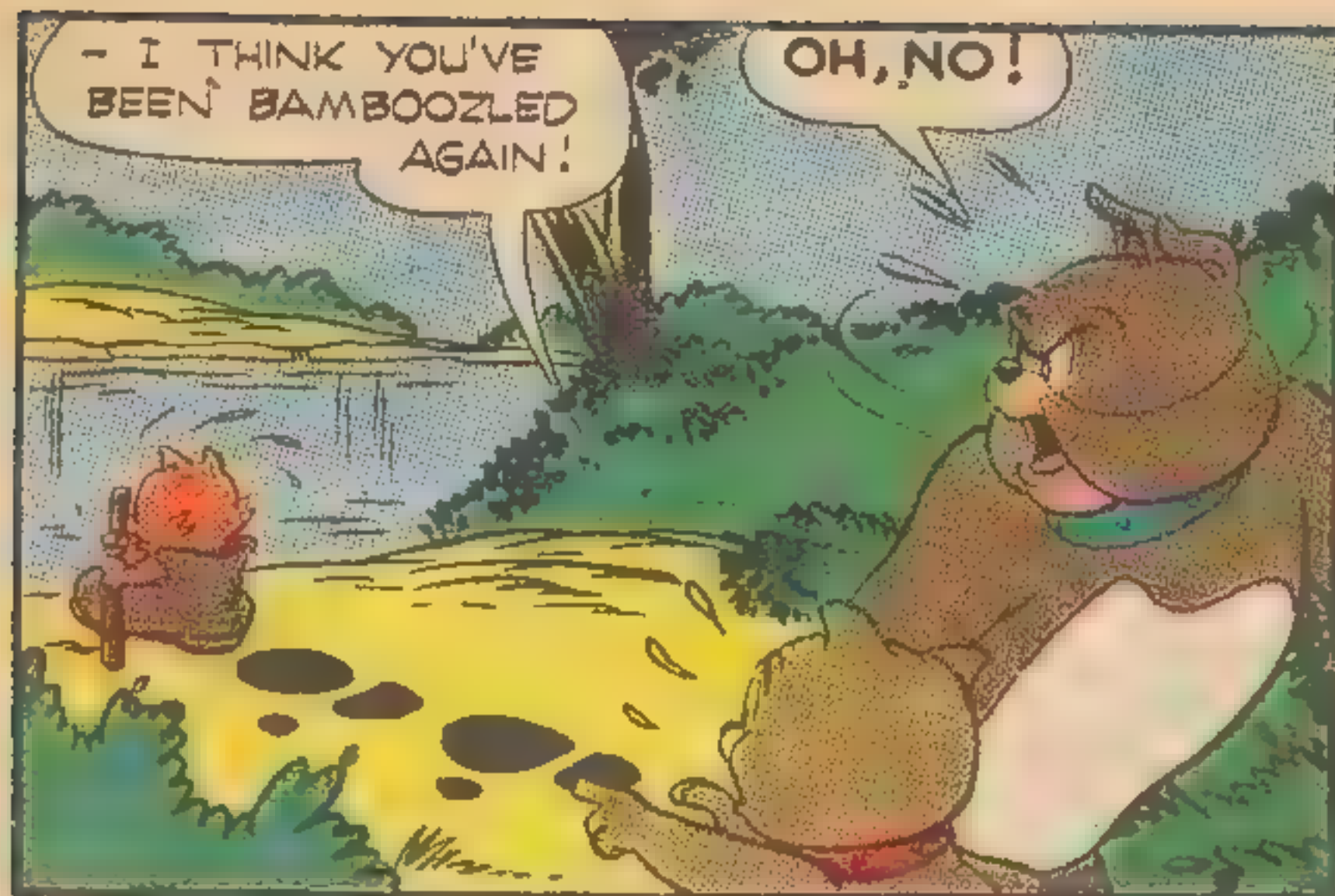
M-G-M CARTOONS present

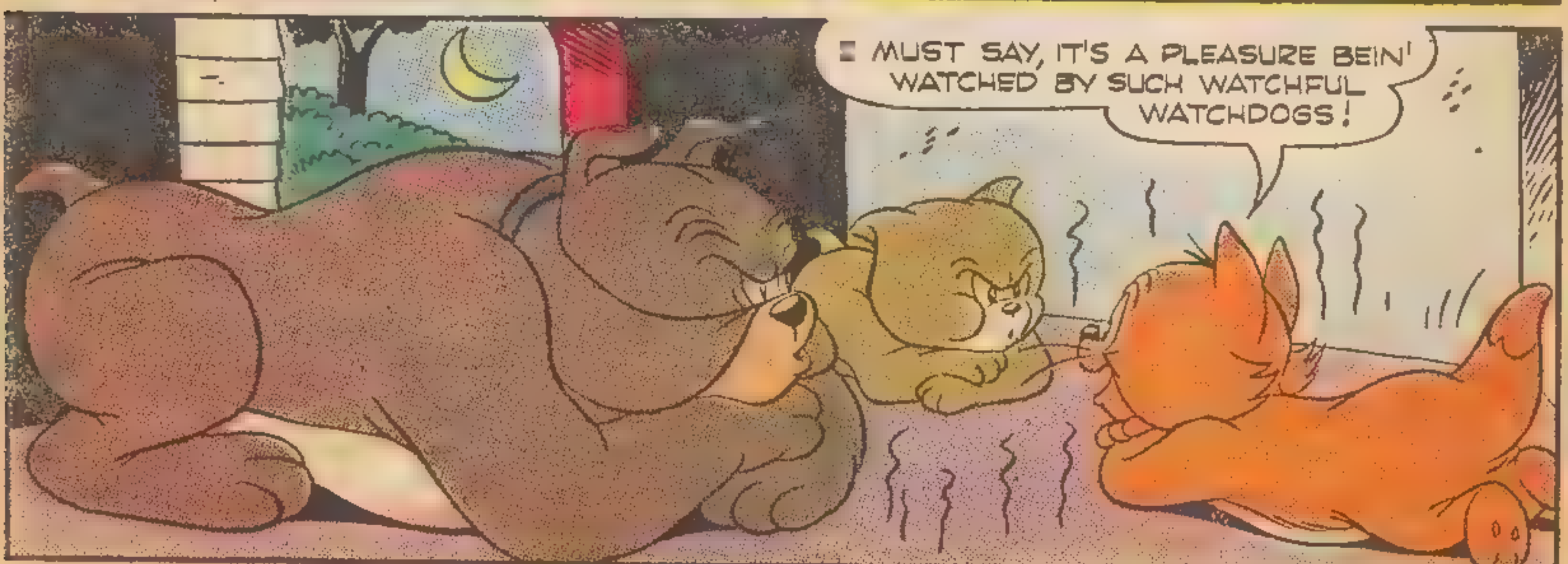
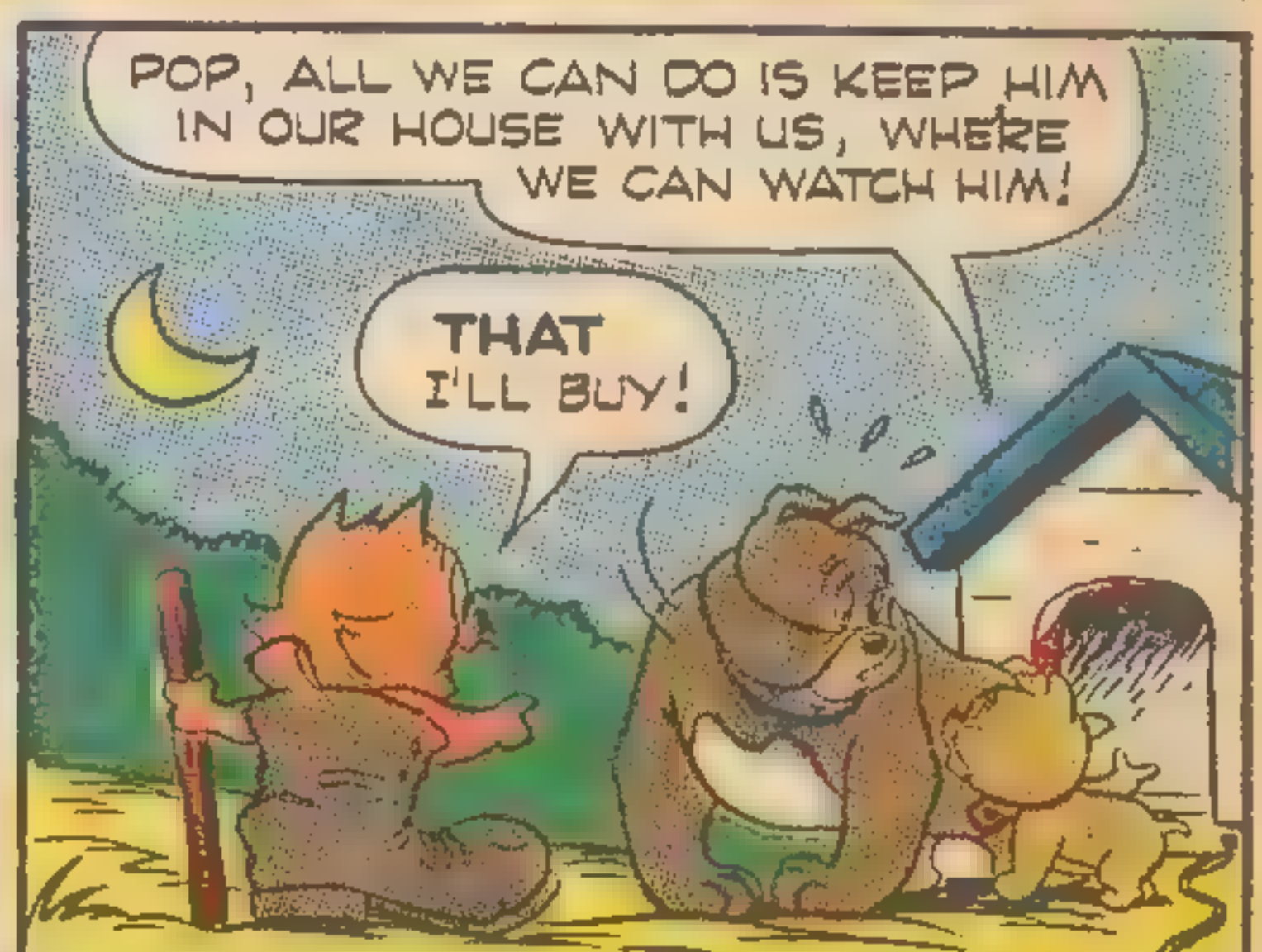
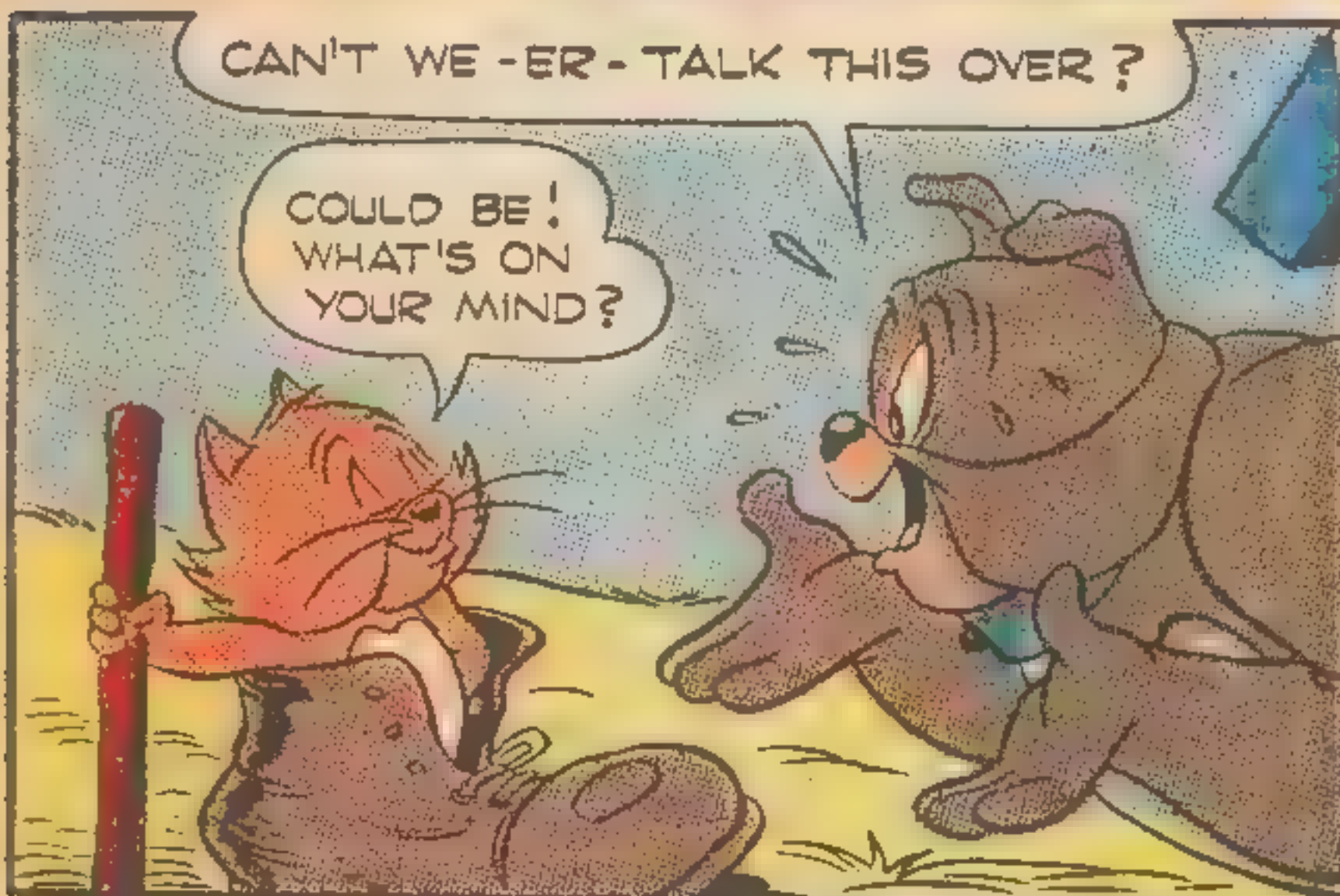
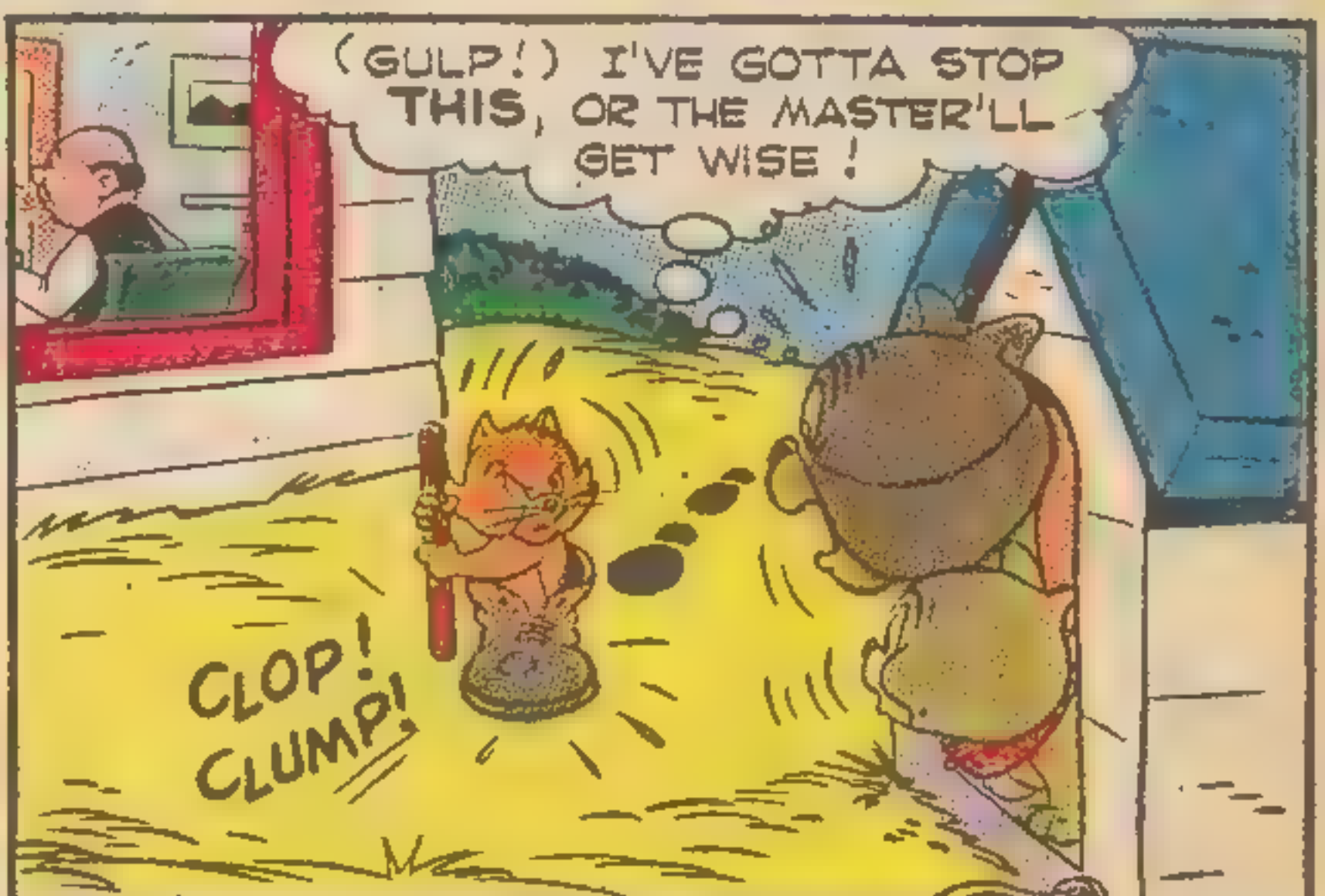
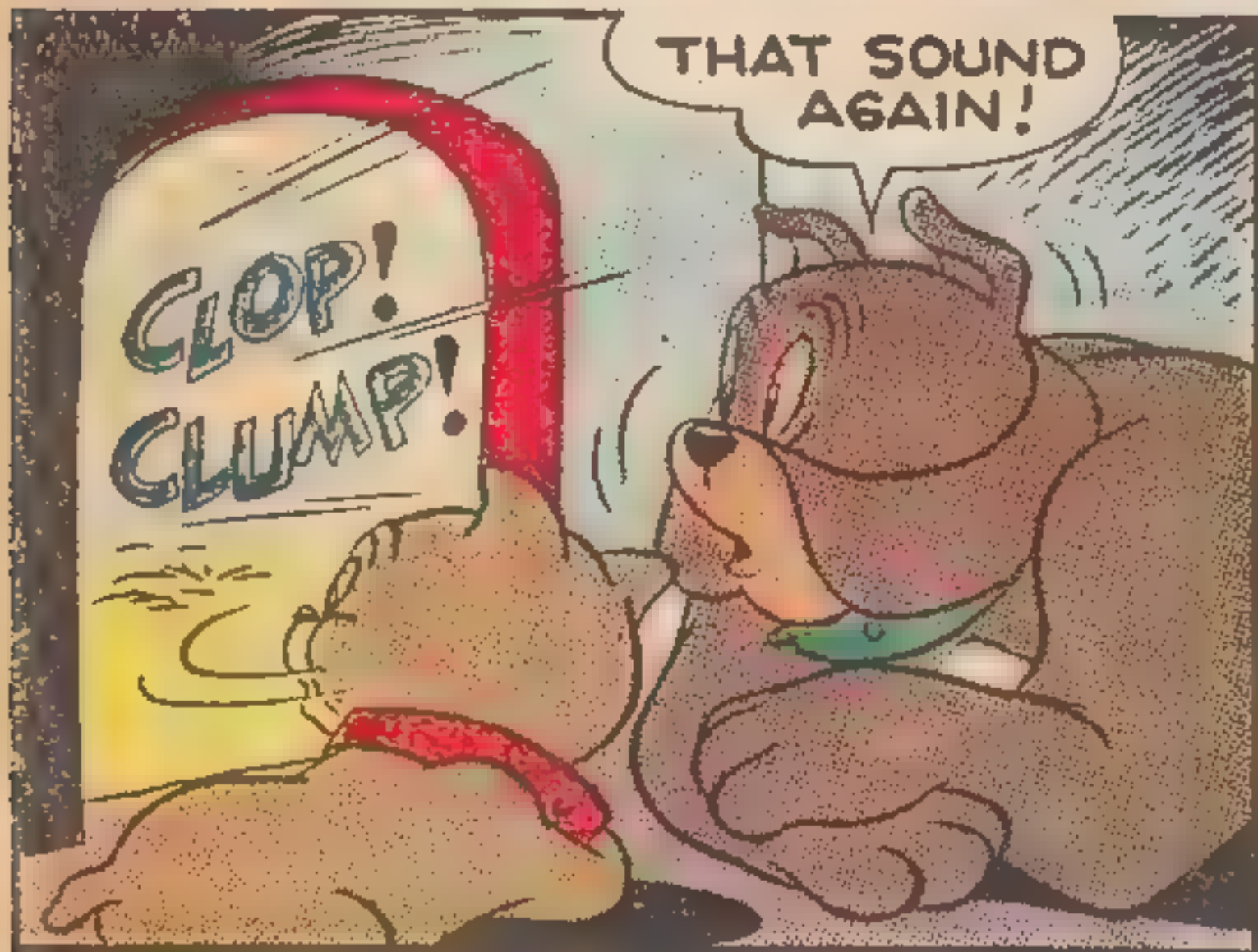
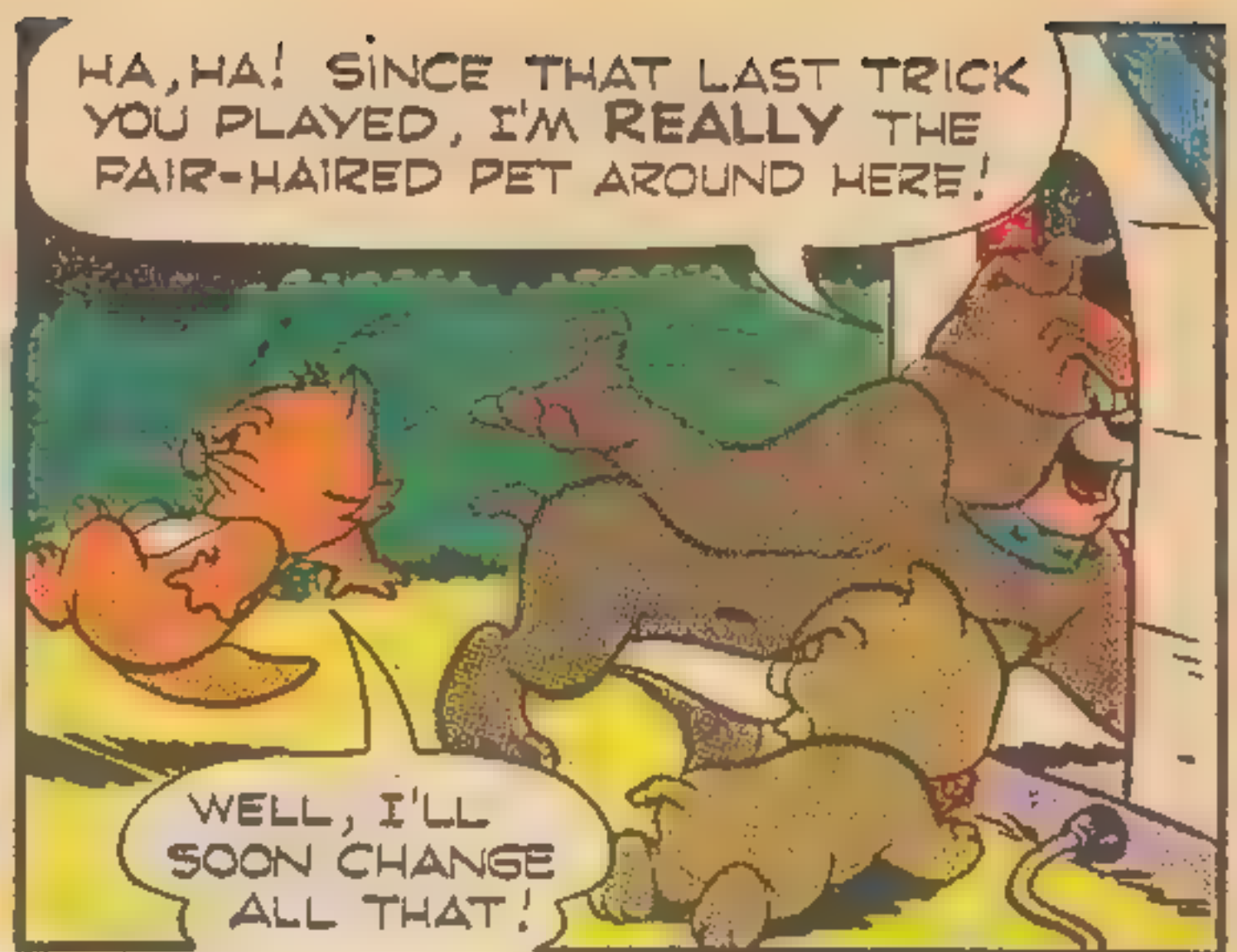
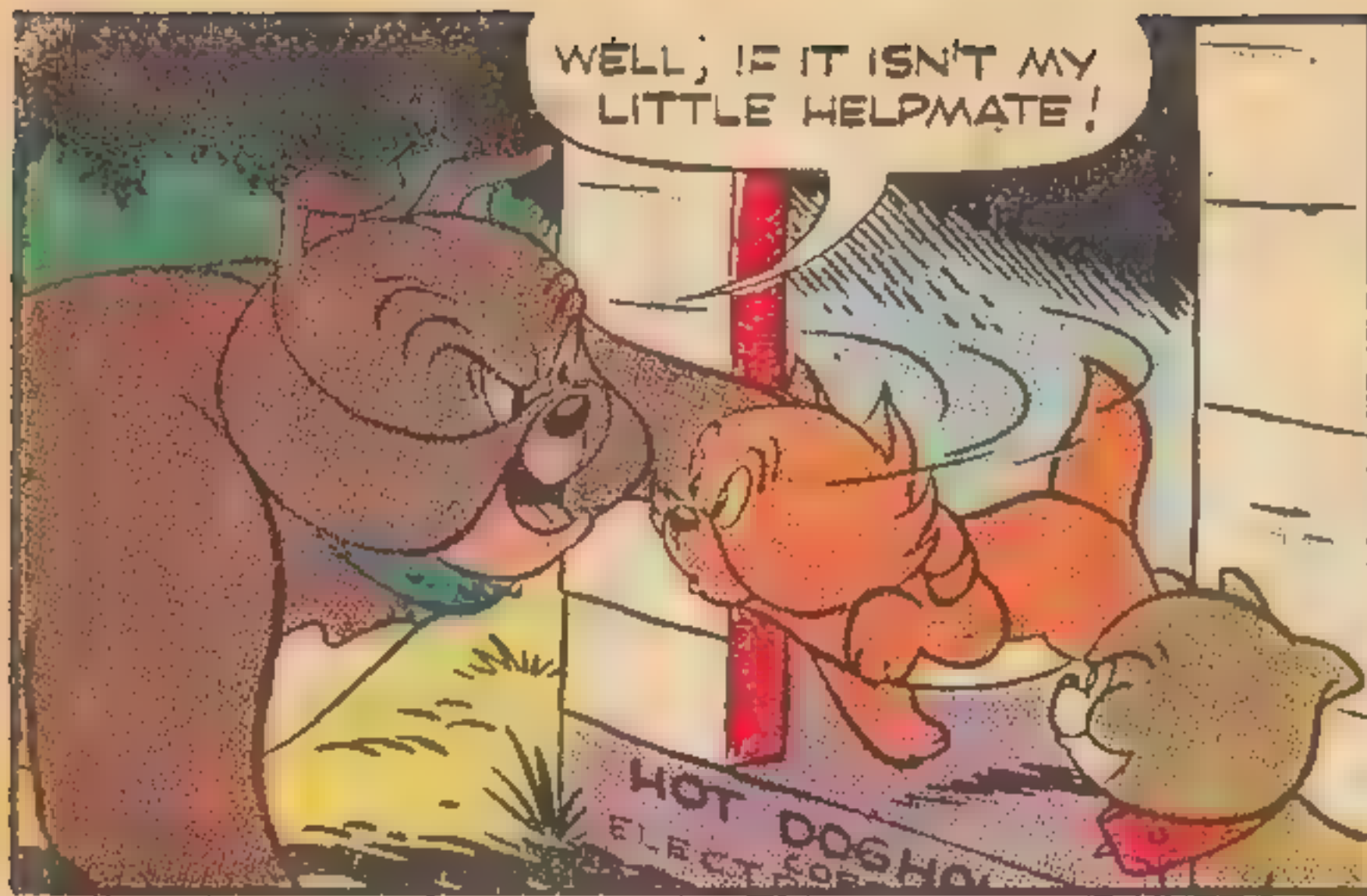
BIG Spike and LITTLE Tyke











M-G-M CARTOONS

present

BERTIE BIRD

"GOES TO A PARTY"



"Hey, Brother Billie," Bertie Bird called out happily, "are you ready to go to Susie Sparrow's party?"

"I certainly am," Billie answered. "I just love parties."

"It's the refreshments I love," Bertie admitted.

"You're going to be the fattest bluebird in Apple Tree Lane if you don't watch out," Billie told him.

Bertie patted his round little tummy. "Can't help it," he sighed.

They were on their way to Susie Sparrow's house when suddenly Bertie shouted, "Look, Billie. Down there!"

Billie looked where Bertie was pointing and let out a little gasp. Two big yellow eyes gleamed up at him. "It's Tabby Cat!" he exclaimed fearfully.

Bertie peered closer. "I don't think so," he said, puzzled. "No, I think it's one of those round yellow things you see in grocery windows...only this one has lights in it!"

"You mean a pumpkin," Billie told him. He nodded his head in relief. "I think you're right."

"It's on the porch of the Big House," Bertie discovered. "Long as we know it isn't Tabby Cat, let's go down and get a better look at it."

"No," Billie protested, but Bertie had already gone. "Come back, Bertie!"

Bertie was having a fine time flitting

about the pumpkin and pretending it was Tabby Cat. "Good evening, Tabby," he said, nipping the pumpkin on the nose. "Take that, you old cat, you!"

"Be careful," Billie cautioned. "No point in taking chances."

Just then the door of the Big House opened. A lady stuck her head out, then called back into the house, "It's all right, children. I thought someone was bothering your jack-o'-lantern. Carry on with your Halloween party."

Bertie's eyes widened. "Another party," he breathed. "Oh, Billie, do you suppose we could go to the people's party first?"

"No," Billie cried fearfully. "Come on, Bertie. It's too dangerous!"

But then the lady saw Bertie and began to make a big fuss over him. "Why, you poor little fellow," she crooned, "I'll bet you're hungry!"

Bertie settled comfortably on her shoulder, and they started into the house together. Billie followed swiftly, narrowly missing getting caught in the door as it closed behind him.

Inside it was very warm and merry. A fire glowed in the fireplace, and the children, all dressed in fancy costumes, were bobbing for apples.

"Where did you find the birds?" one little girl asked. "Aren't they cute! Would they sing, do you suppose?"

Bertie threw back his head and gave a

concert. He trilled and twittered and sang all of the songs he could remember.

Billie hopped up close to him. "Stop showing off," he pleaded. "We're going to get into trouble for sure."

But the lady was feeding Bertie popcorn and thanking him for his songs. She offered Billie a handful of the golden corn, but he was too worried to eat.

"How are we going to get out of here?" he hissed to Bertie. "The front door's closed, you know, and I'll bet all of the windows are, too."

Bertie stopped eating. "Maybe you're right," he murmured. "Guess we had better check an exit."

"Come on, children," the lady announced, "refreshments are in the kitchen."

Billie trailed Bertie, who was following the children. "Not in the kitchen," he pleaded. "Tabby Cat is probably out in the back yard. He lives here, you know."

"None of the front windows are open," Bertie told him. "We'll have to try getting out through the back." He saw Billie's face and said reassuringly, "Don't worry, Billie. We're practically guests of honor. They wouldn't let Tabby hurt us."

"Funny guests of honor," Billie muttered. "We weren't even invited!"

"Cheer up," Bertie giggled nervously. "Next time I'll see that you get an engraved invitation signed by Tabby Cat."

"Hallo! Hallo!" a deep voice called out jovially, as the father of the family came in through the back door. "How's the party going? Everyone having fun?"

The children all shouted back, laughing.

"Now's our chance!" Billie exclaimed.

"See? I told you not to worry!" Bertie said gayly.

But Tabby Cat appeared in the kitchen. Her big yellow eyes lighted up as she spotted Bertie and Billie, and almost without warning she sprang into the air. But Bertie and Billie were faster.

"Whew!" Bertie shivered, "that was too close for comfort!"

"It's hot," Billie complained as they perched on the chandelier. "We'll never be able to stay here for very long."

"I know." Bertie's teeth were chattering, in spite of the heat. "Oh, Billie. I'm really

scared!"

"We'll be okay," Billie said, more hopefully than he felt.

"Oh, my," the lady said suddenly, "I forgot to feed Tabby." She put a big saucer of milk on the floor for the cat.

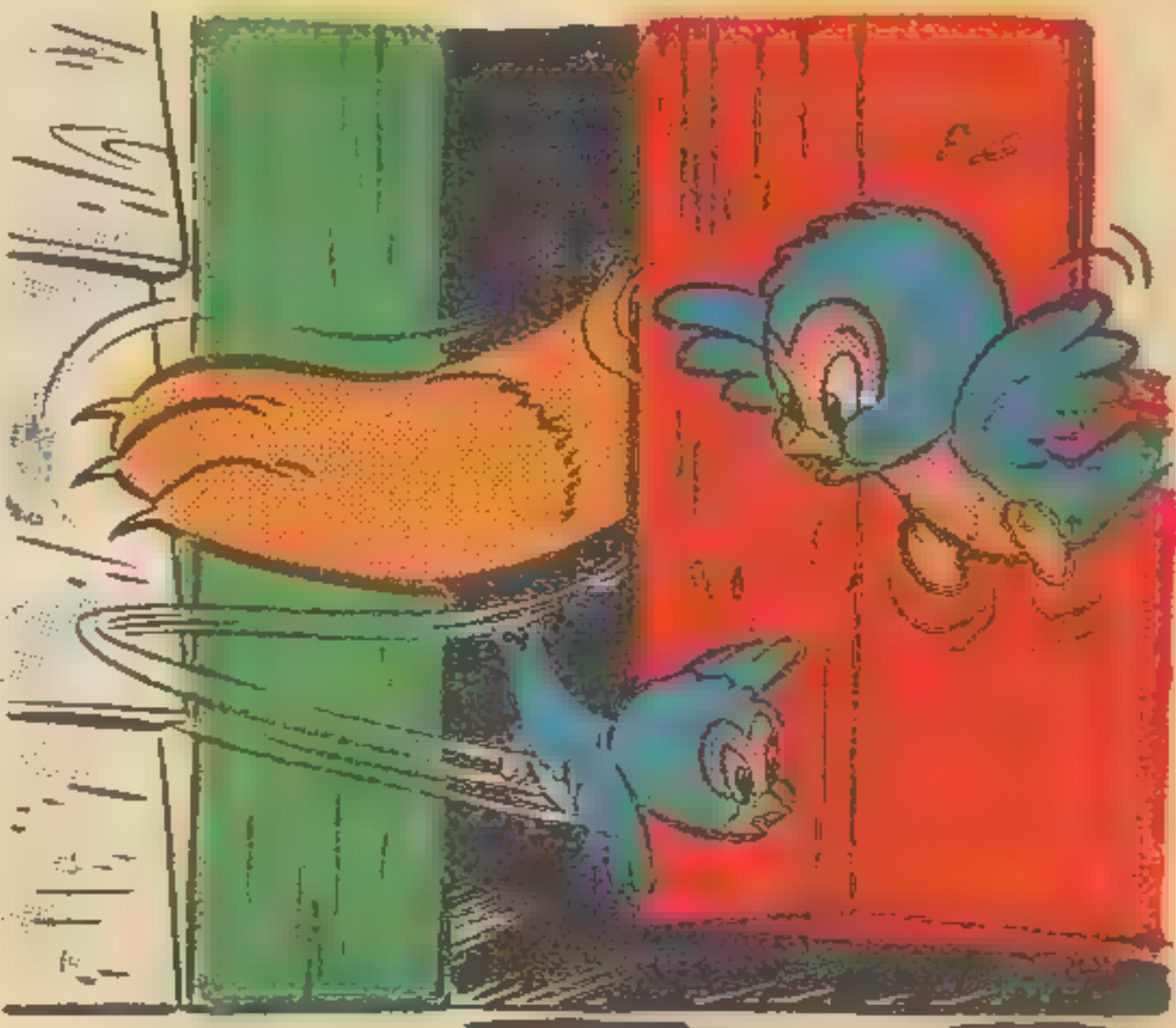
Tabby glanced at the milk then back up at the chandelier. With one eye on his two frightened foes, he began calmly to lap up his supper.

"The back door's open," Bertie whispered. "Make a dash for it!"

"It's closing!" Billie shrieked.

Bertie shot through the door before Tabby could lift his head. Billie was not as fortunate. Tabby lunged forward and sprang into the air.

The lady grabbed him swiftly. "Shame on



you, Tabby. Let the little fellow out!"

Billie sailed over Tabby's head and made a wild dash through the open door.

Bertie was waiting for him in a nearby tree. He kept still until Billie got through scolding, which took a considerable length of time, then he sighed. "But wasn't it a wonderful party! Susie Sparrow will never be able to match that for adventure!"

"I don't want adventure," Billie said limply. "All I want is peace and quiet and time to smooth my ruffled feelings."

"But think what a story it will make for all of our friends," Bertie reminded him. "And you can tell it, Billie."

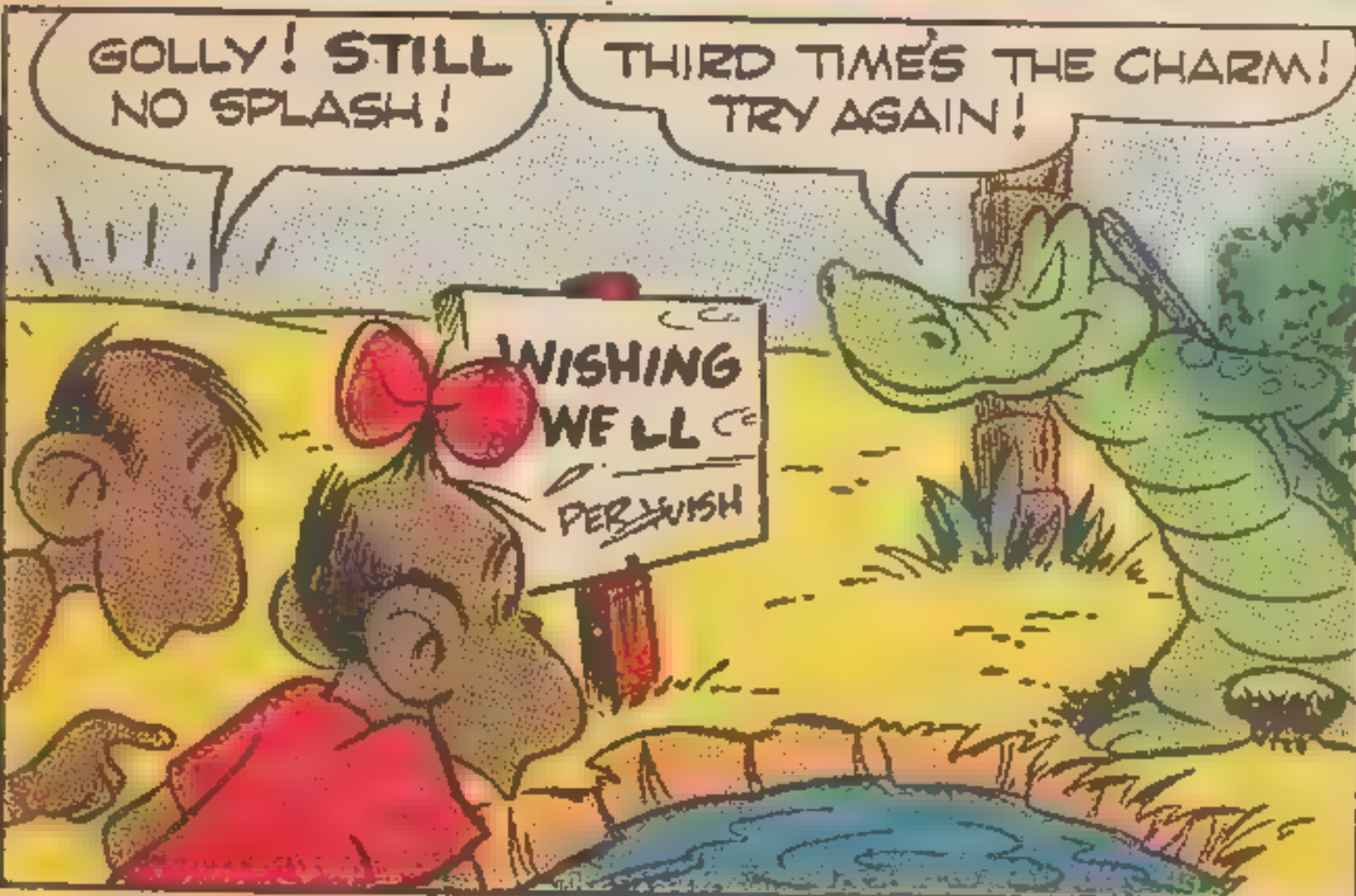
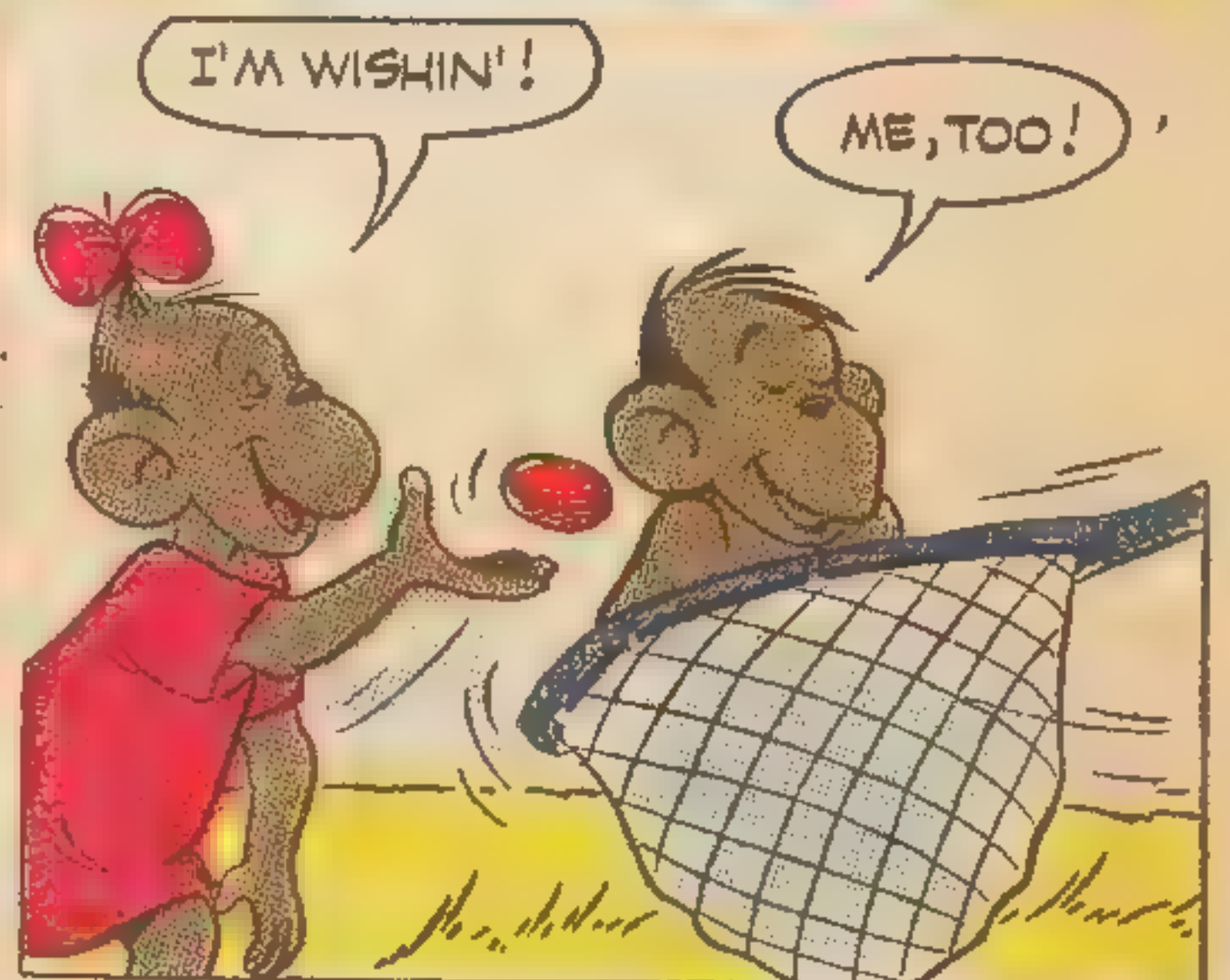
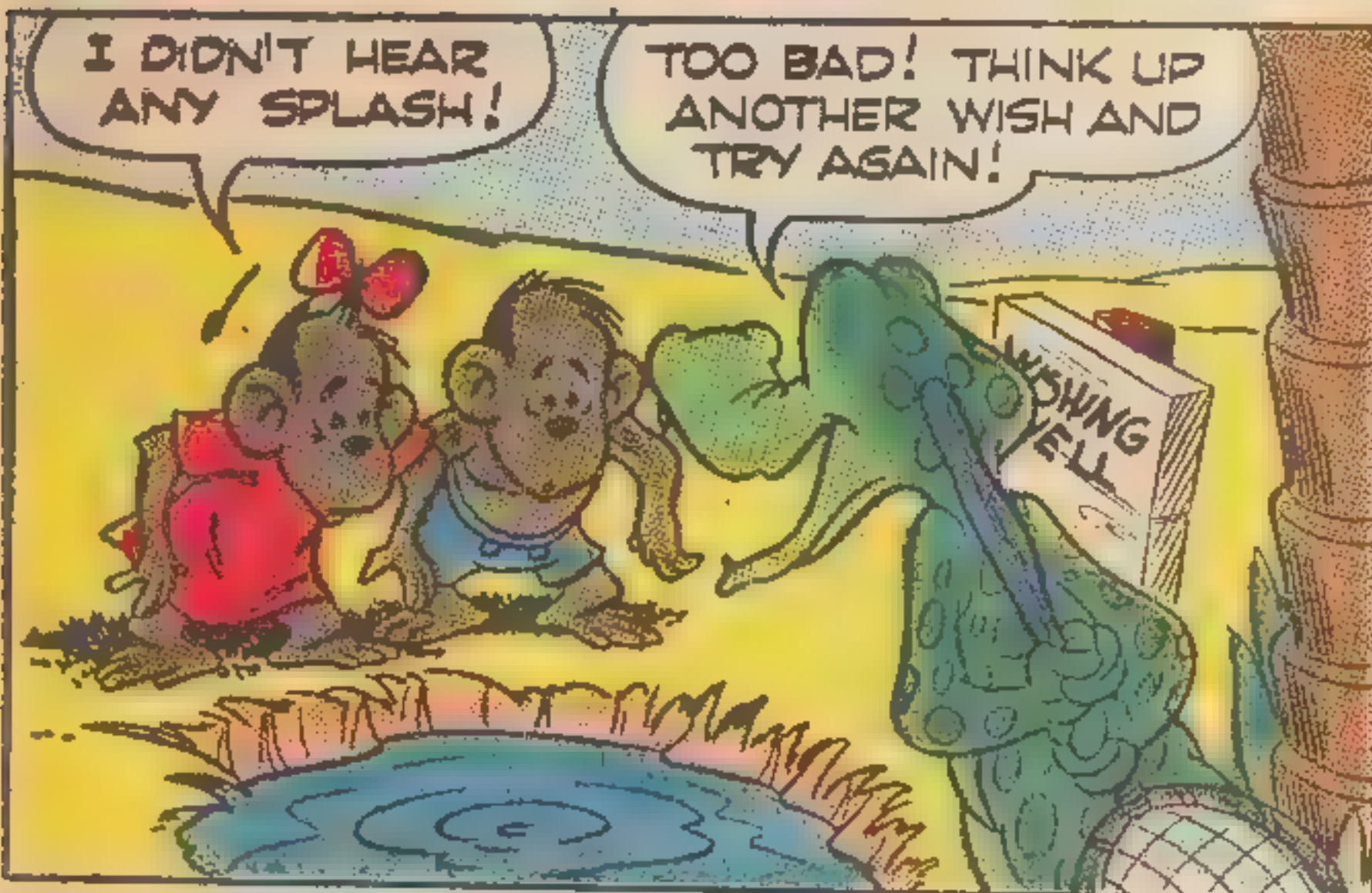
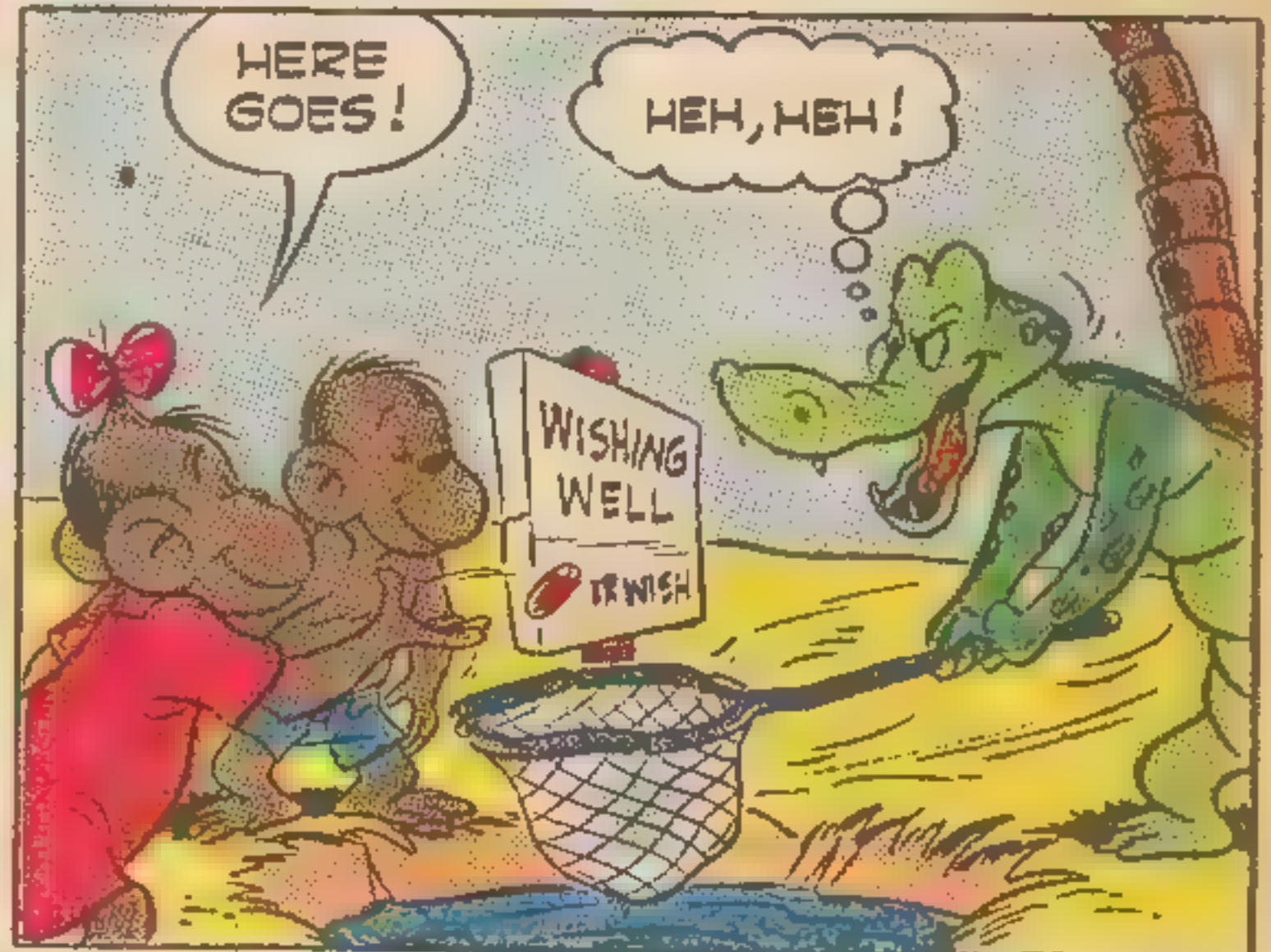
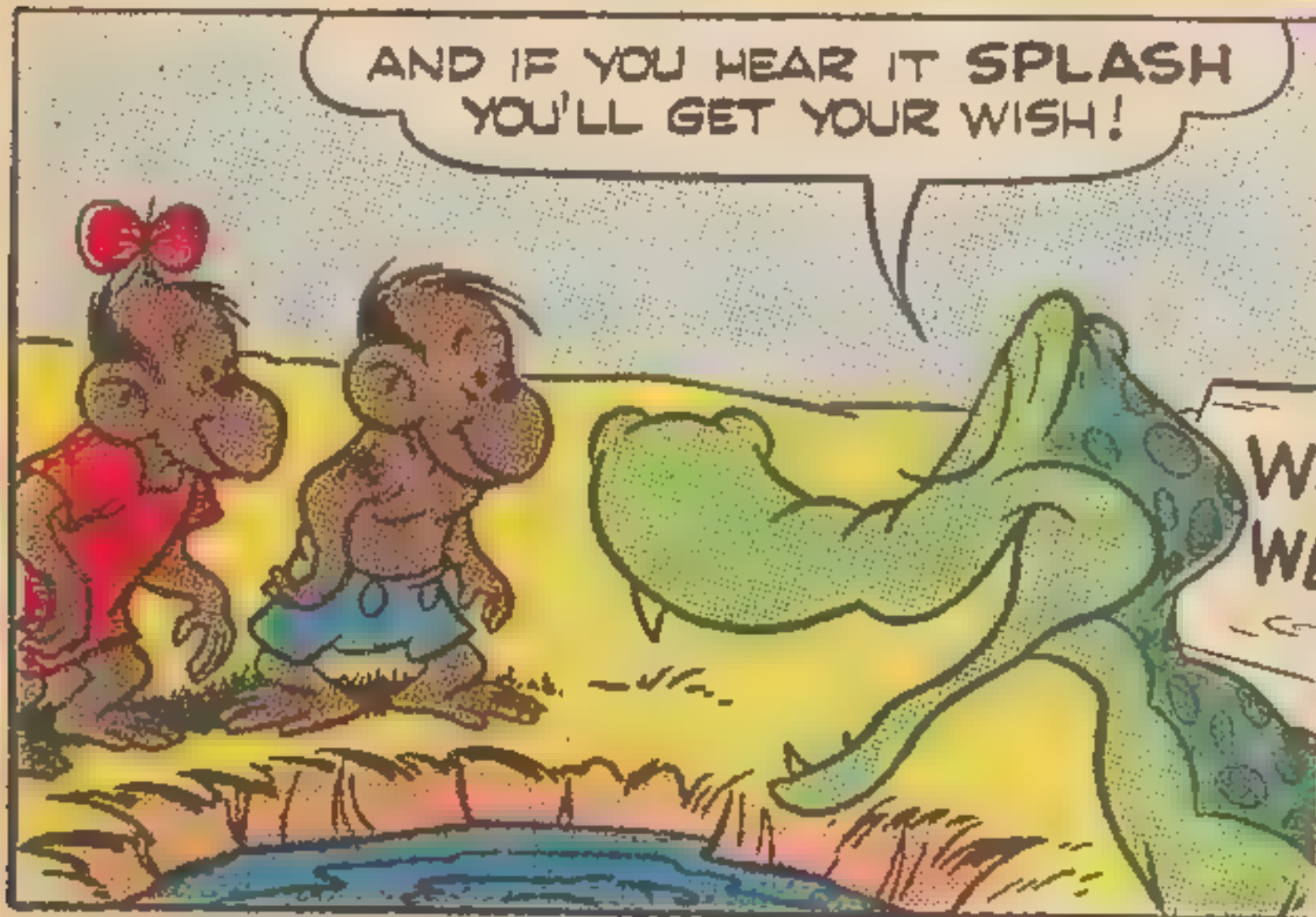
And, sure enough, a little while later at Susie Sparrow's, Billie told their latest adventure to a breathless audience—and felt like quite a hero!

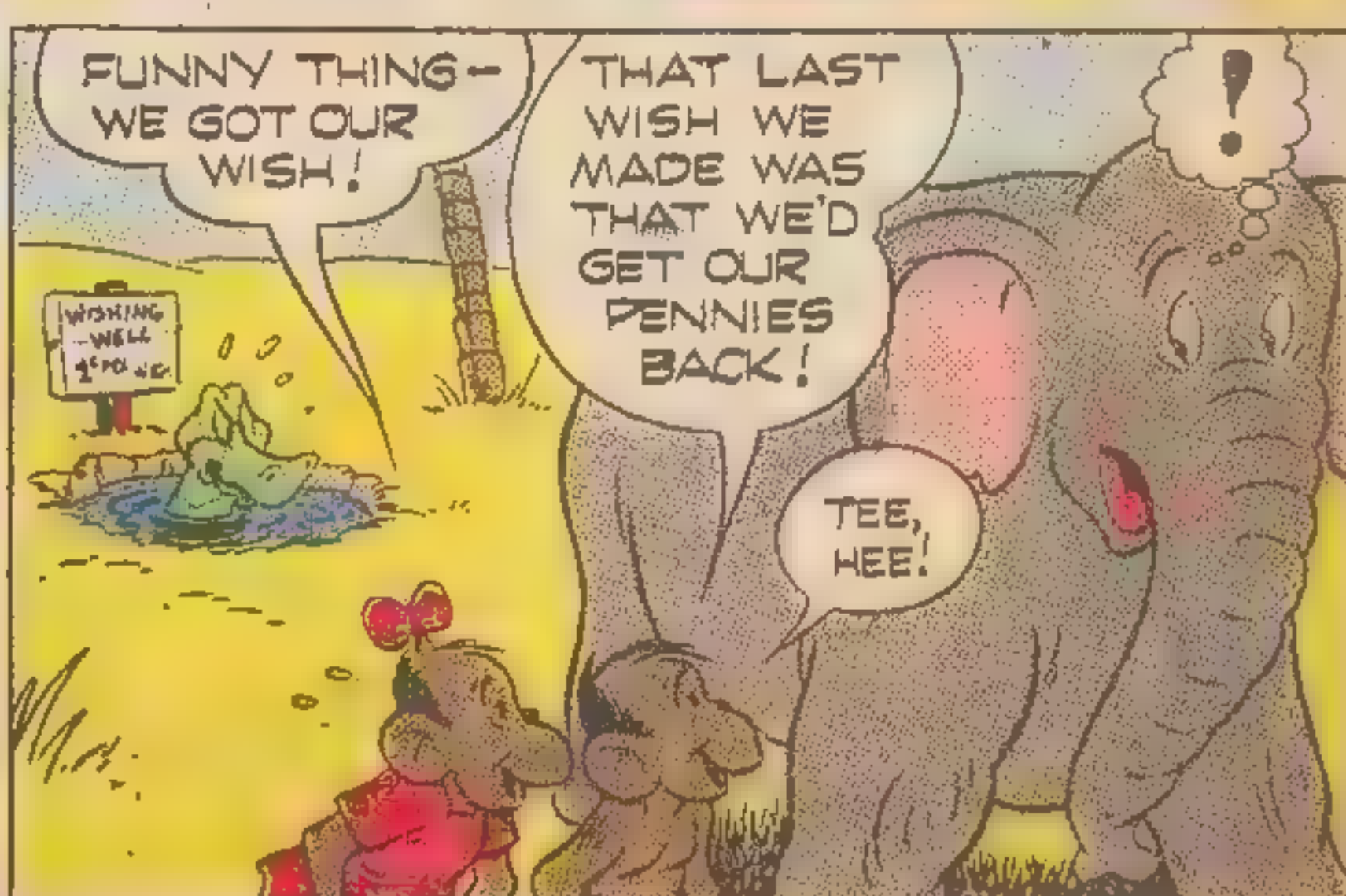
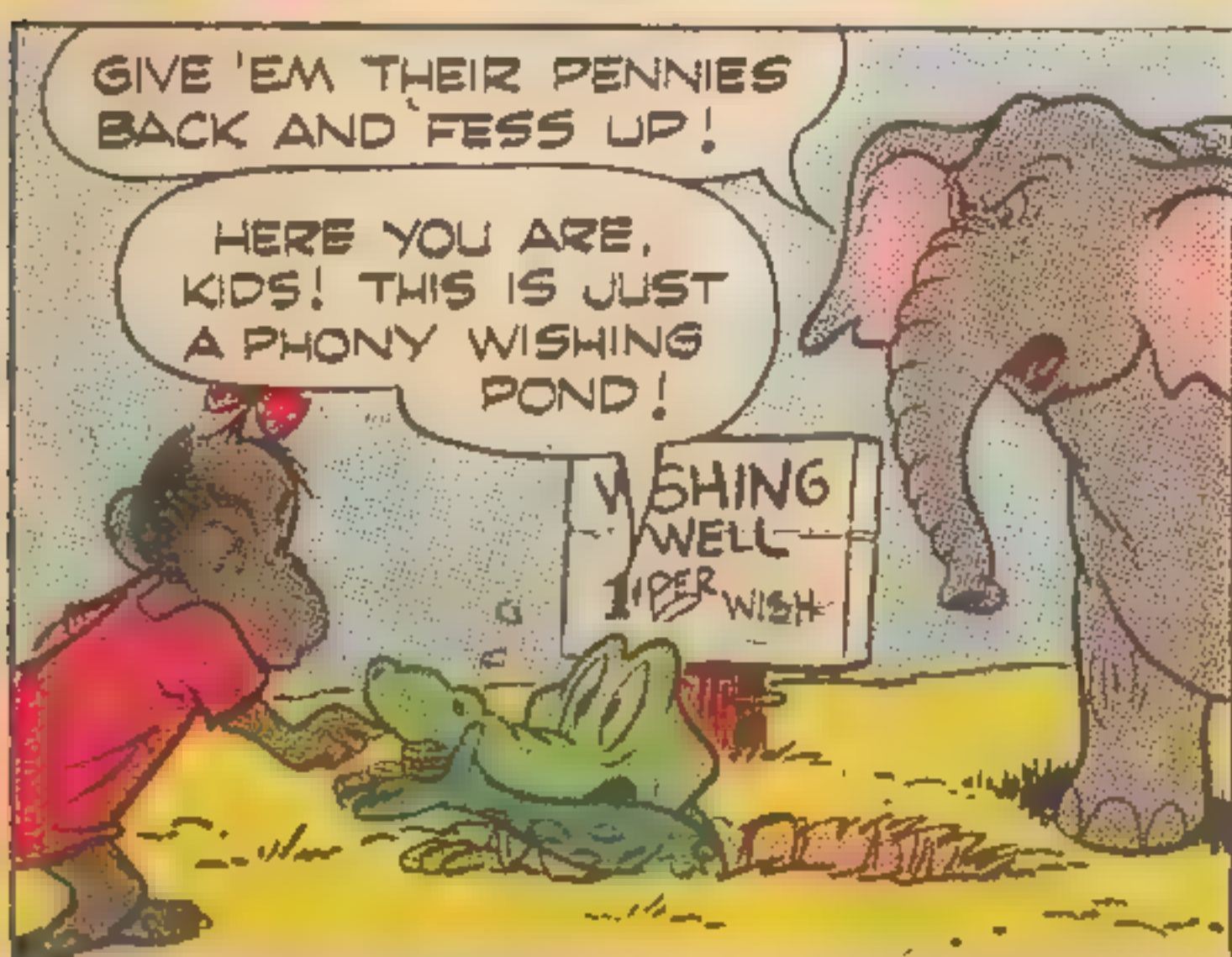
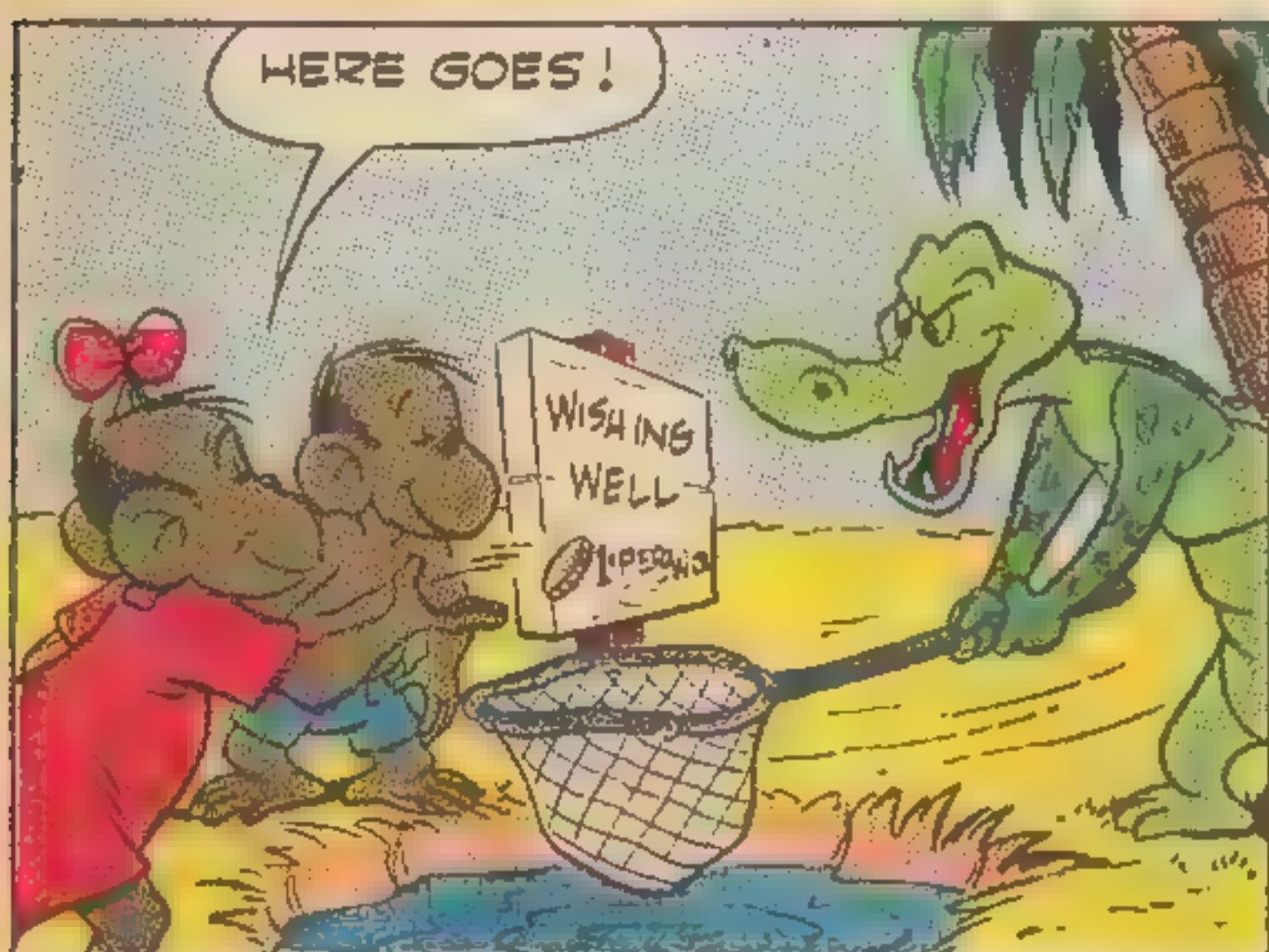
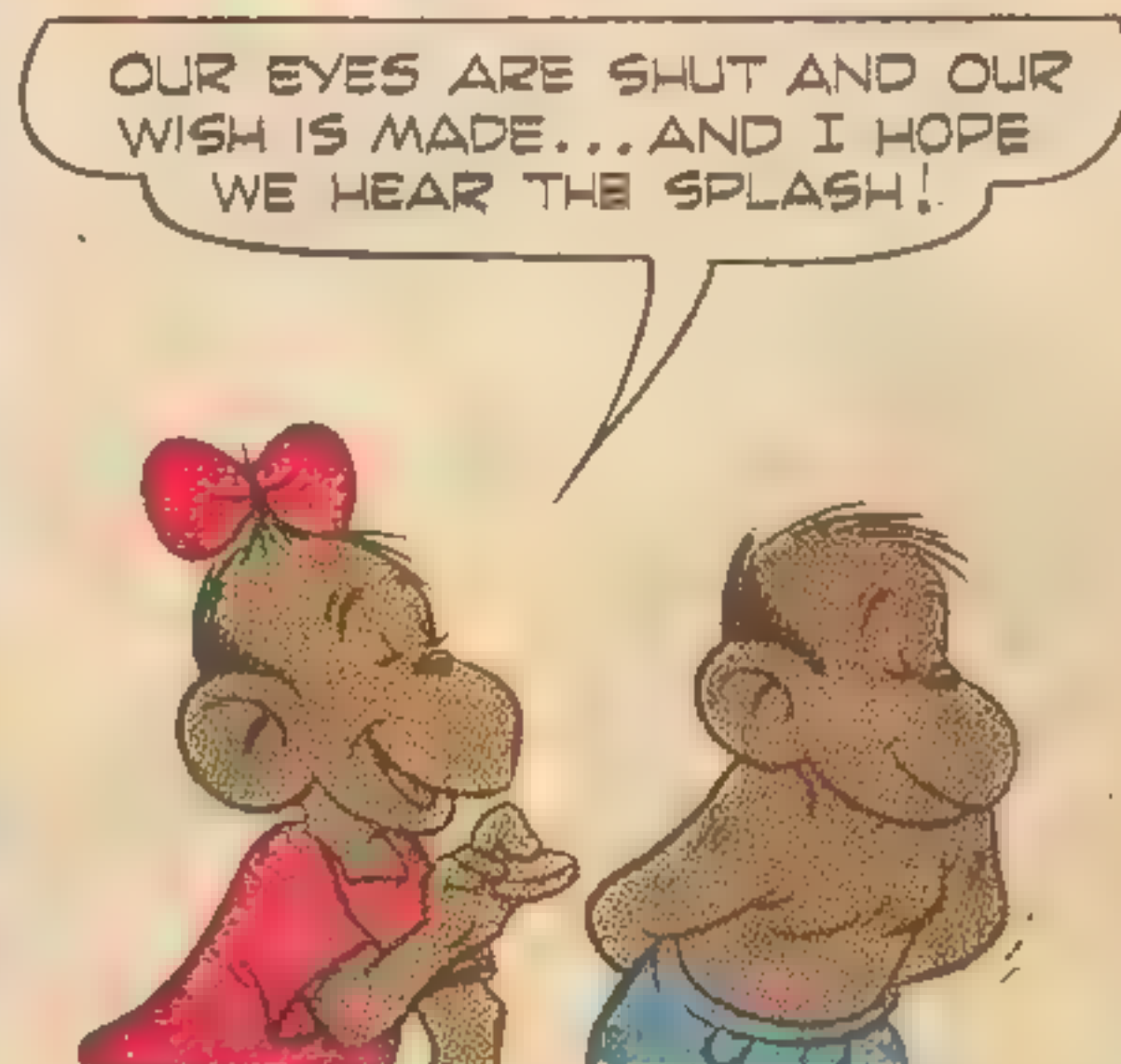
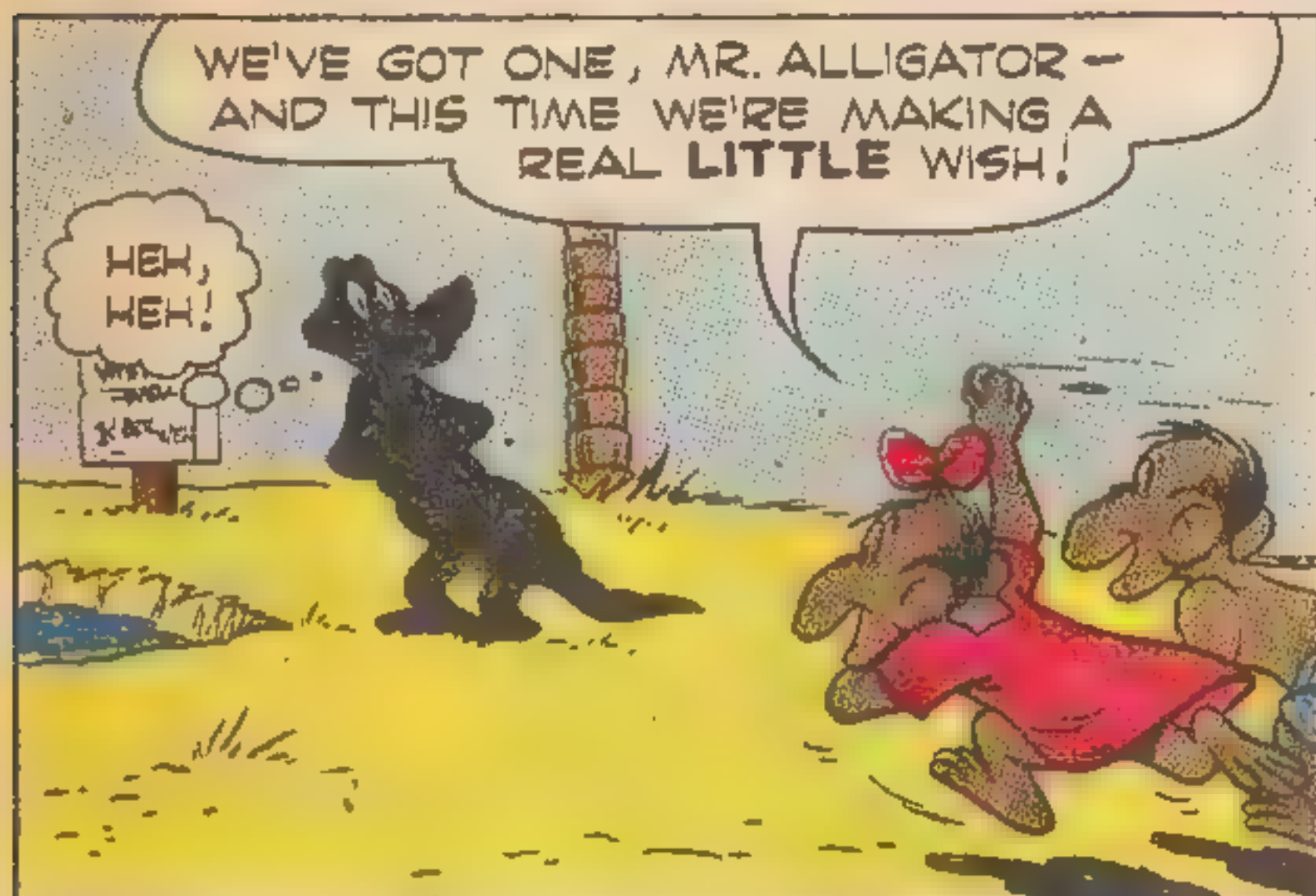
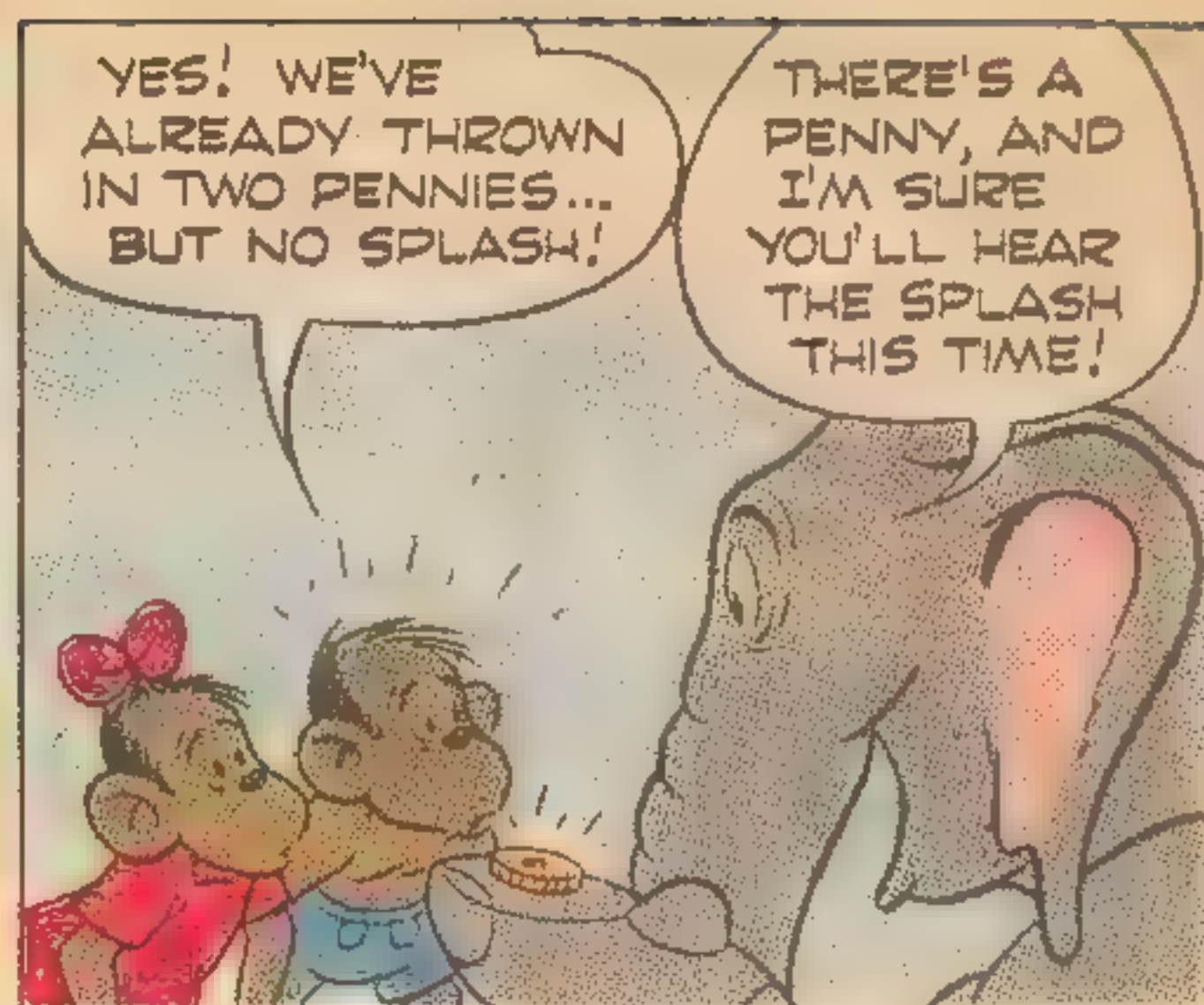
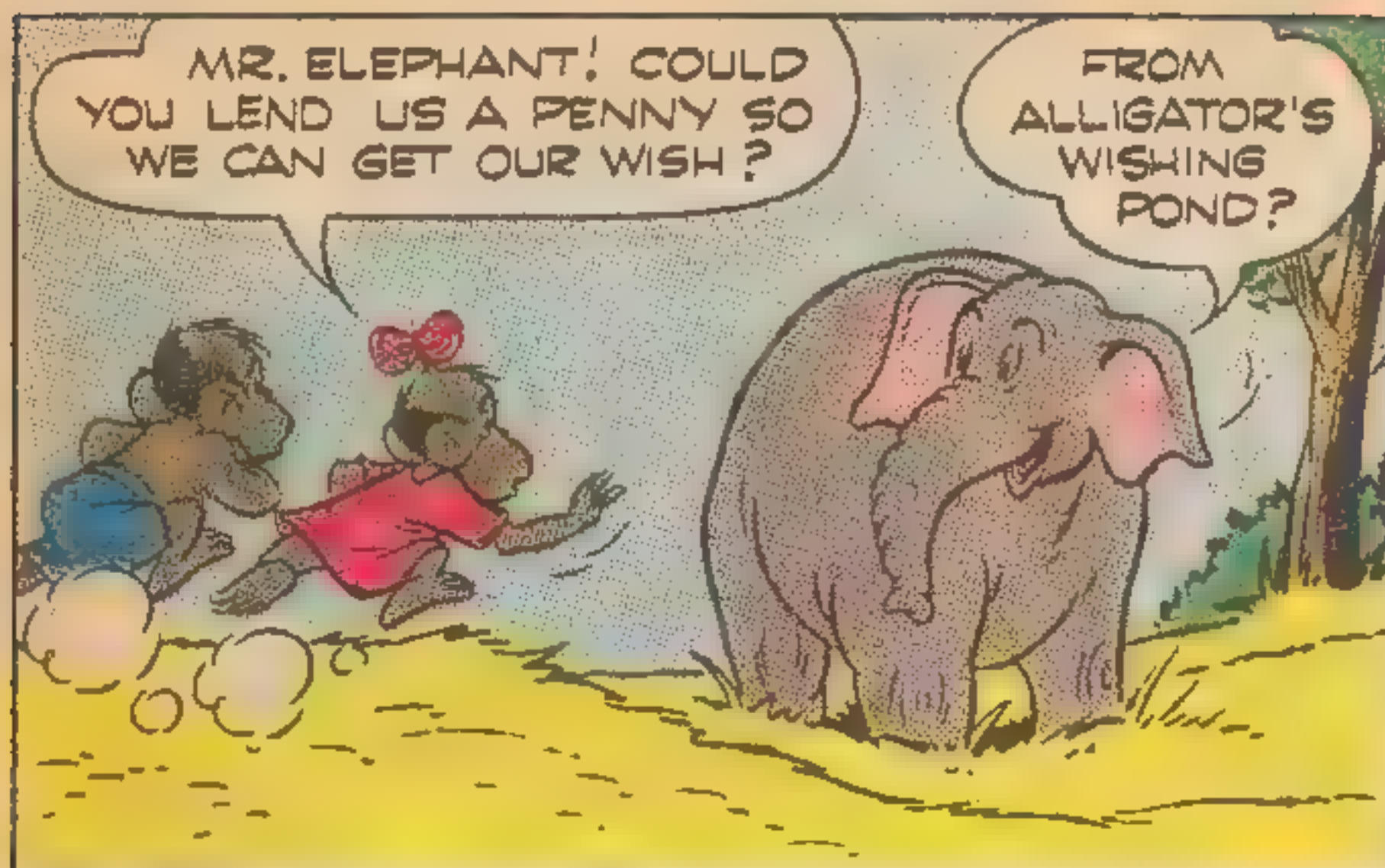
FLIP 'N' DIP

GEE! WILL WE REALLY GET OUR WISH FOR ONE PENNY, MR. ALLIGATOR?

MAYBE! BUT CLOSE YOUR EYES WHEN YOU TOSS IN THE PENNY!

WISHING WELL
1¢ PER WISH





M.G.M. CARTOONS
present

Barney Bear

with **PUZZY WADDY**

YIPPEE! WE'RE
BREAKIN' OUR OWN
RECORD, FUZZY!

HEY,
SLOW
DOWN!

CLUMPETY!
CLUMP!

THIS ISN'T A
RACE TRACK!

WILL YOU
BUILD US A
RACE TRACK?

DO YOU HAVE TO RUN
ALL THE TIME?

OKAY, WE
WON'T RUN,
UNCLE
BARNEY!

THUMP!
SCRITCH!
THUD!

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID —

WE WEREN'T
RUNNIN'!

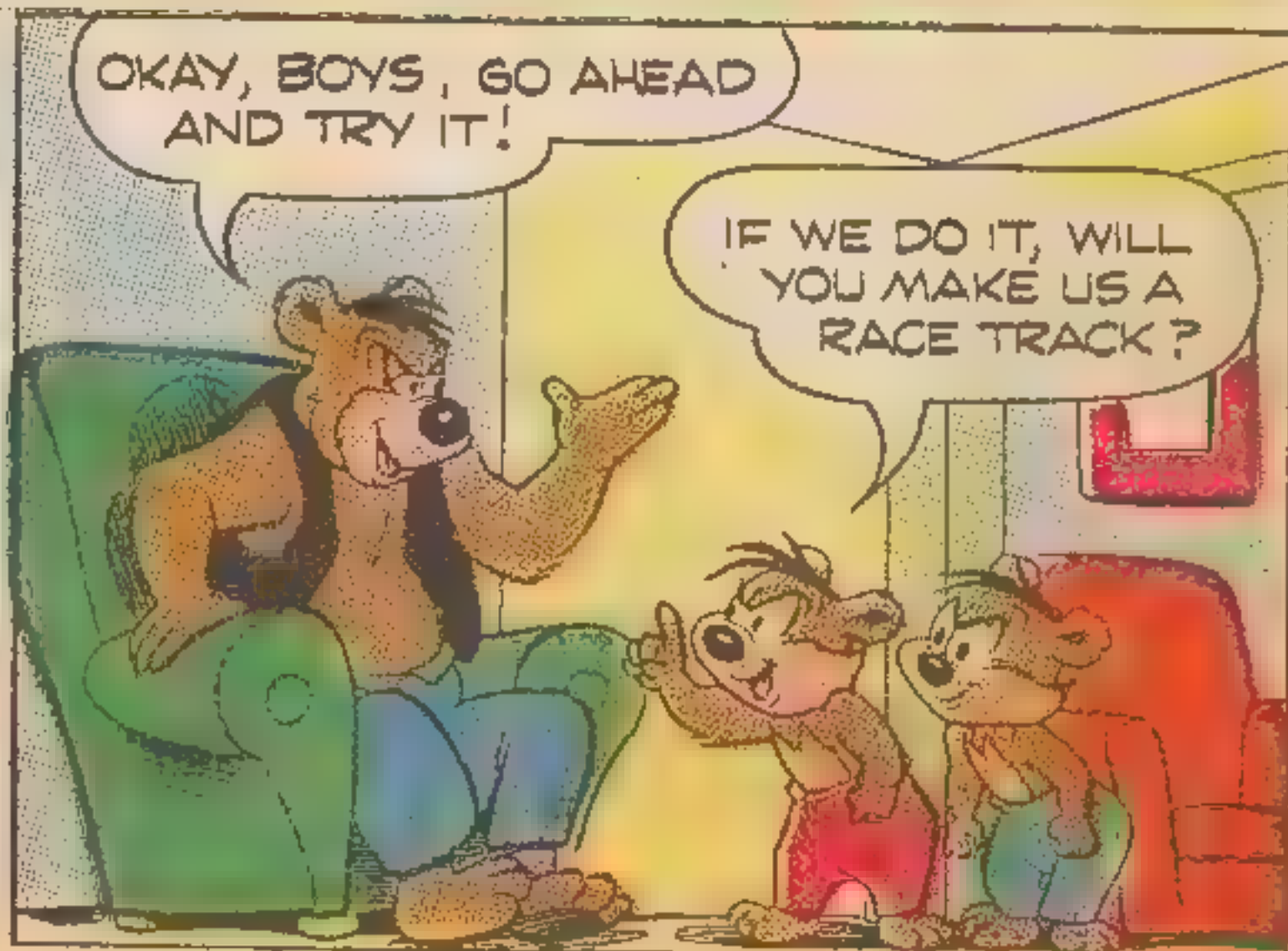
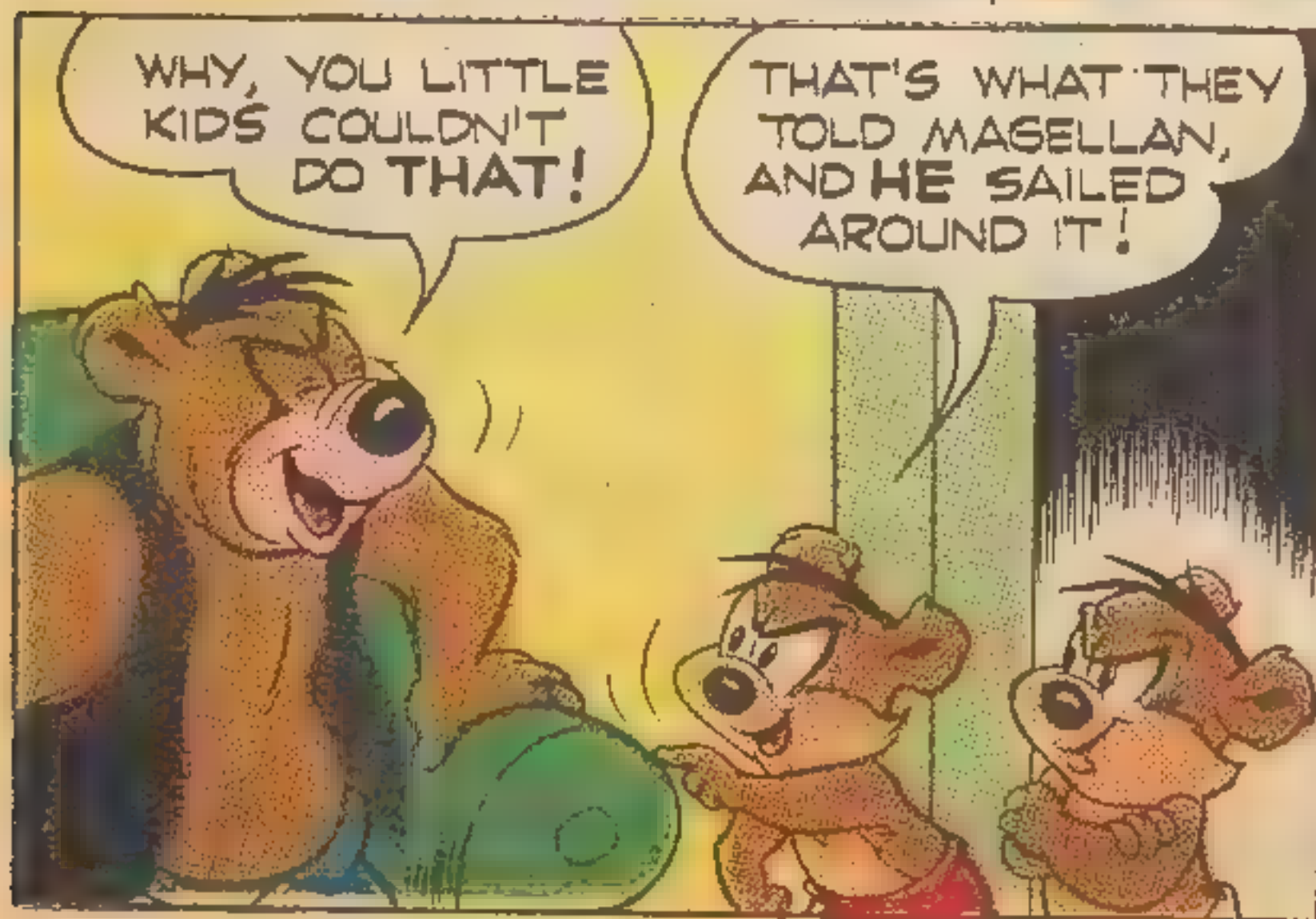
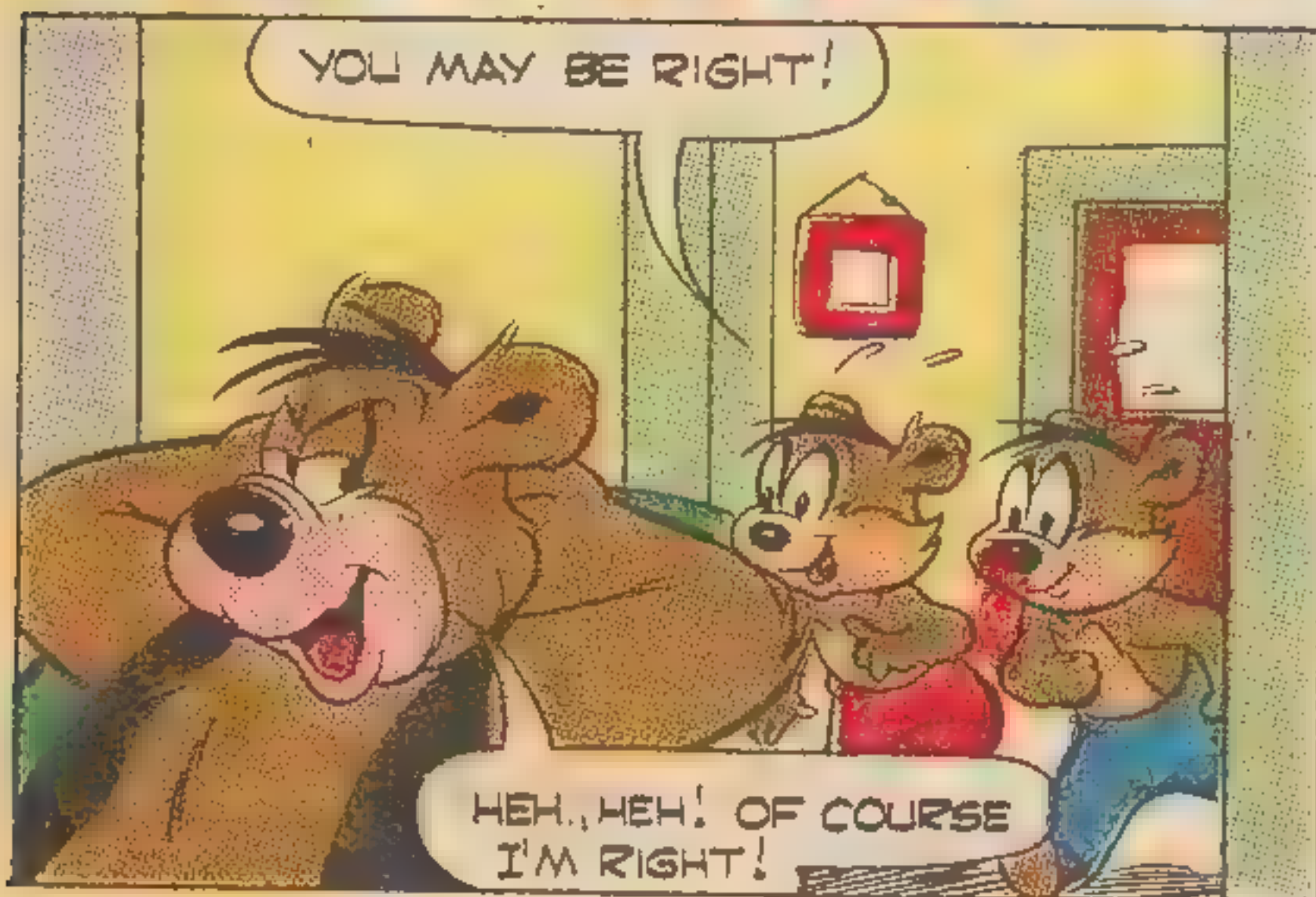
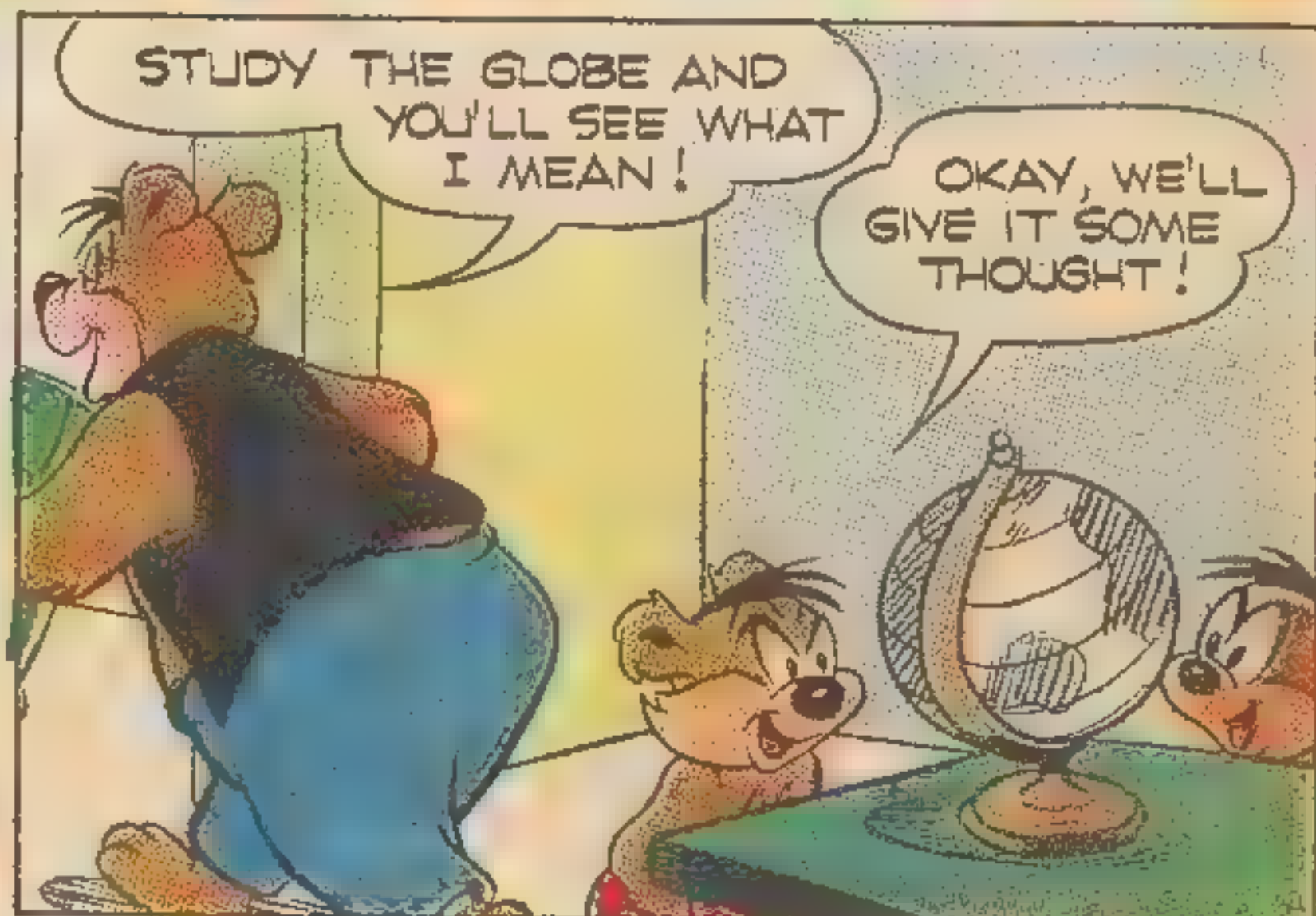
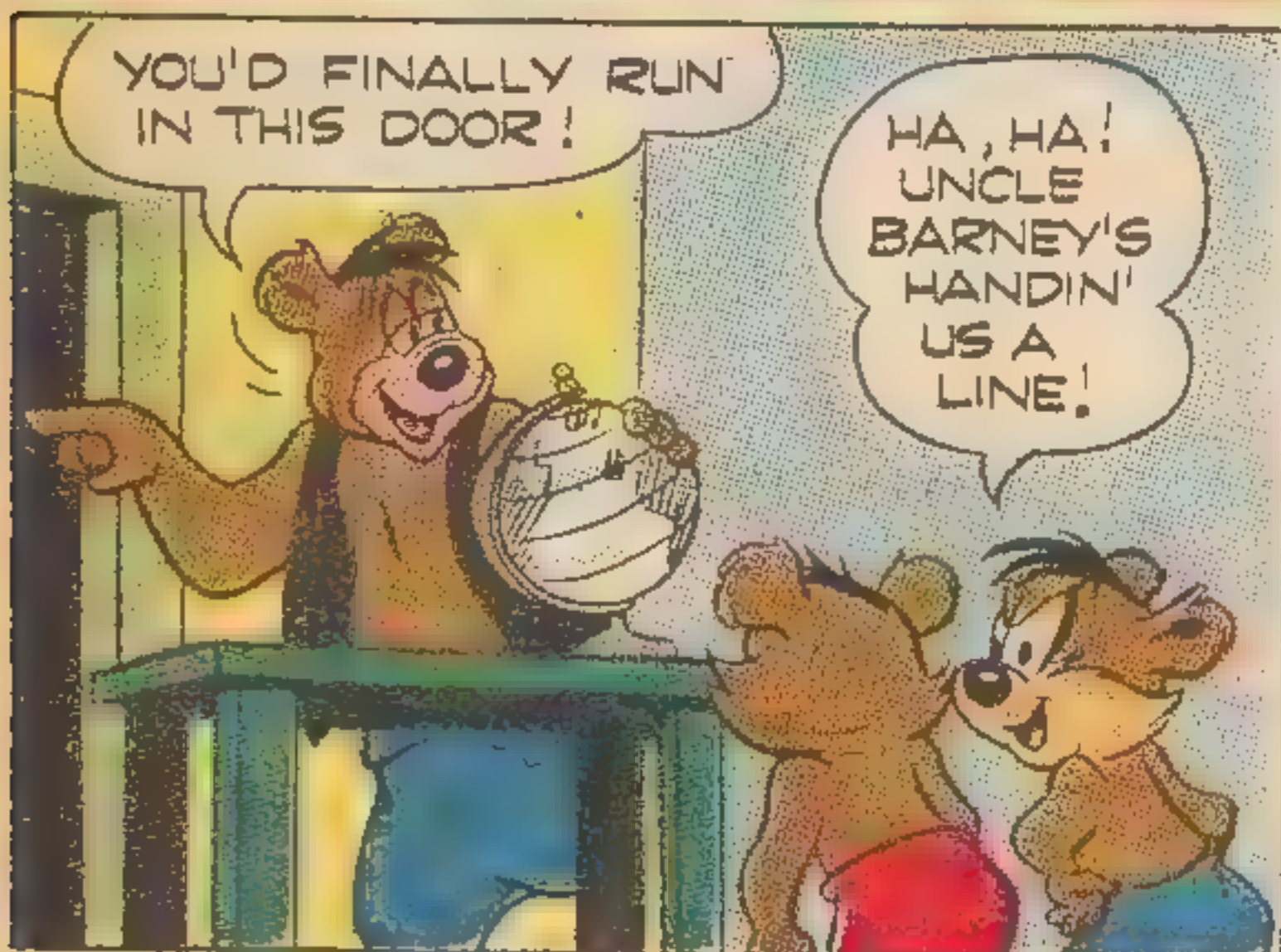
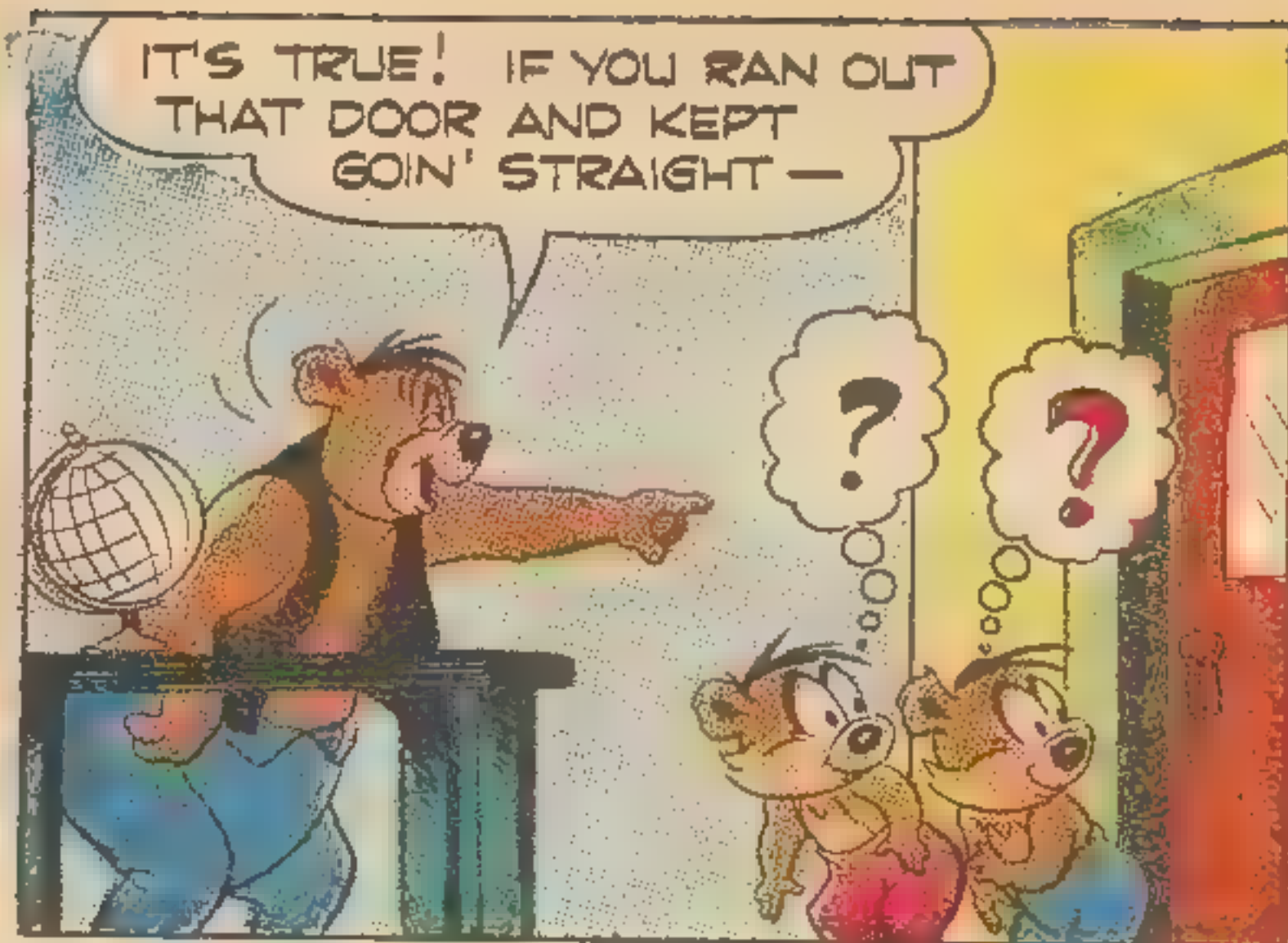
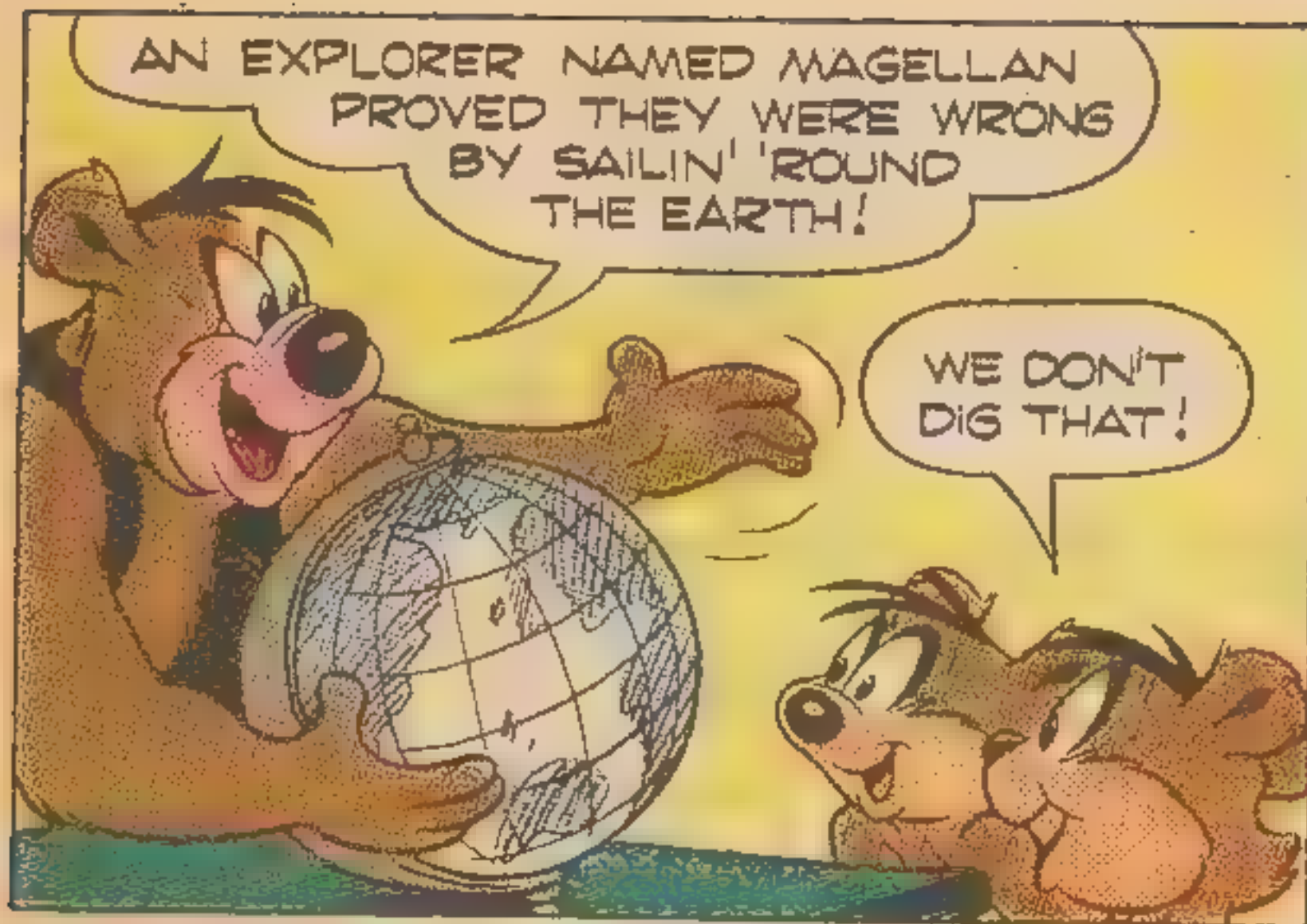
THAT WAS OUR
HOP, SKIP, AND
JUMP!

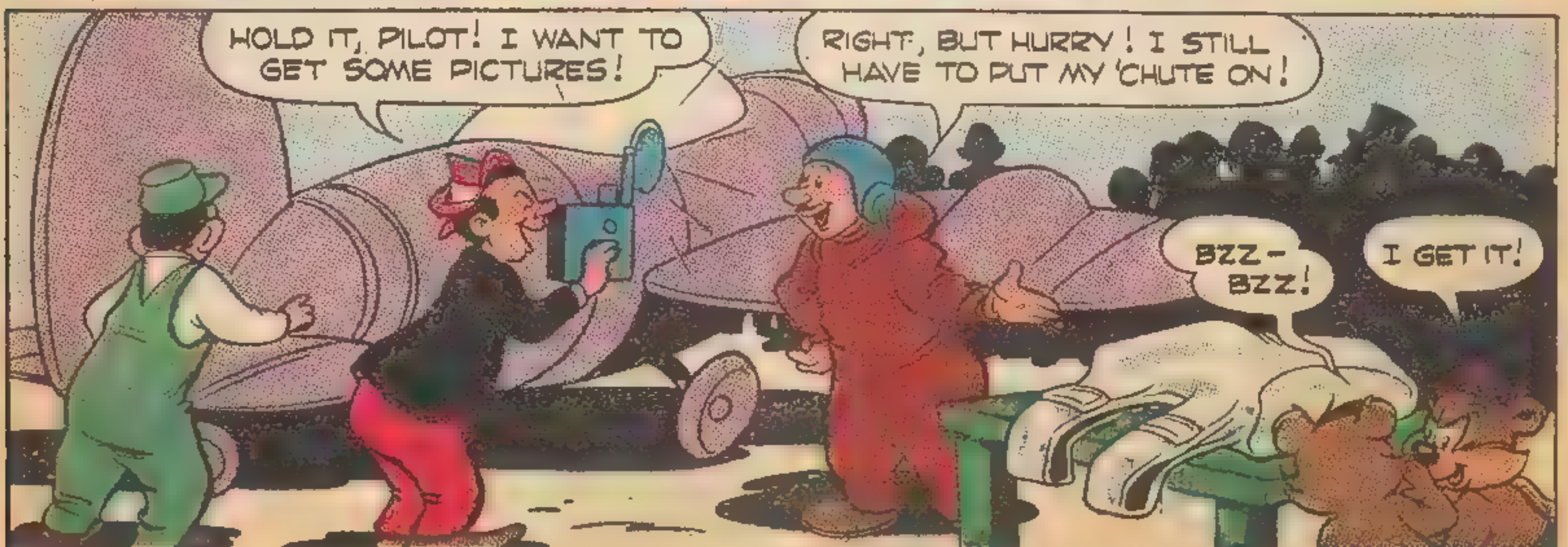
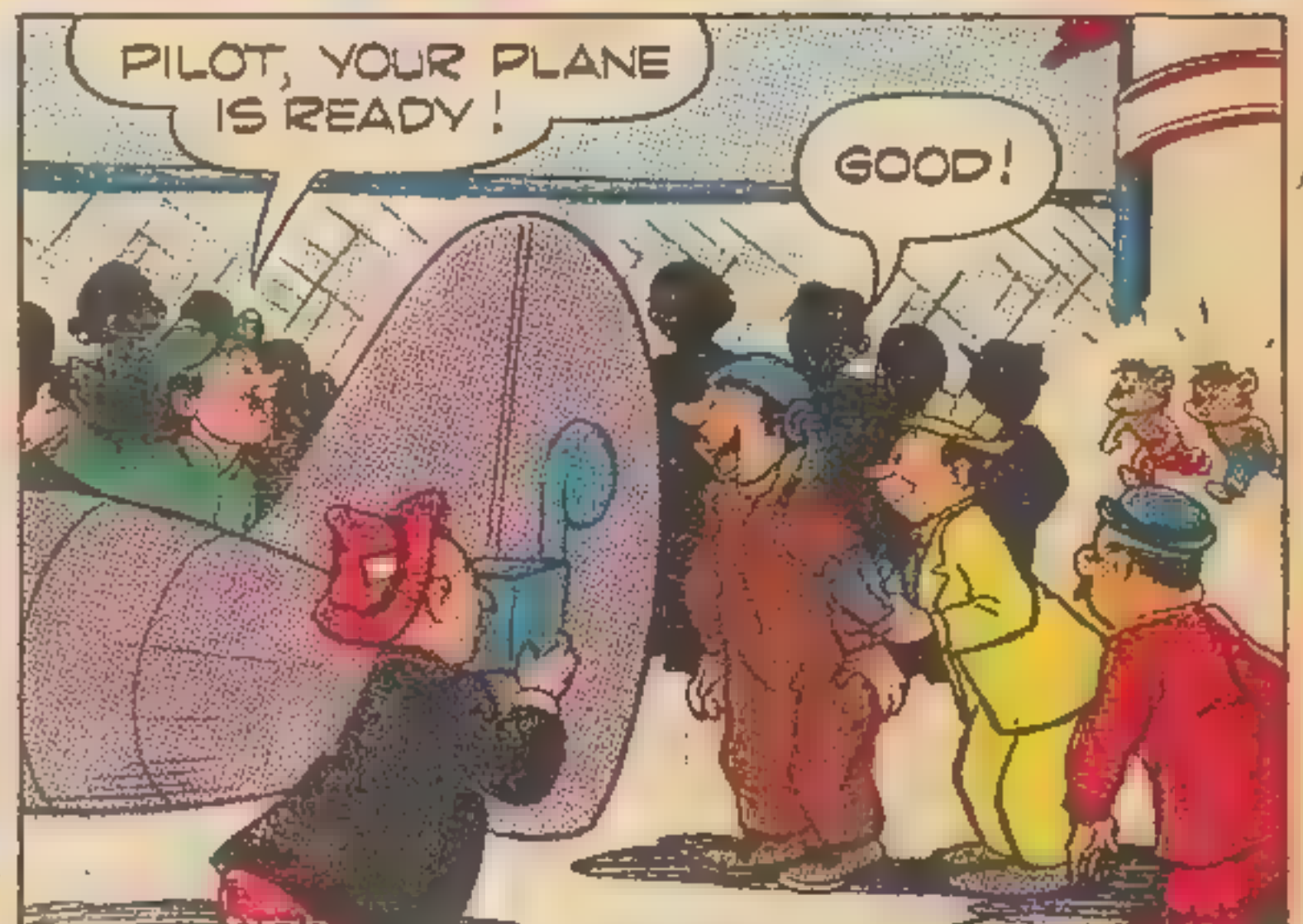
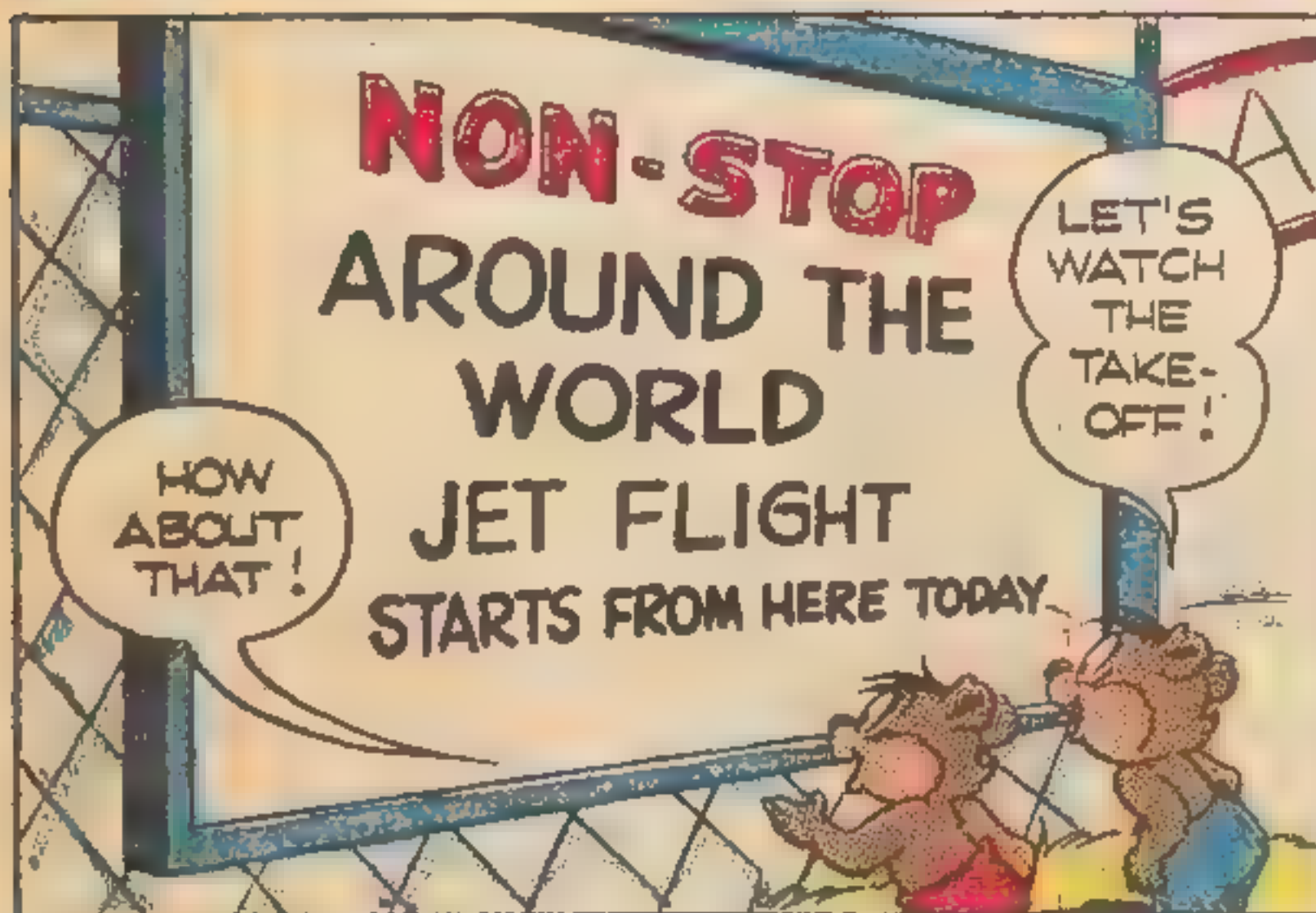
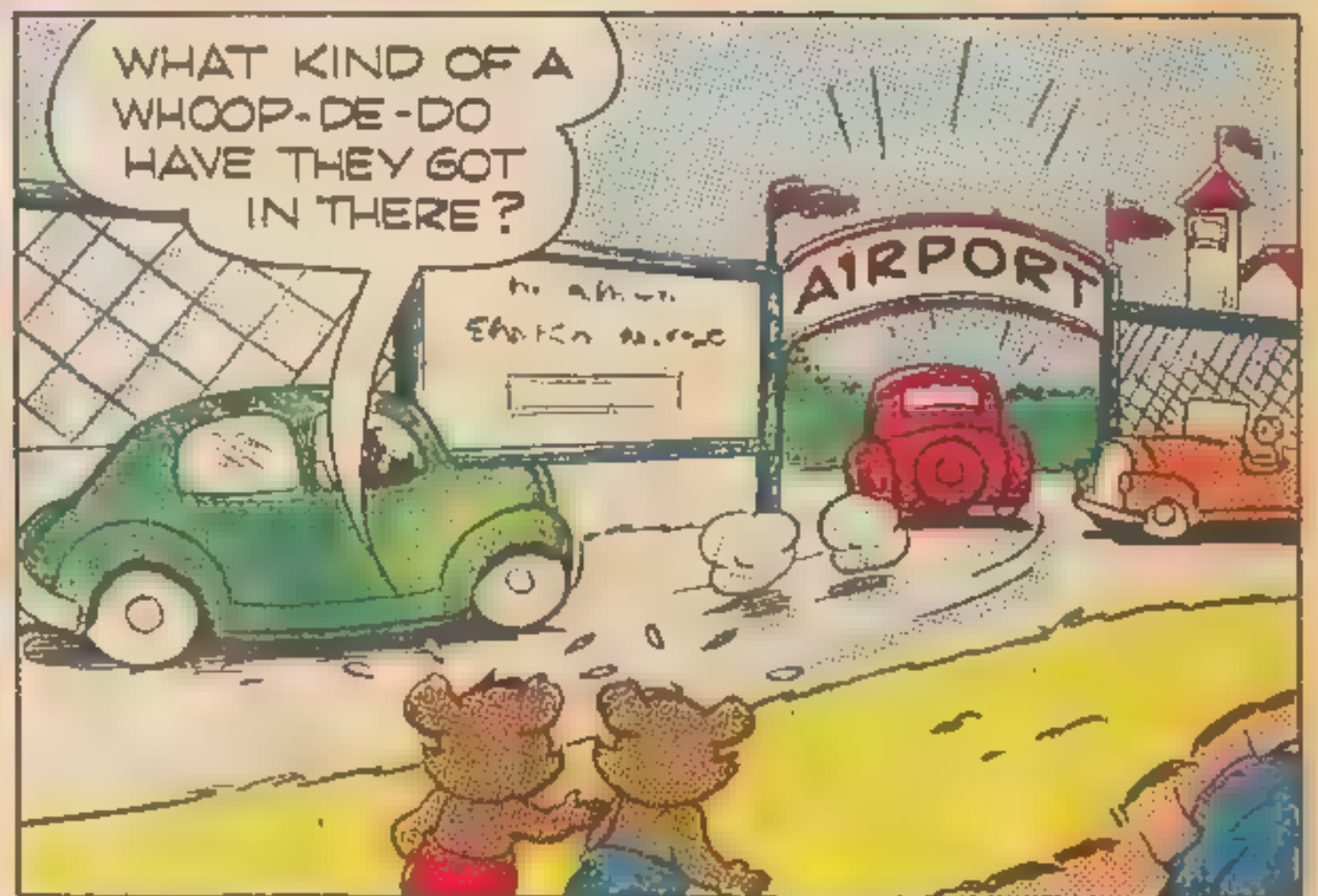
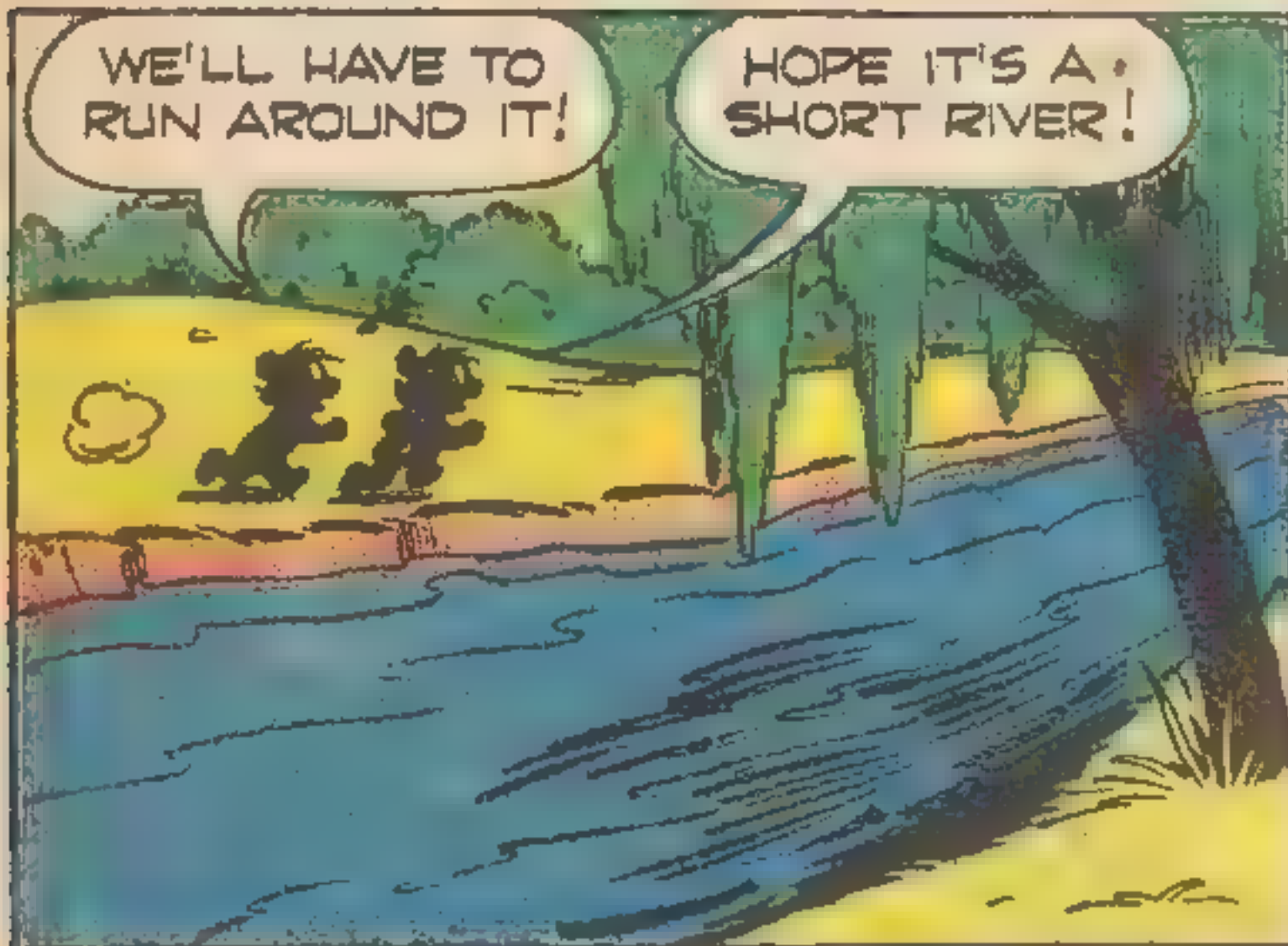
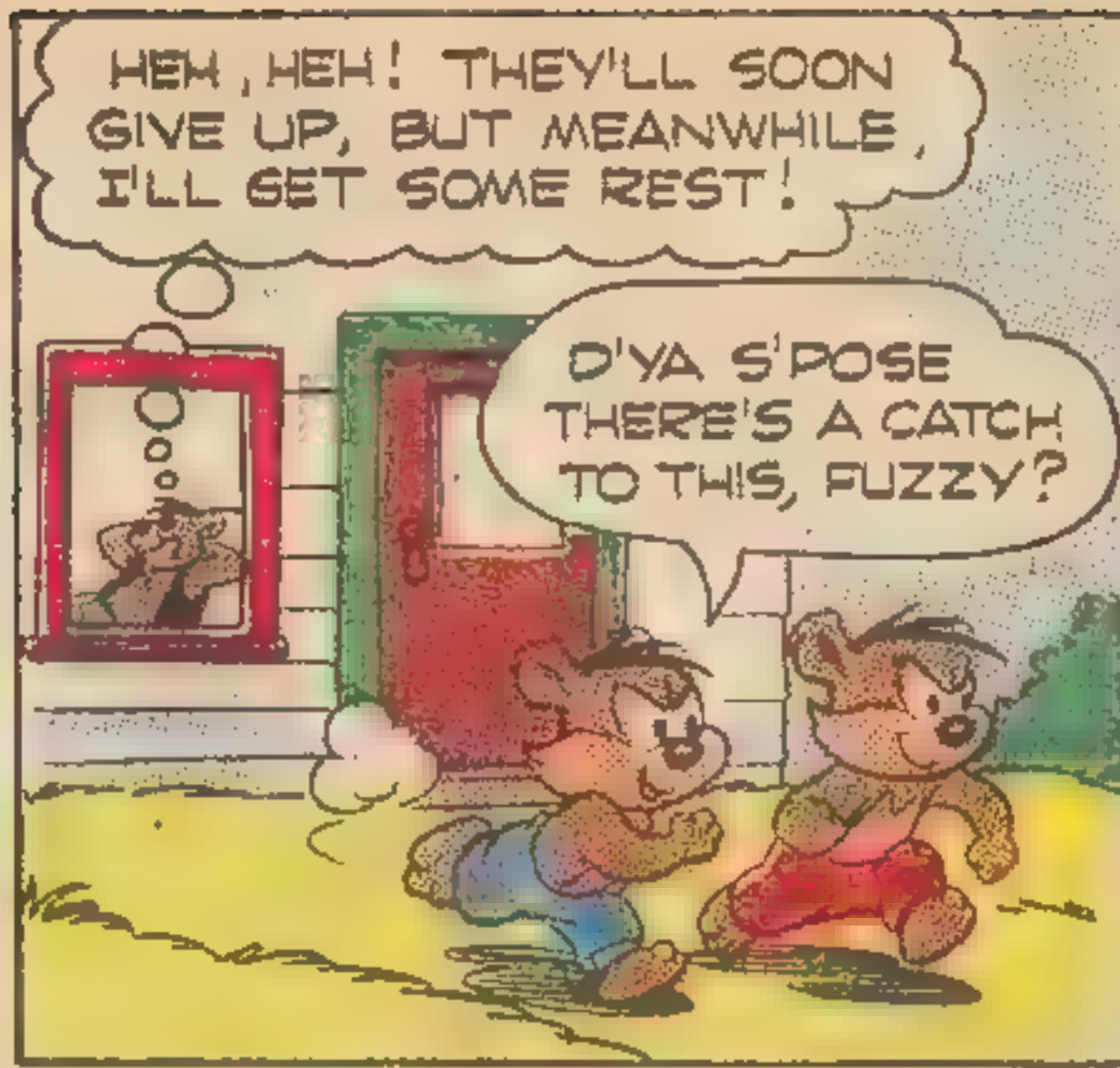
NOW IF YOU'D JUST BUILD US A
RACE TRACK —

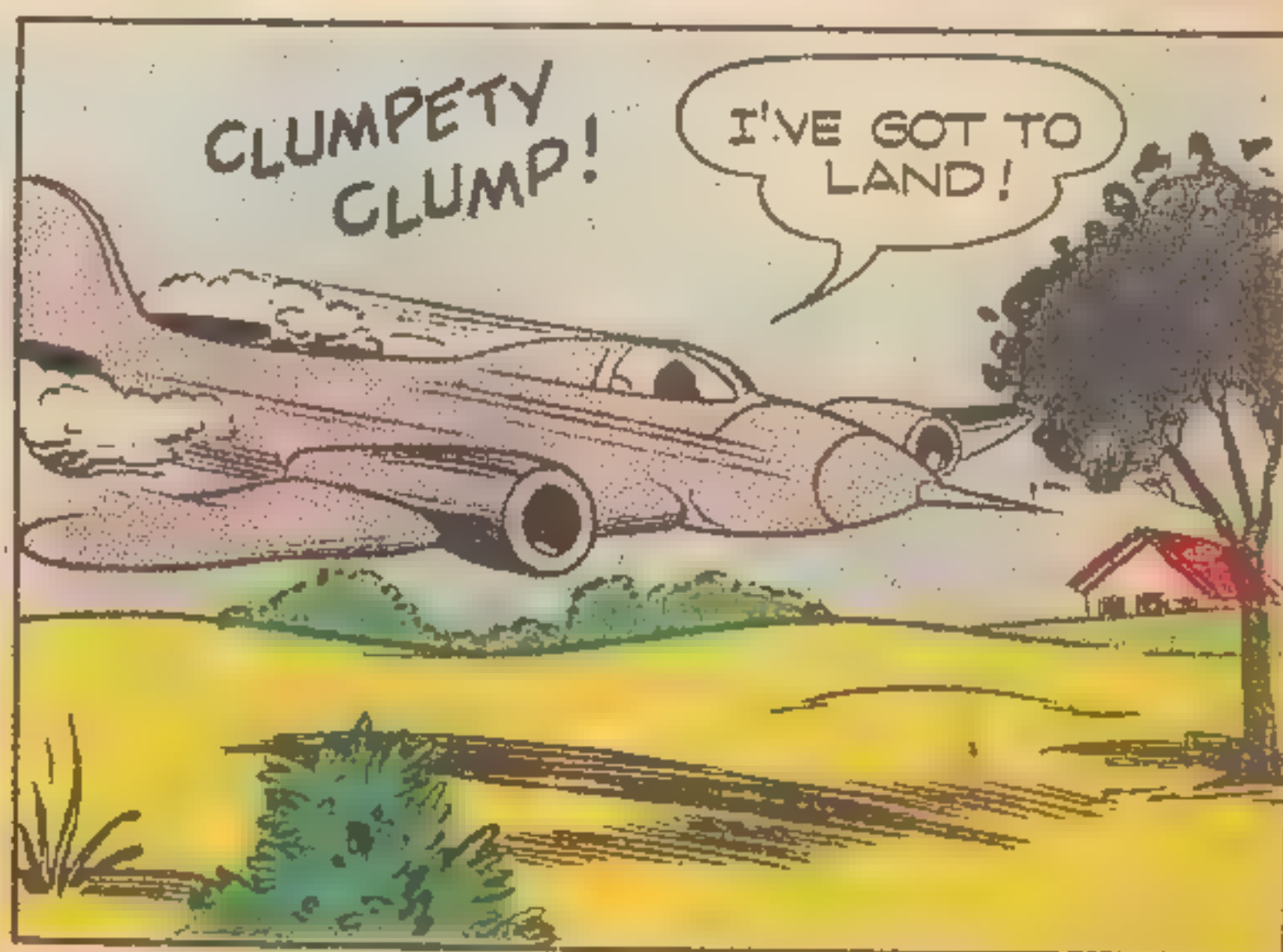
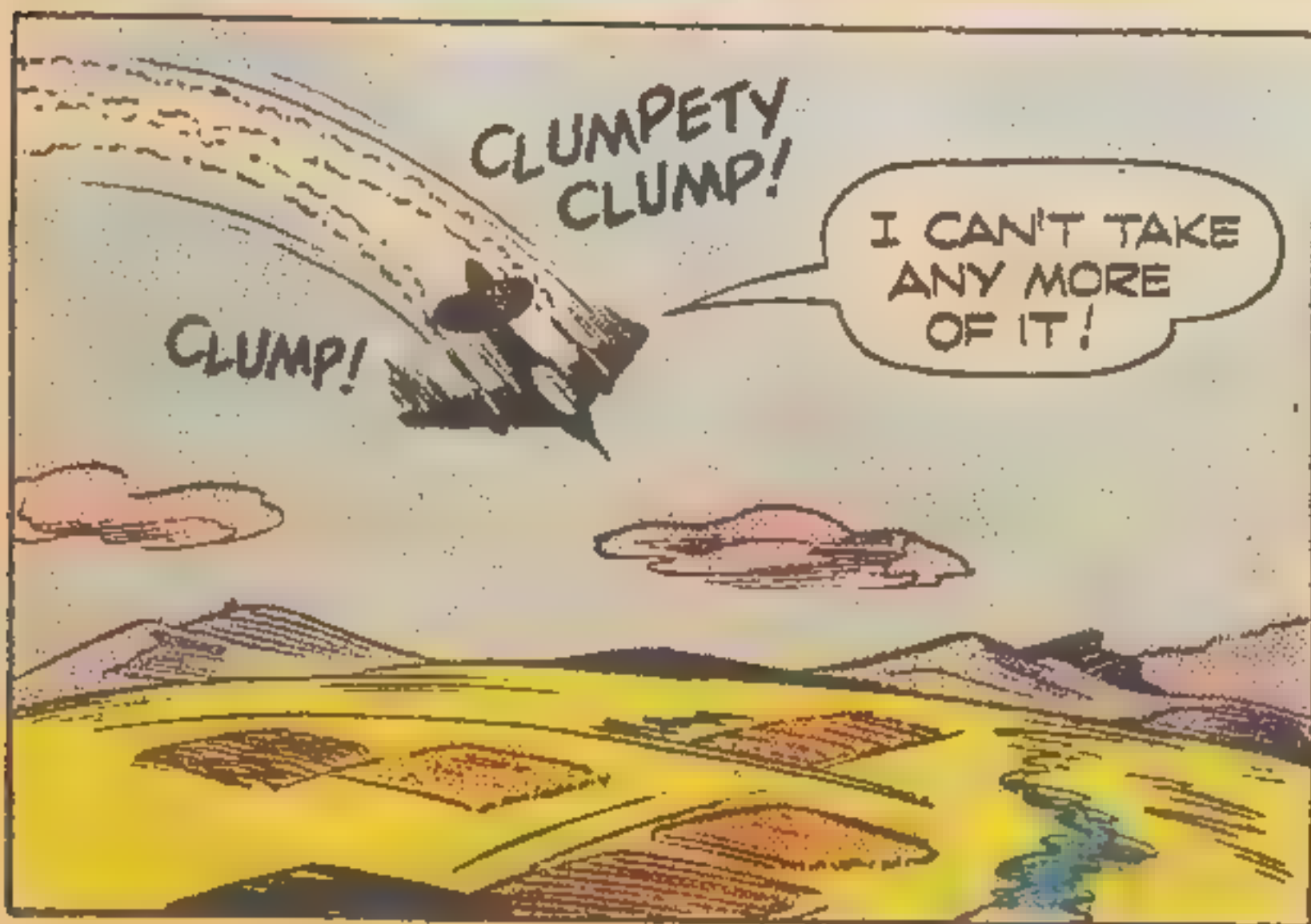
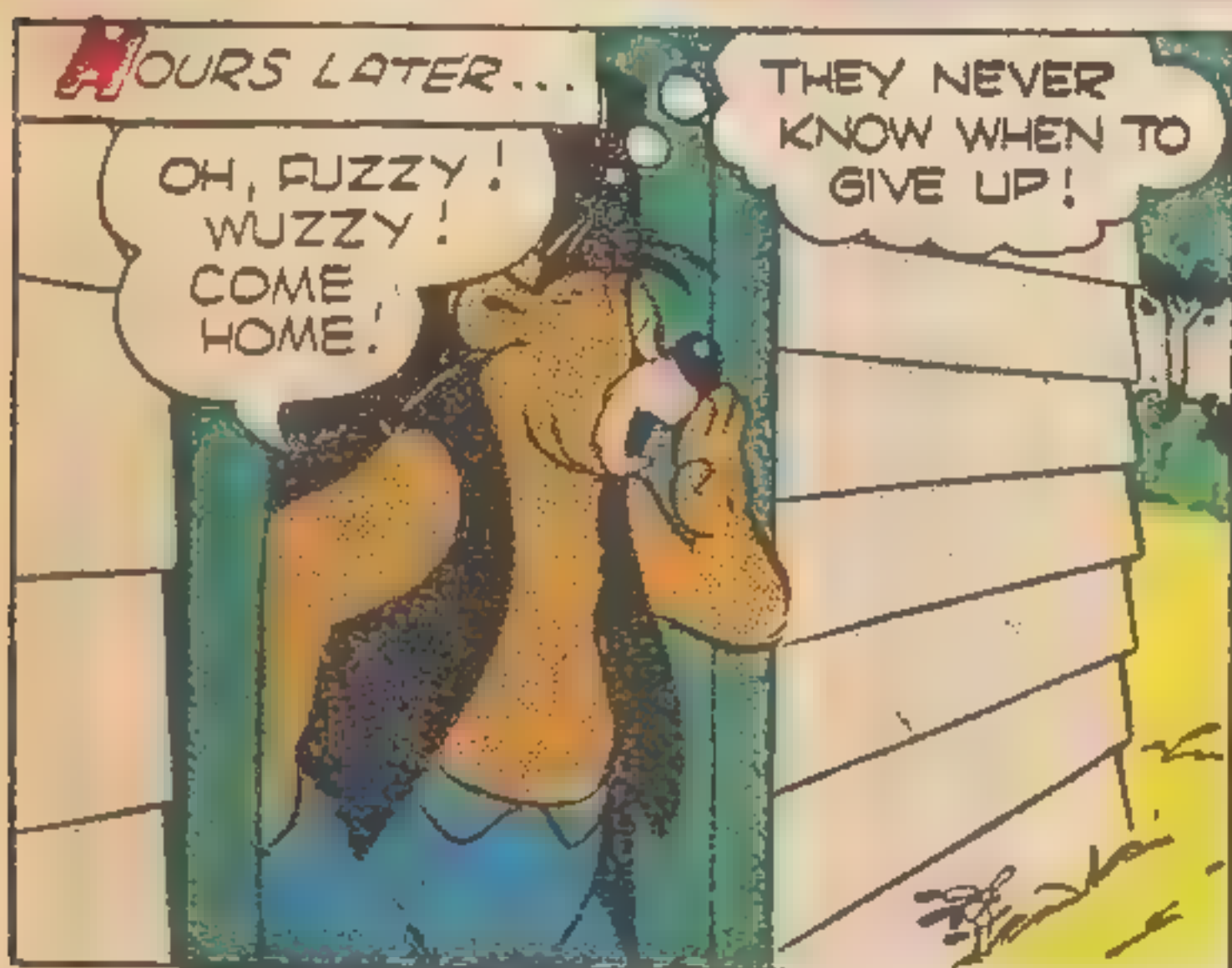
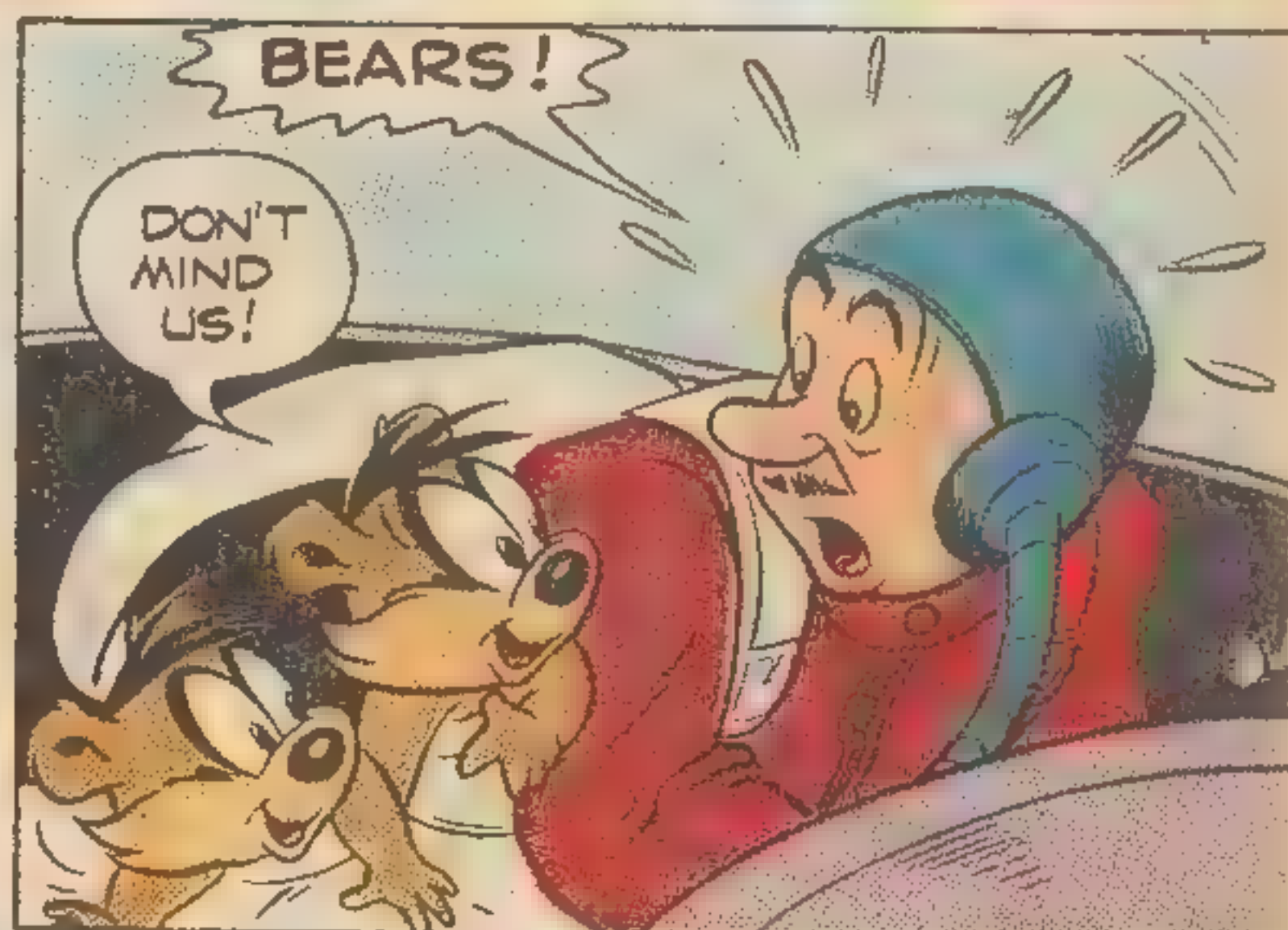
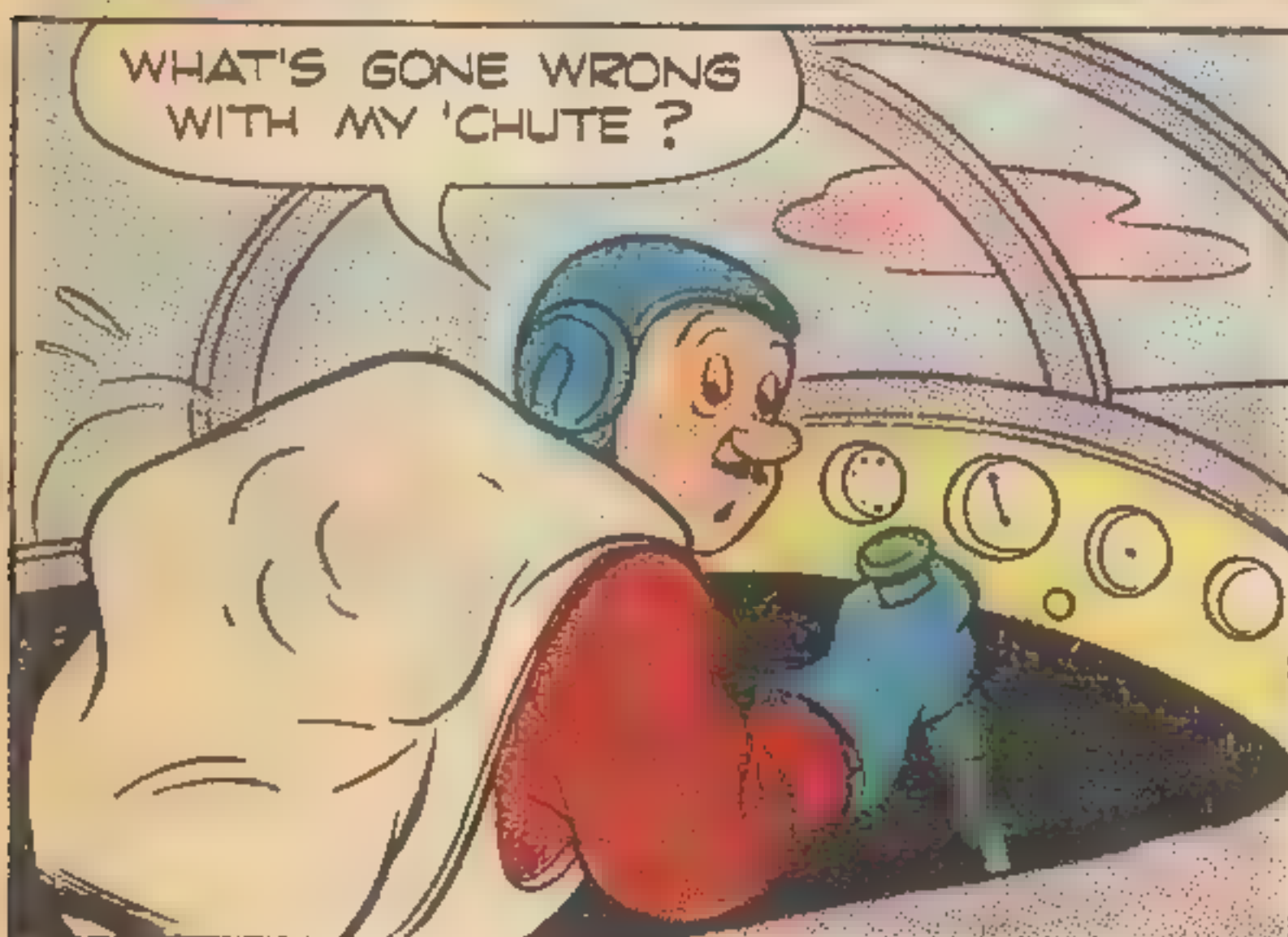
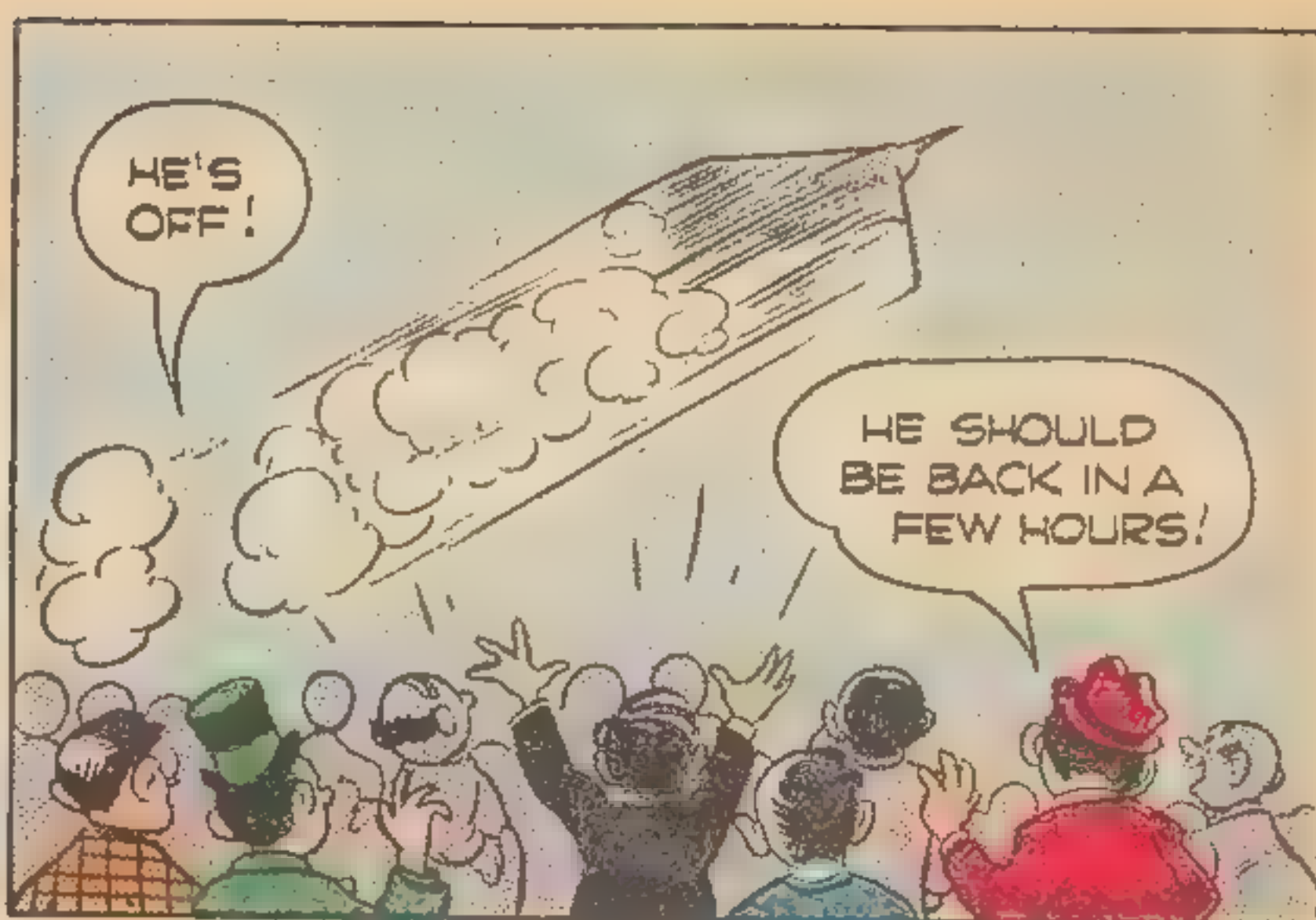
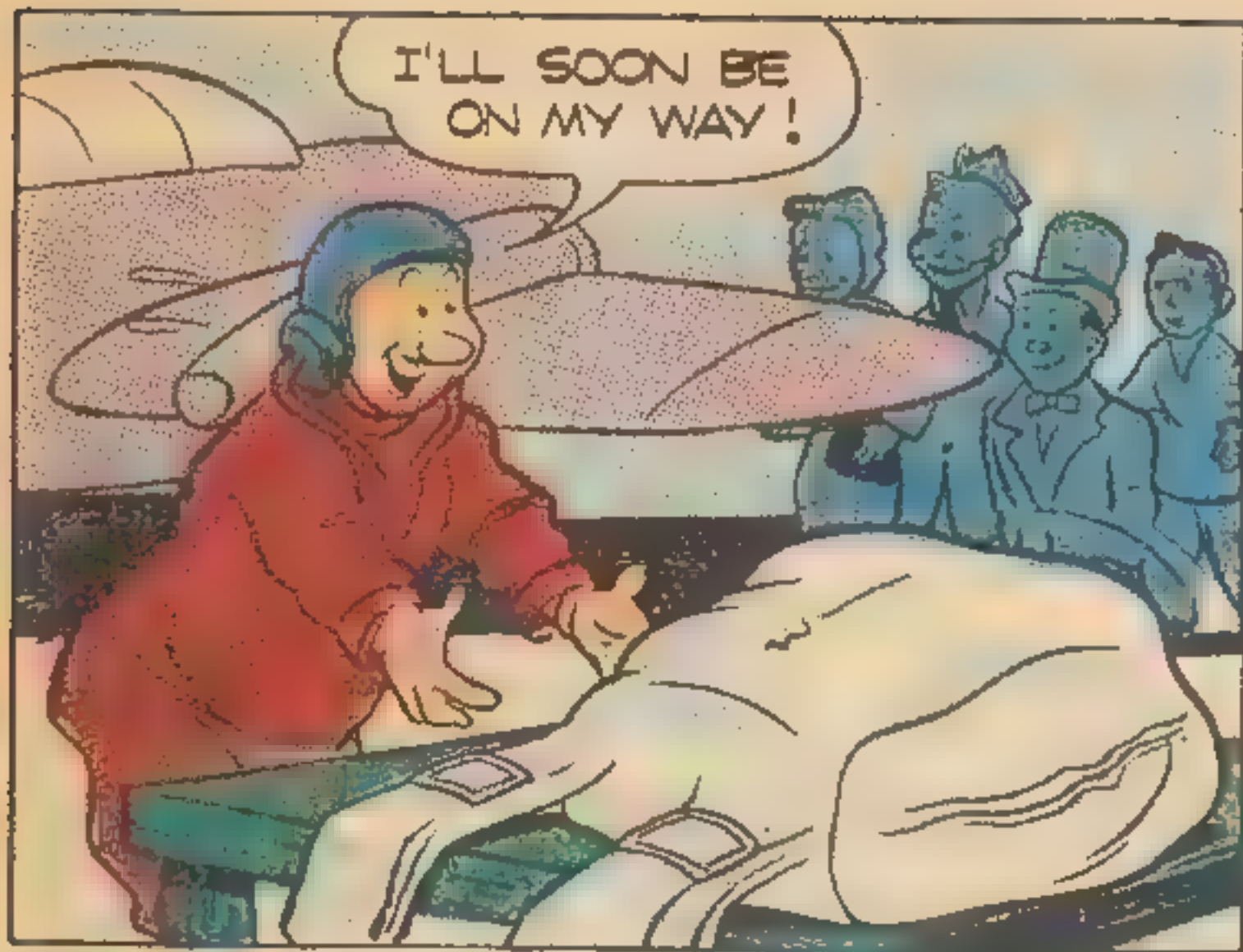
NO! IT'S TIME
YOU BOYS GOT
INTERESTED
IN SERIOUS
THINGS!

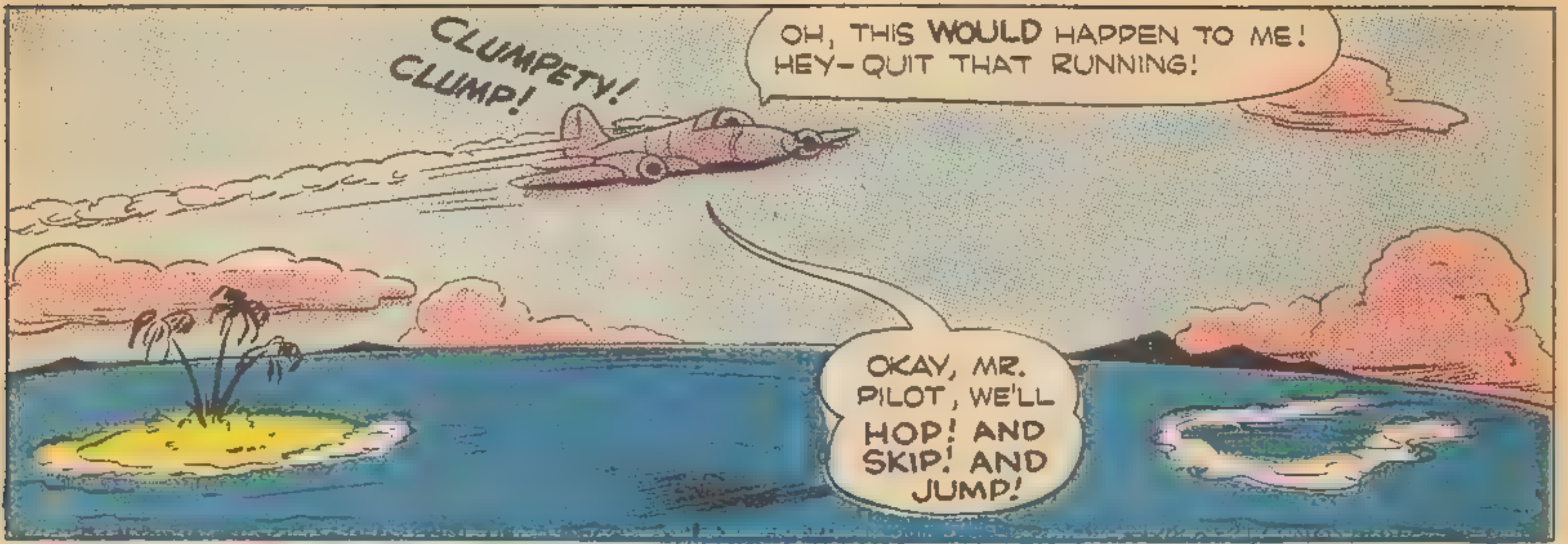
TAKE GEOGRAPHY, FOR
INSTANCE! DO YOU KNOW
PEOPLE USED TO THINK
THE WORLD WAS FLAT?

WE STILL
THINK SO!





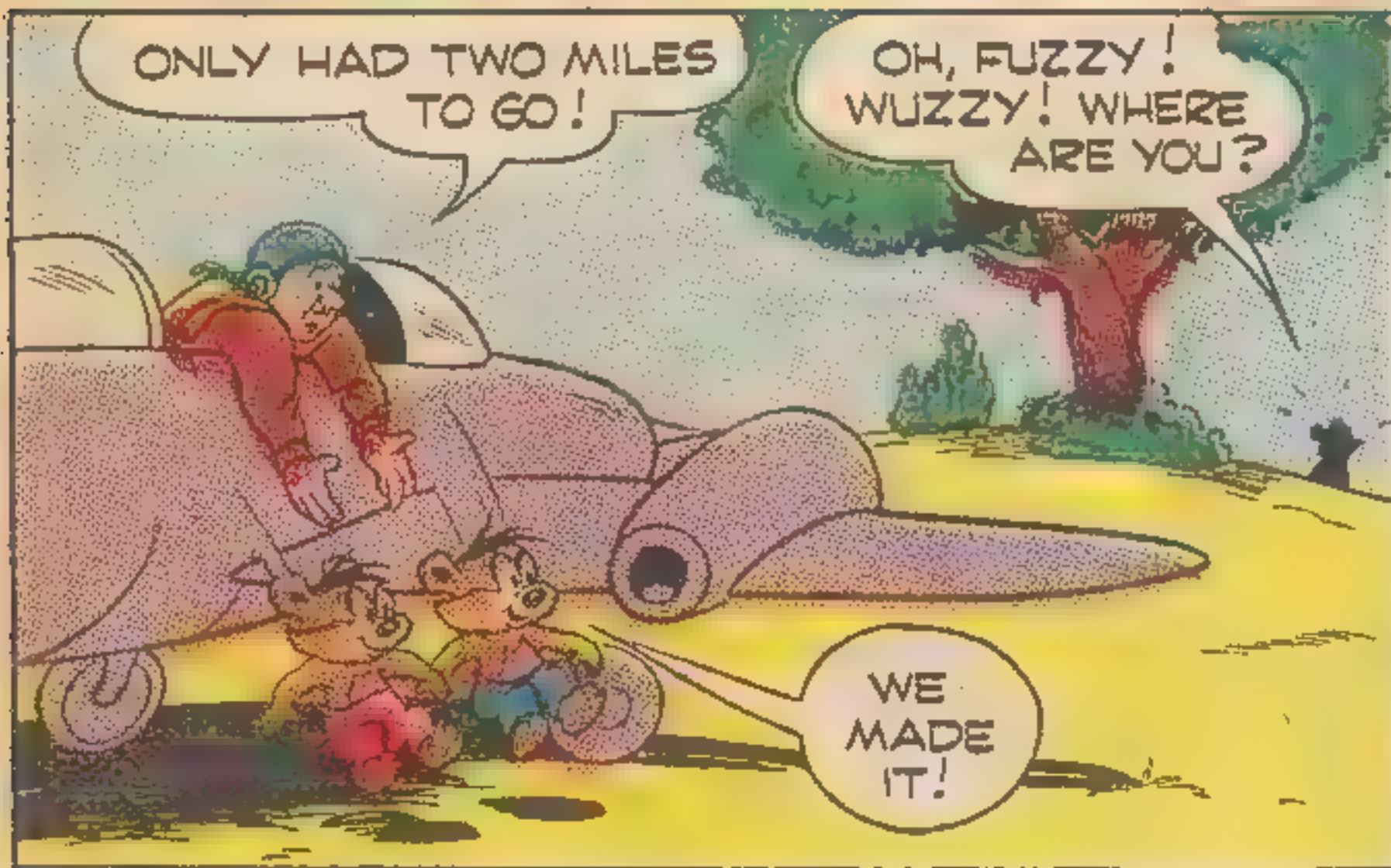




CLUMPETY!
CLUMP!

OH, THIS WOULD HAPPEN TO ME!
HEY-QUIT THAT RUNNING!

OKAY, MR.
PILOT, WE'LL
HOP! AND
SKIP! AND
JUMP!



ONLY HAD TWO MILES
TO GO!

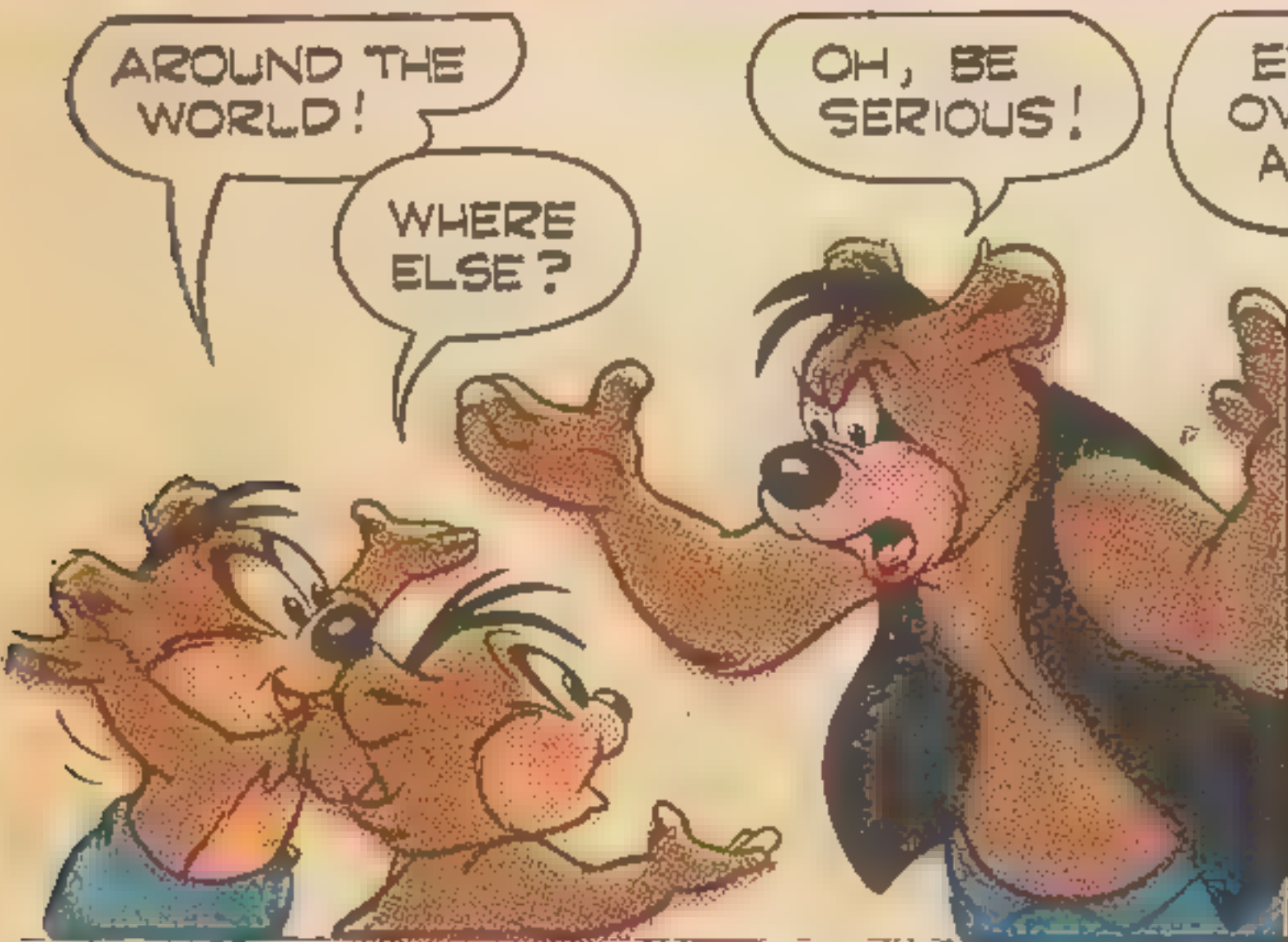
OH, FUZZY!
WUZZY! WHERE
ARE YOU?

WE
MADE
IT!



HERE WE ARE,
UNCLE BARNEY!

WHERE HAVE
YOU BEEN?

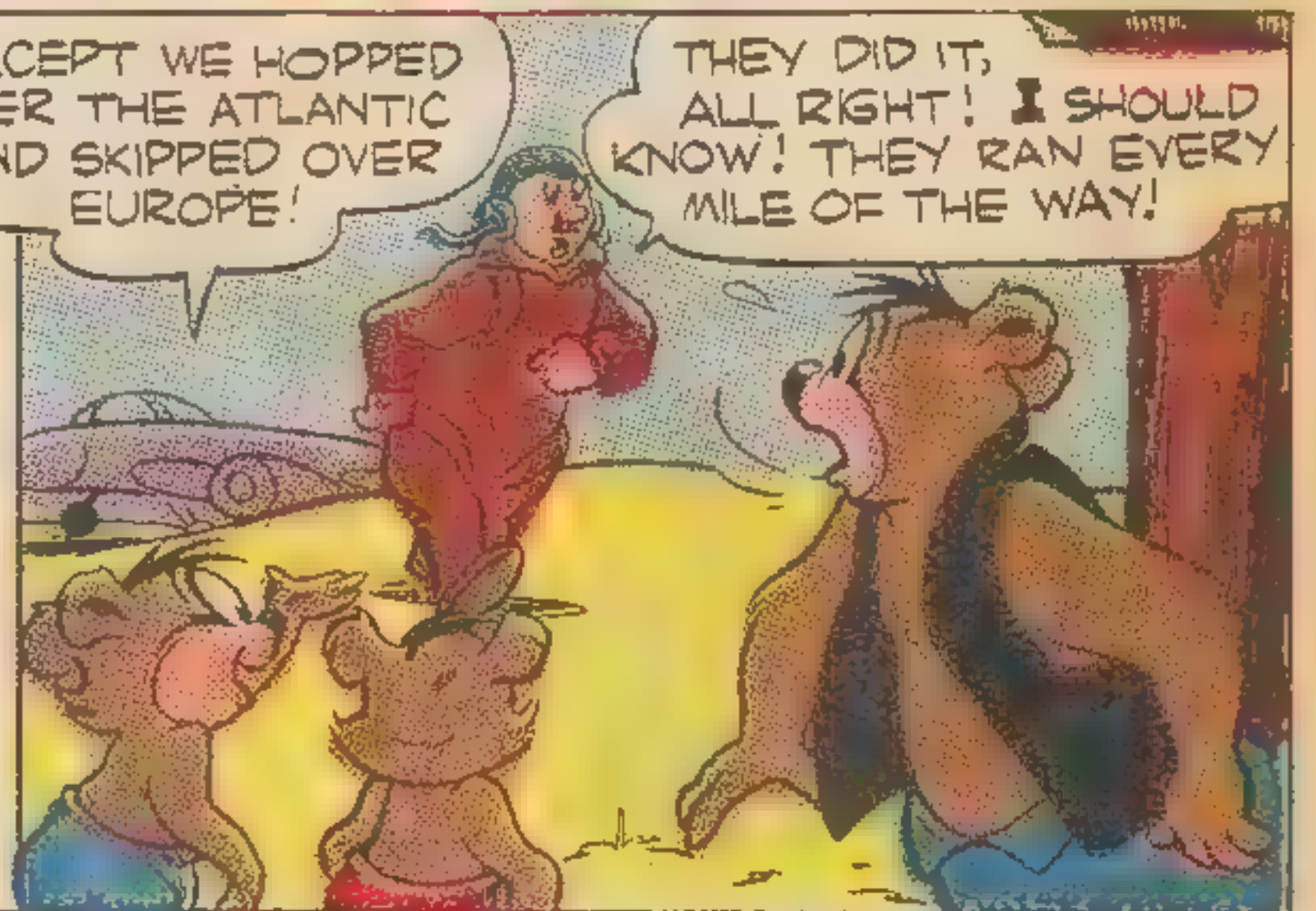


AROUND THE
WORLD!

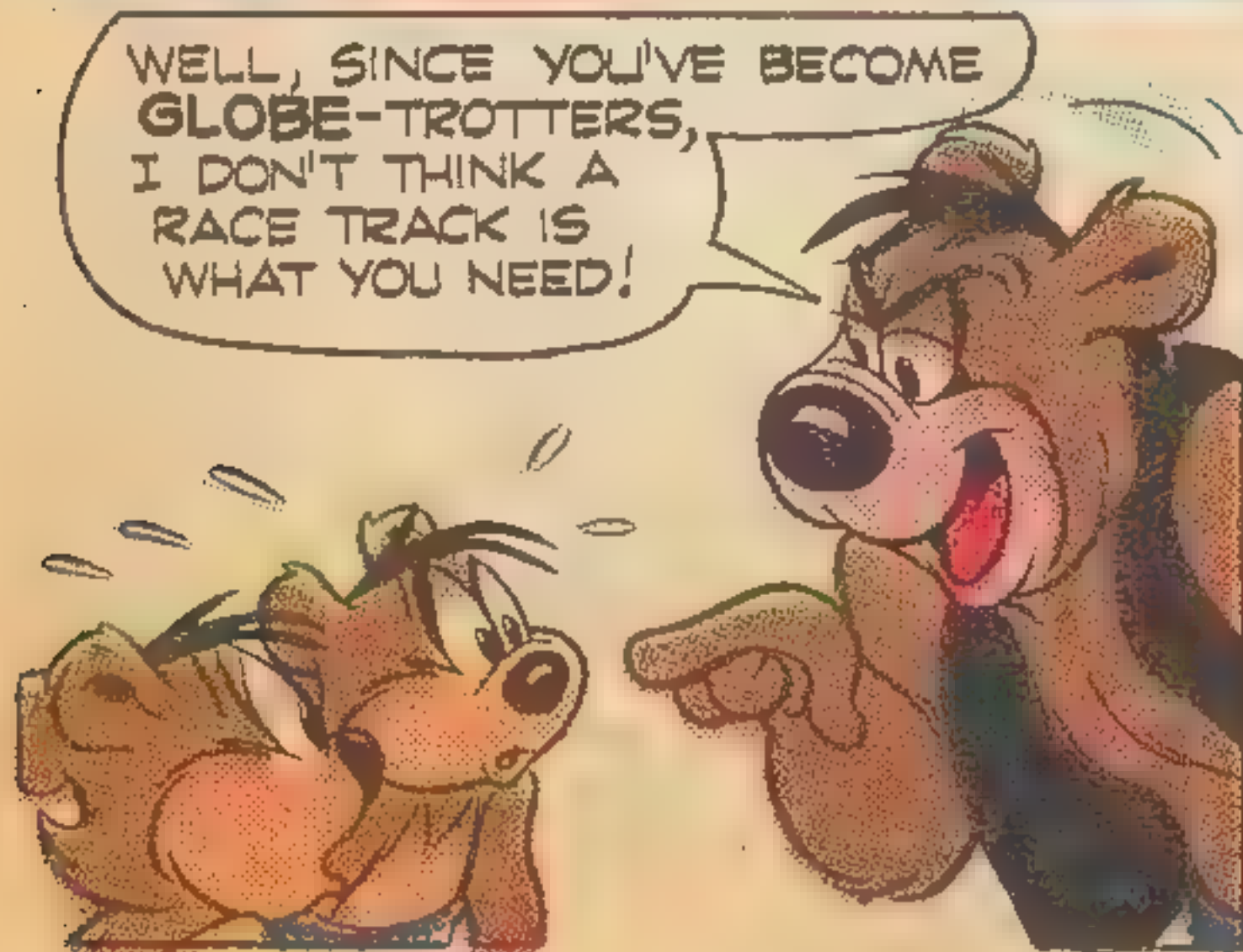
WHERE
ELSE?

OH, BE
SERIOUS!

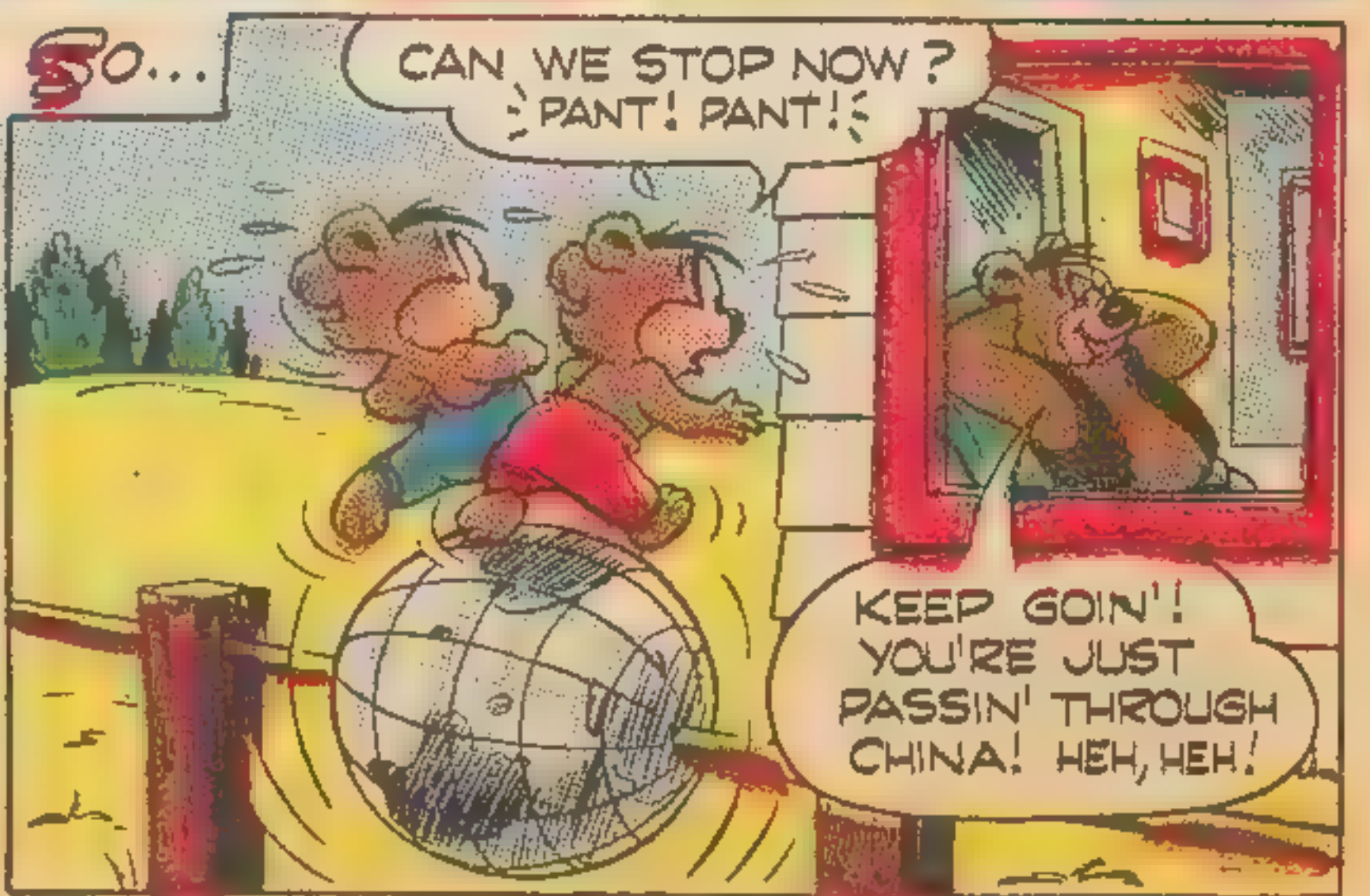
EXCEPT WE HOPPED
OVER THE ATLANTIC
AND SKIPPED OVER
EUROPE!



THEY DID IT,
ALL RIGHT! I SHOULD
KNOW! THEY RAN EVERY
MILE OF THE WAY!



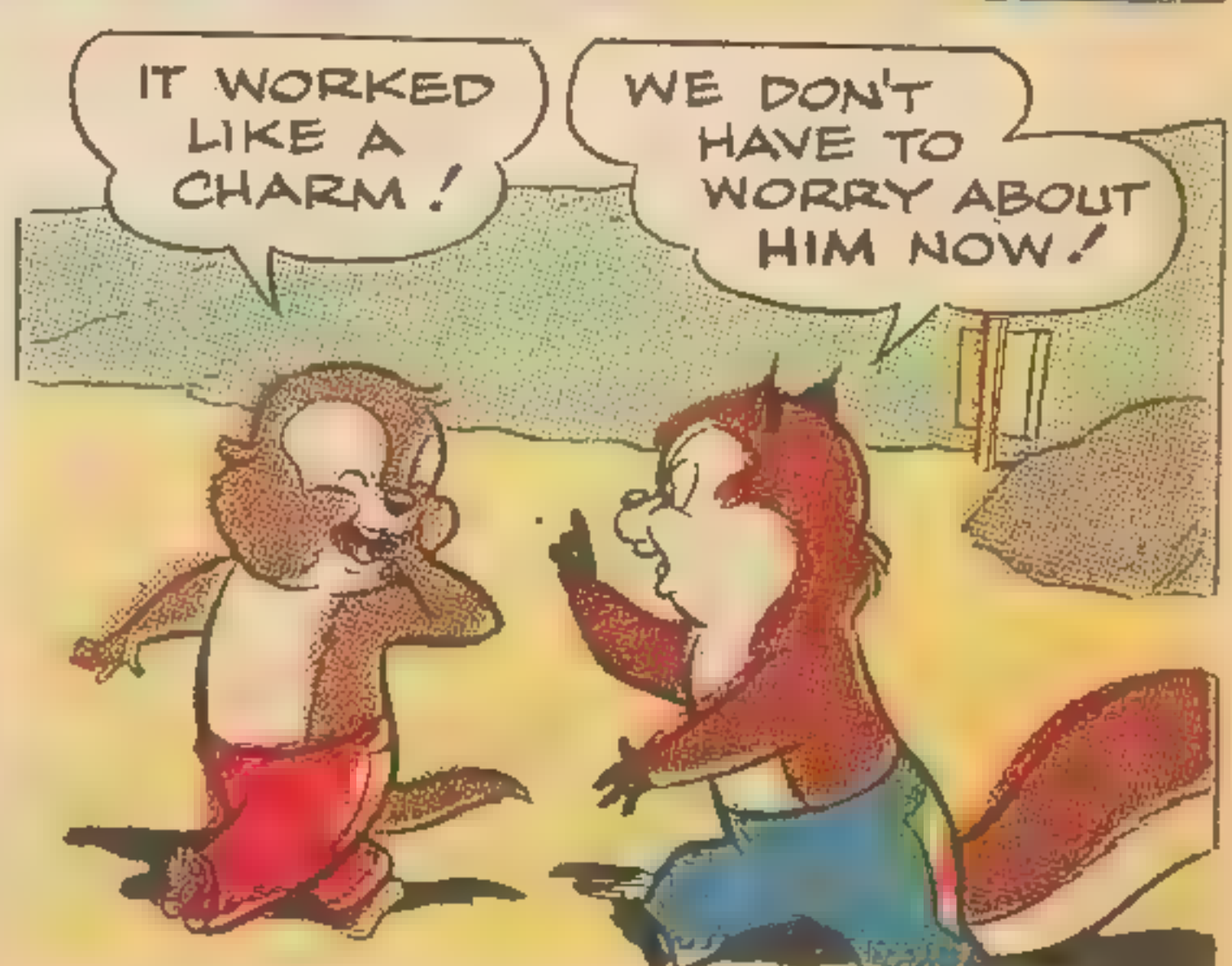
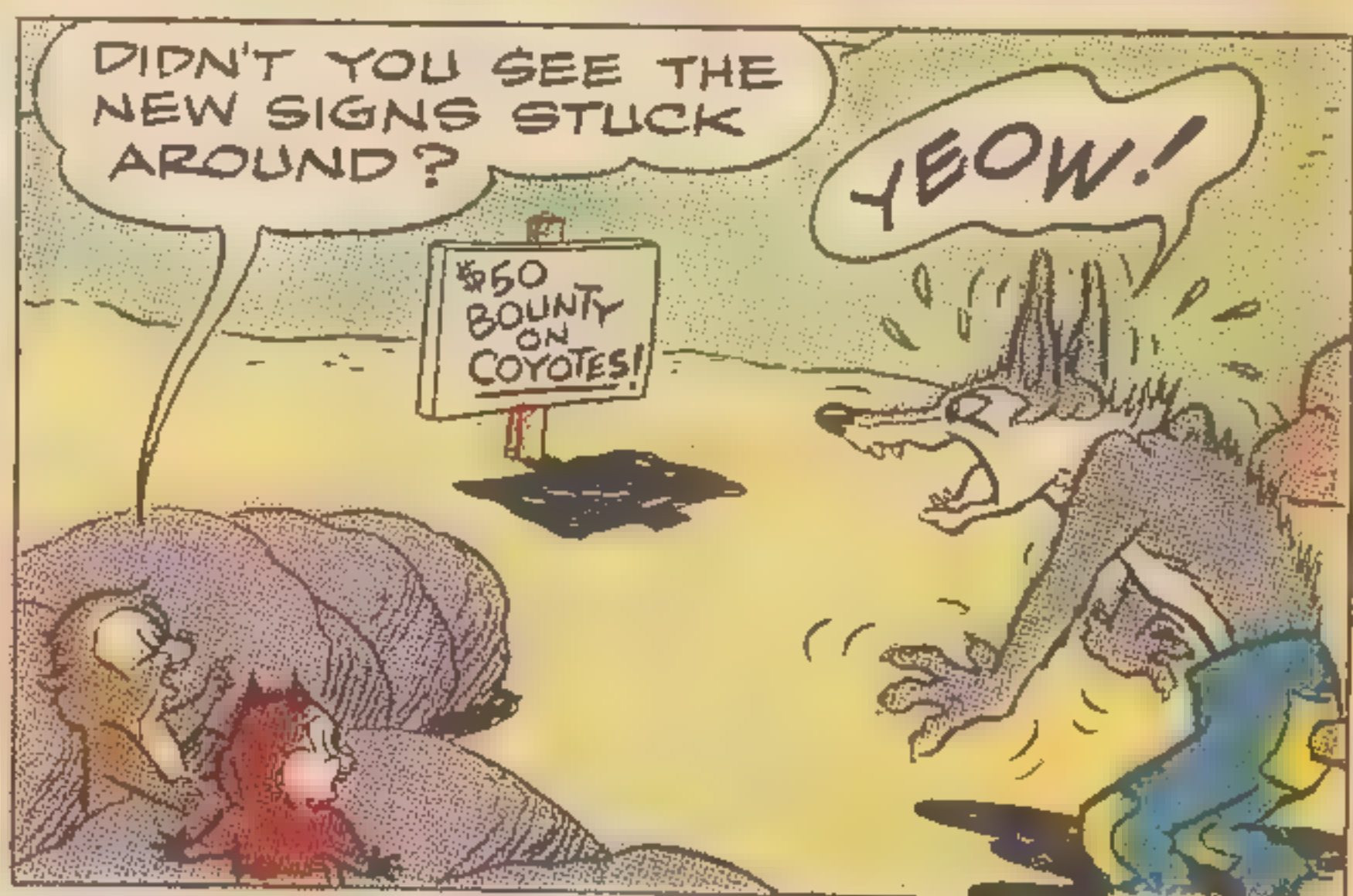
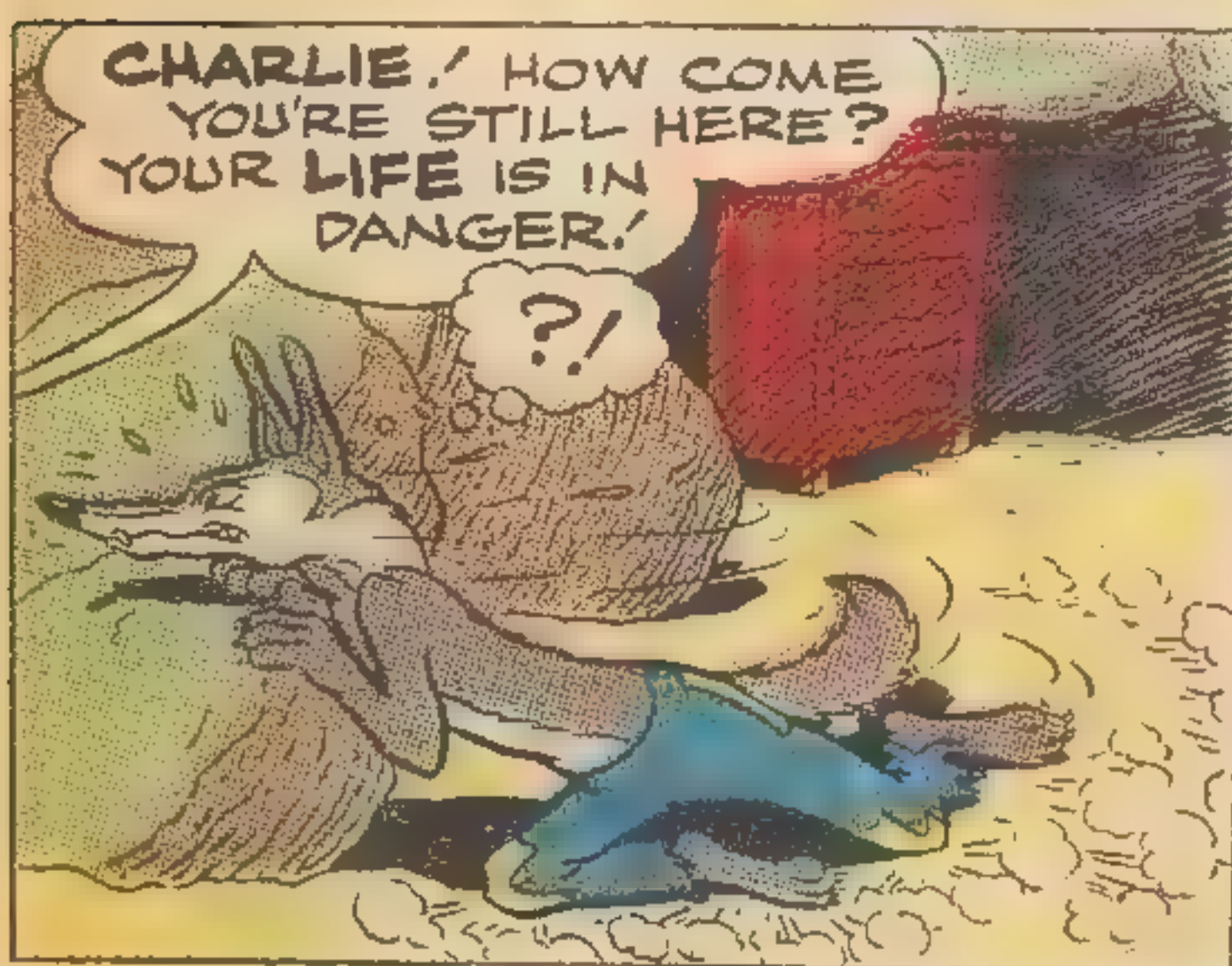
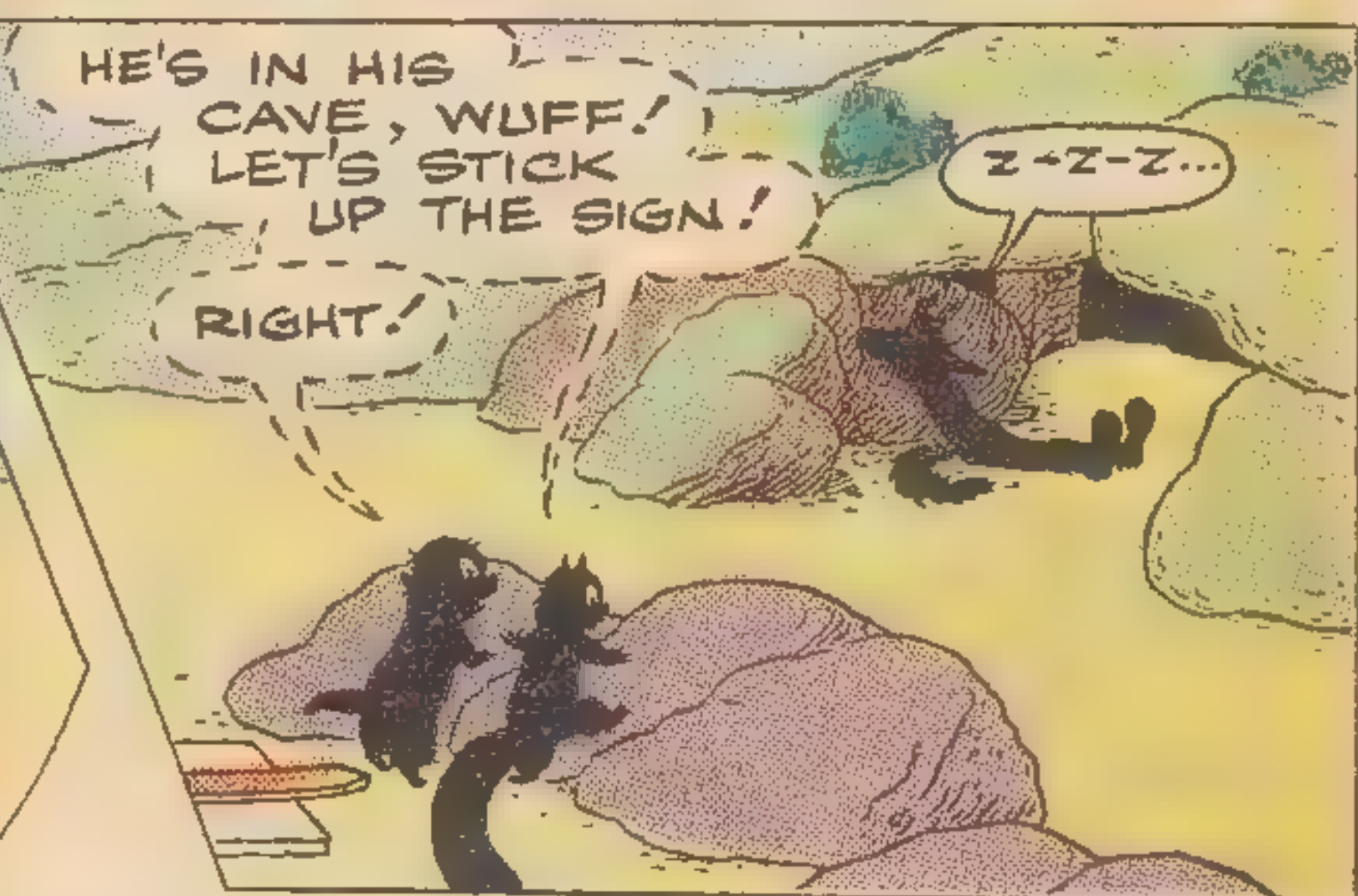
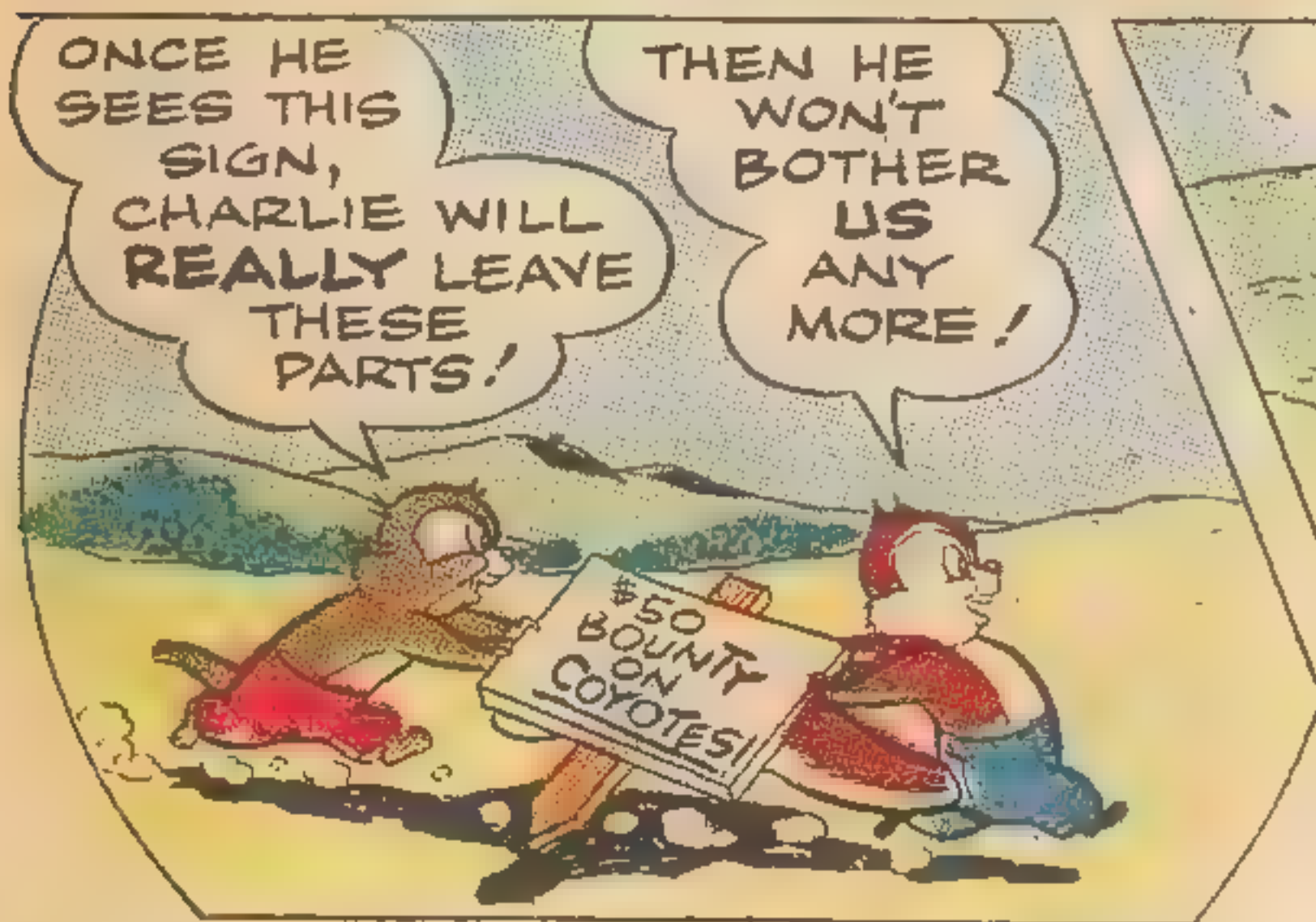
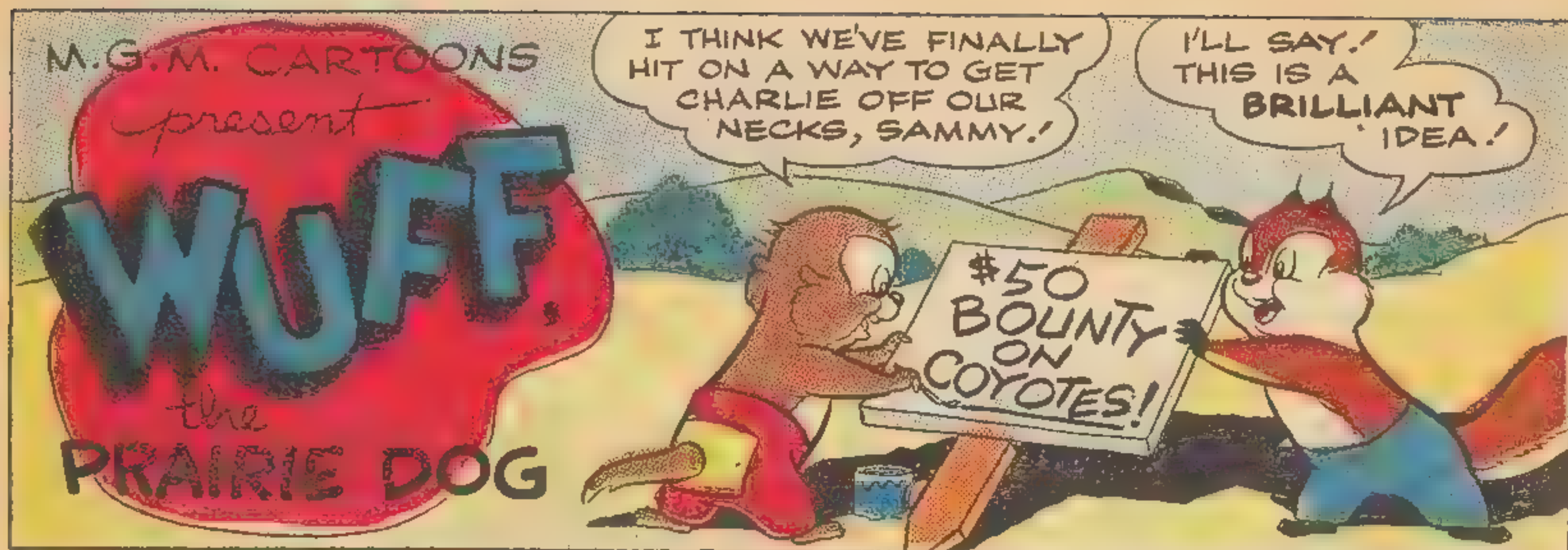
WELL, SINCE YOU'VE BECOME
GLOBE-TROTTERS,
I DON'T THINK A
RACE TRACK IS
WHAT YOU NEED!

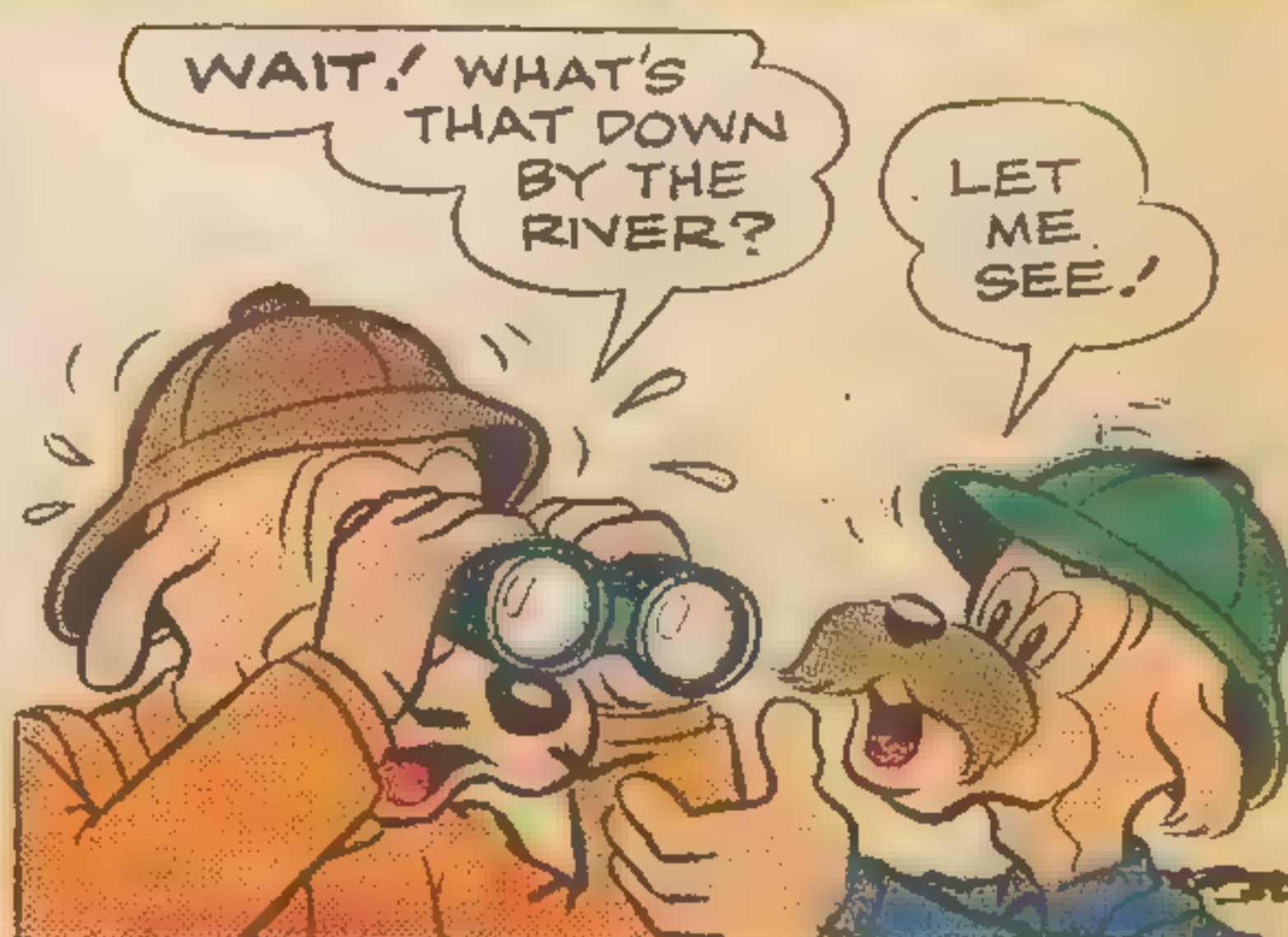
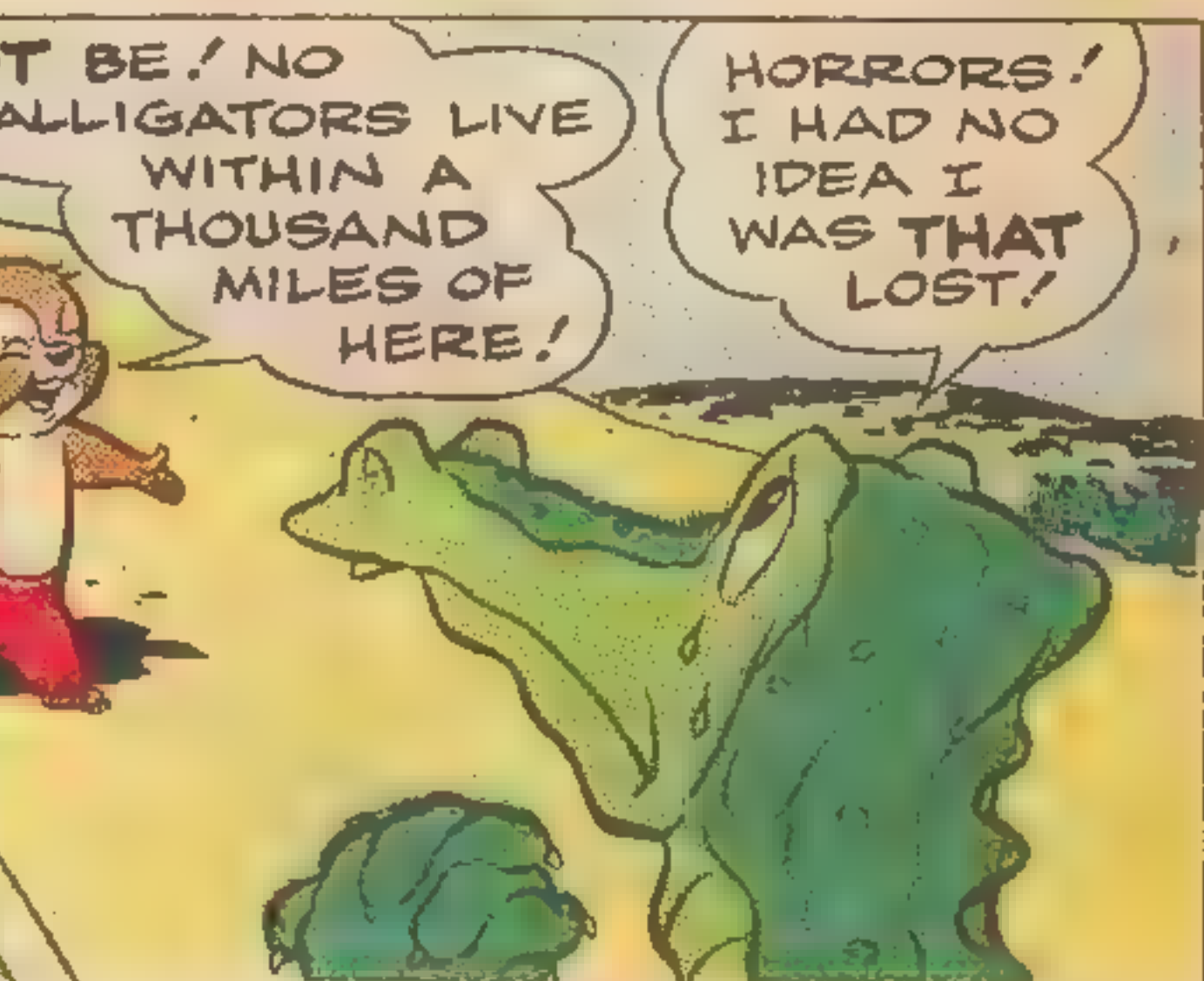
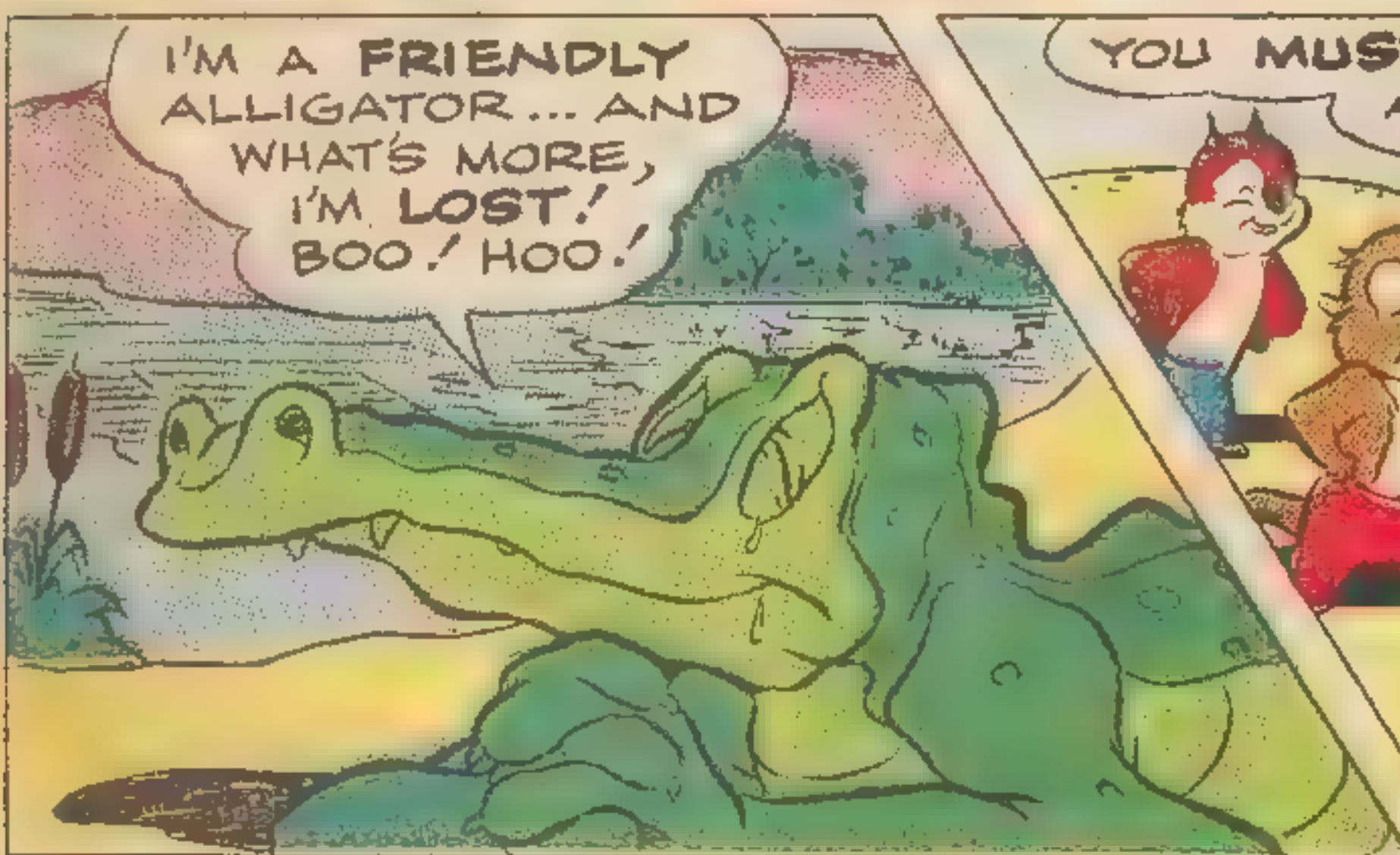
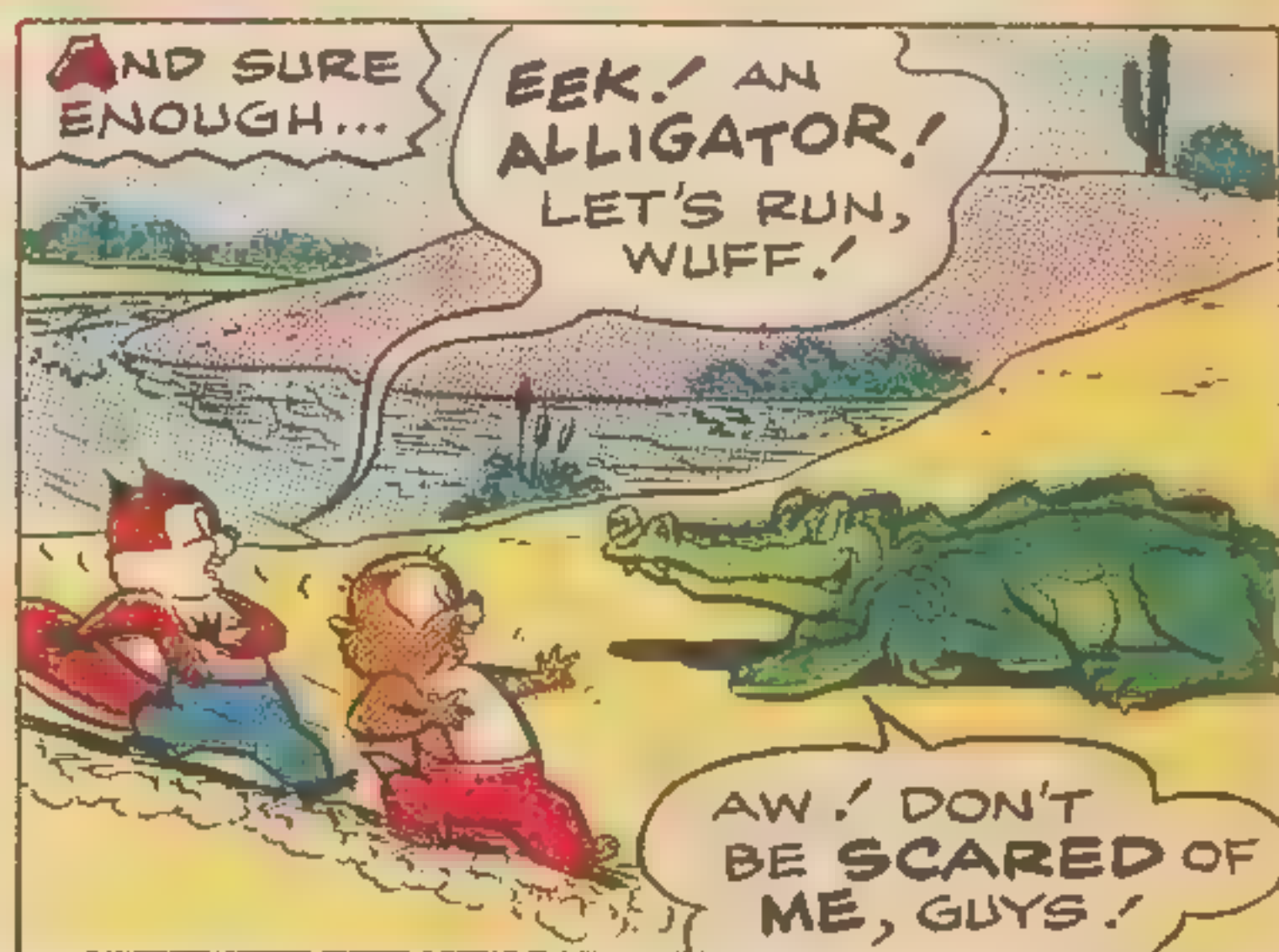
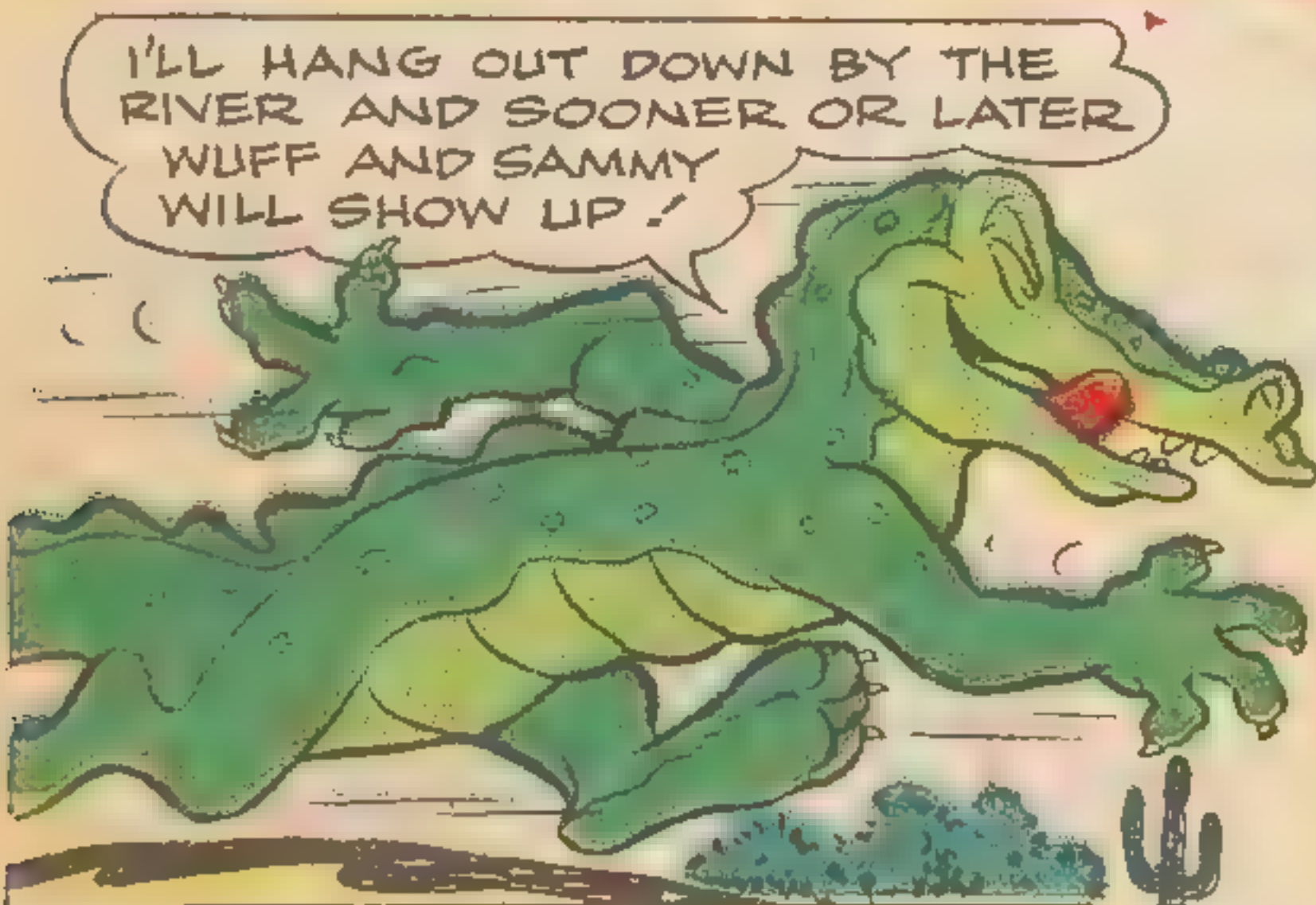
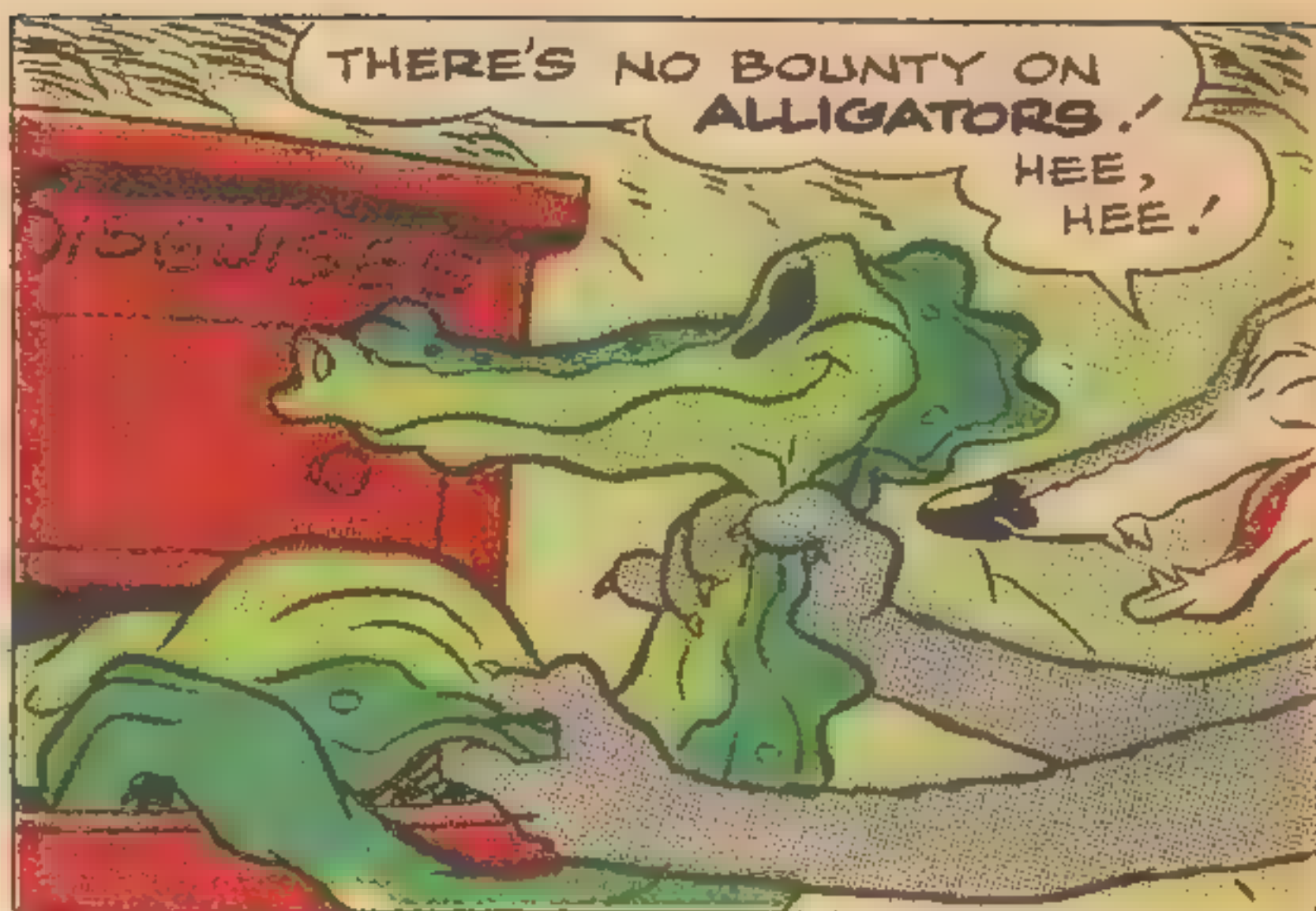
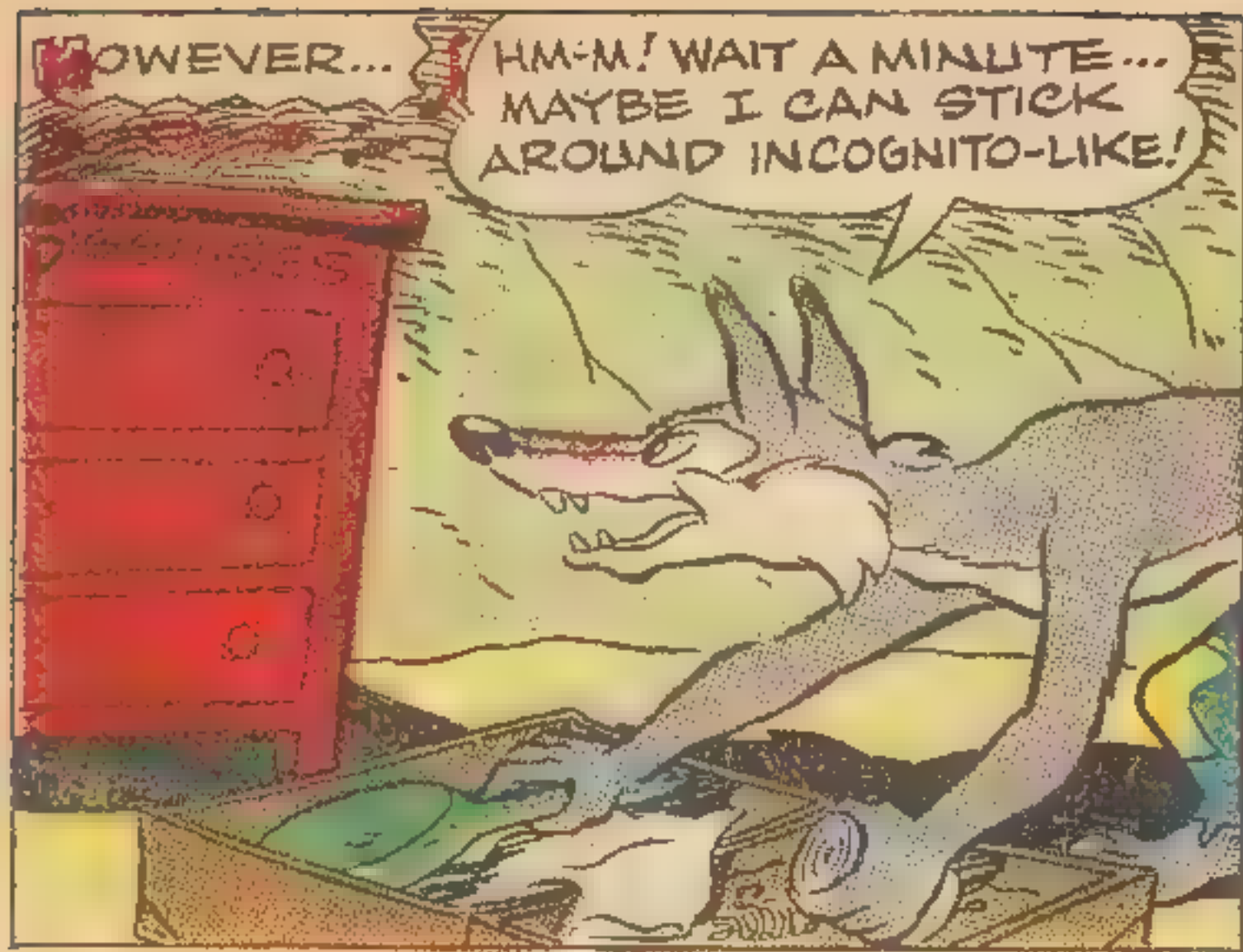


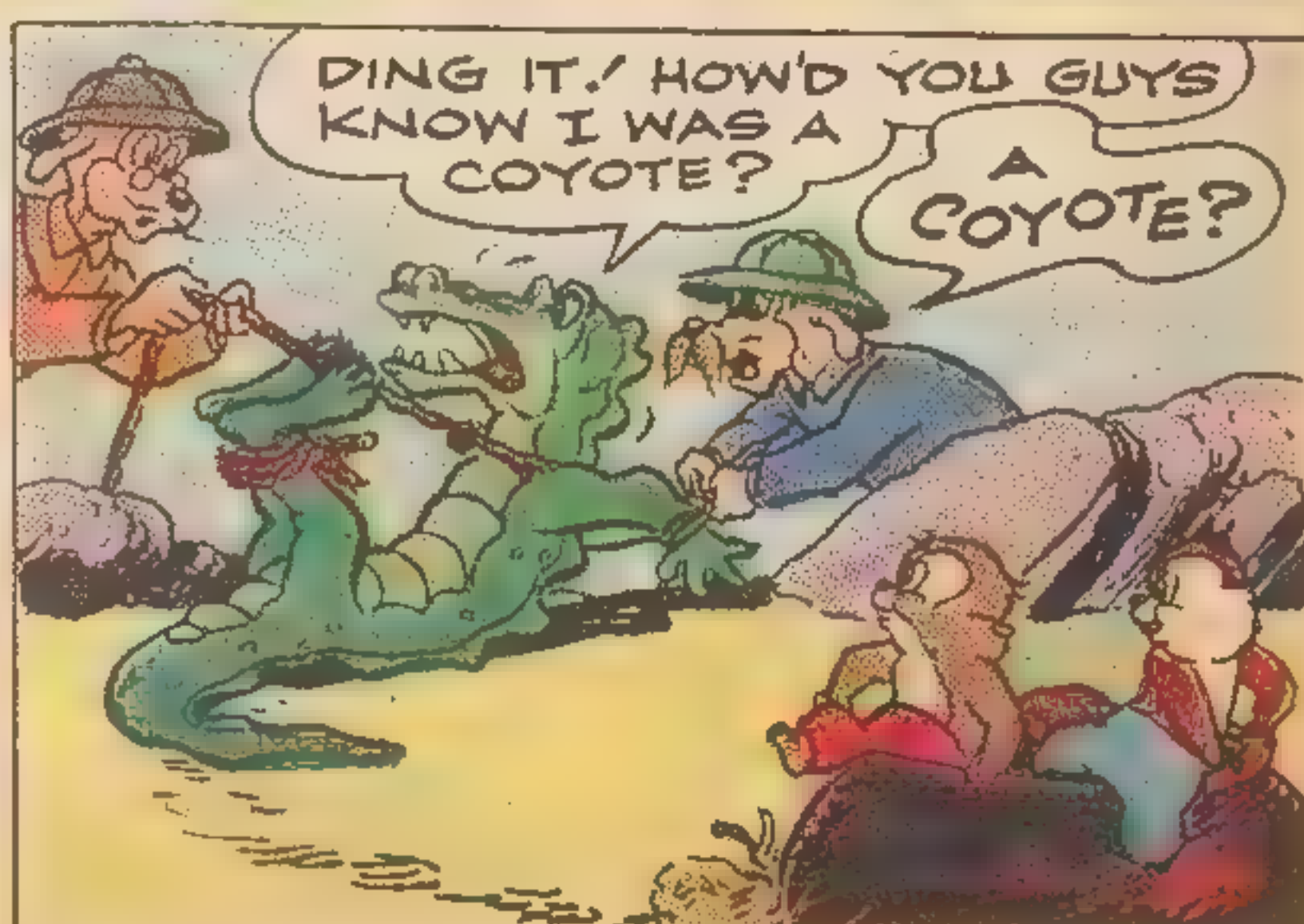
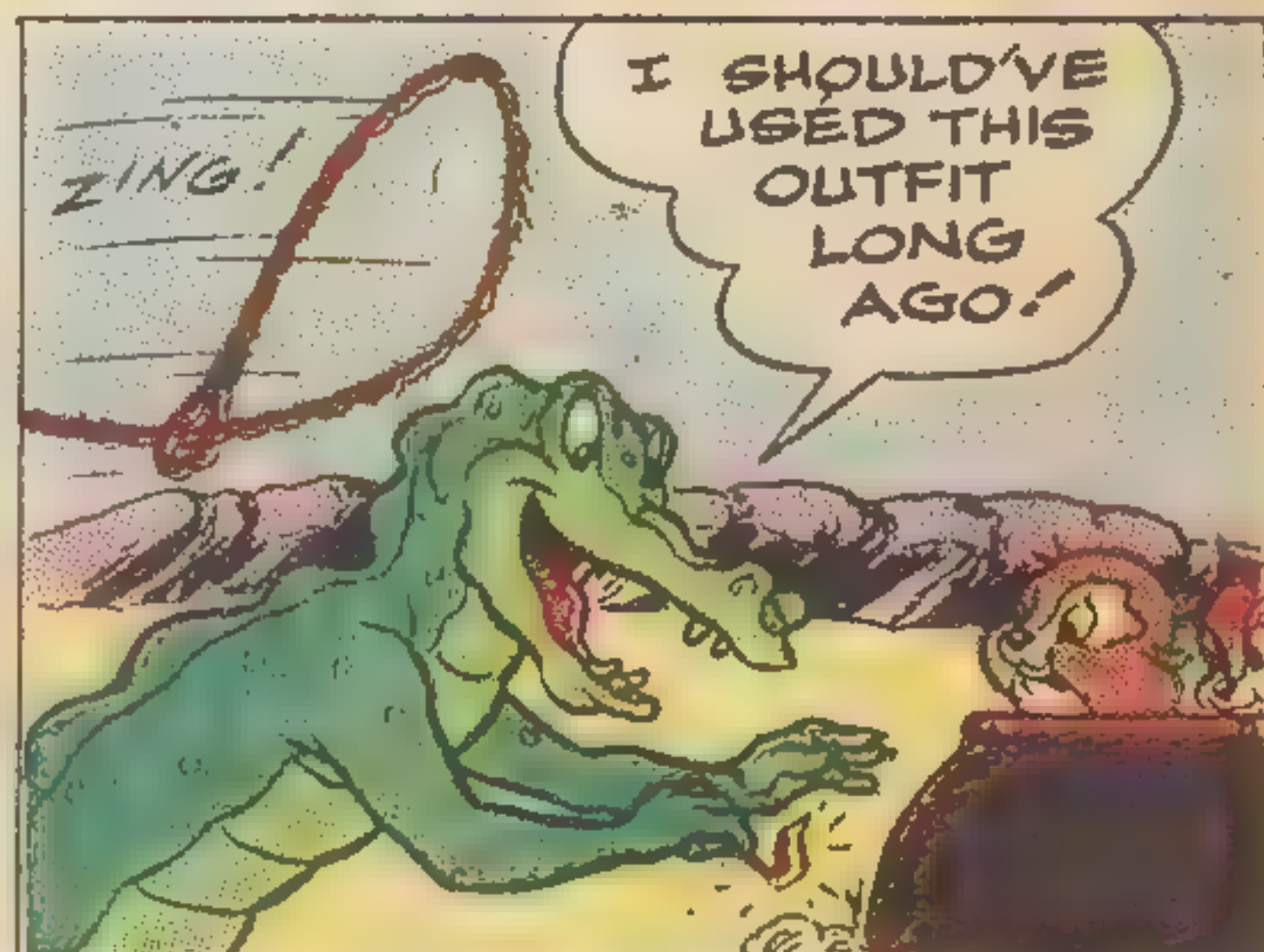
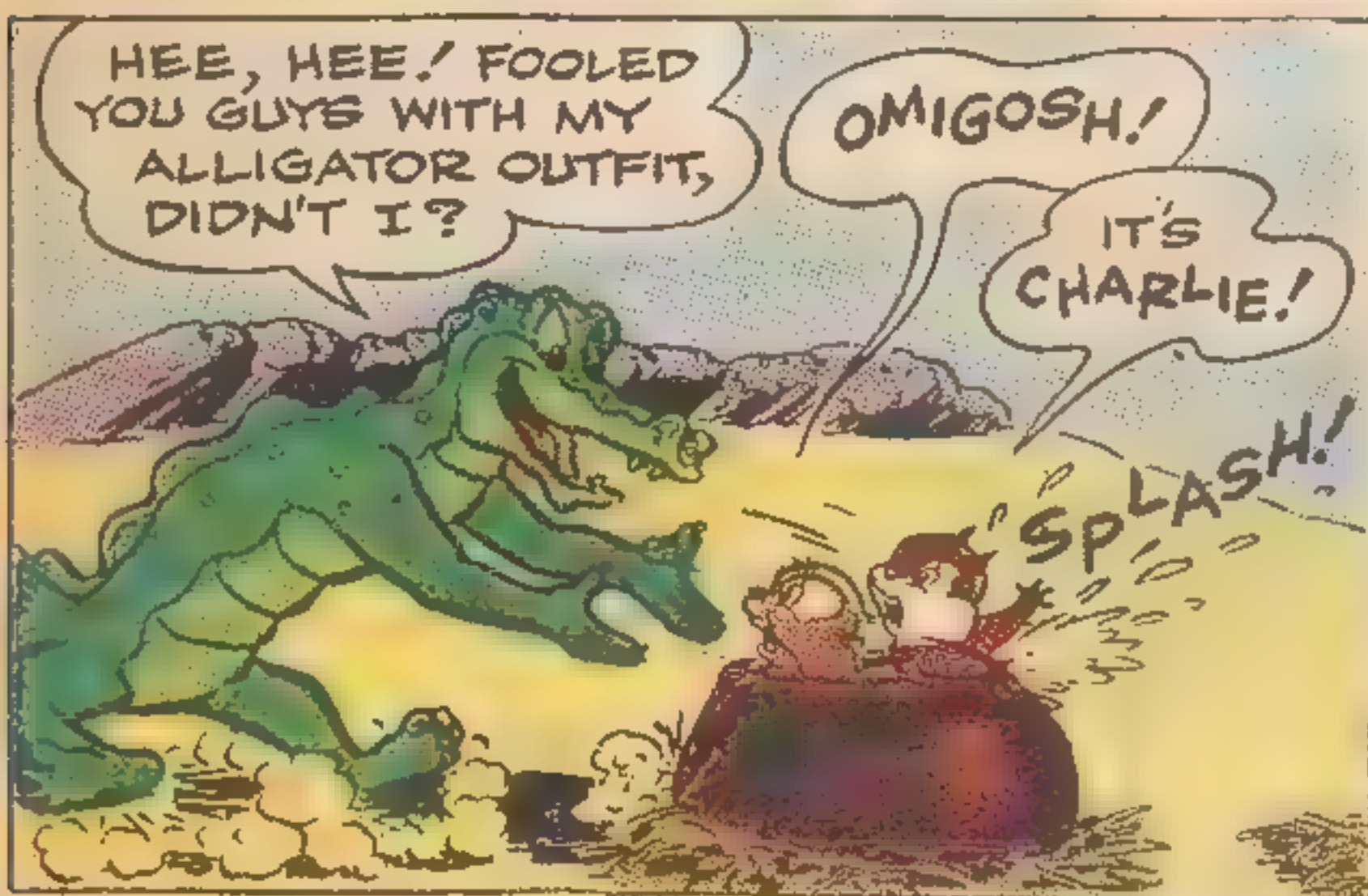
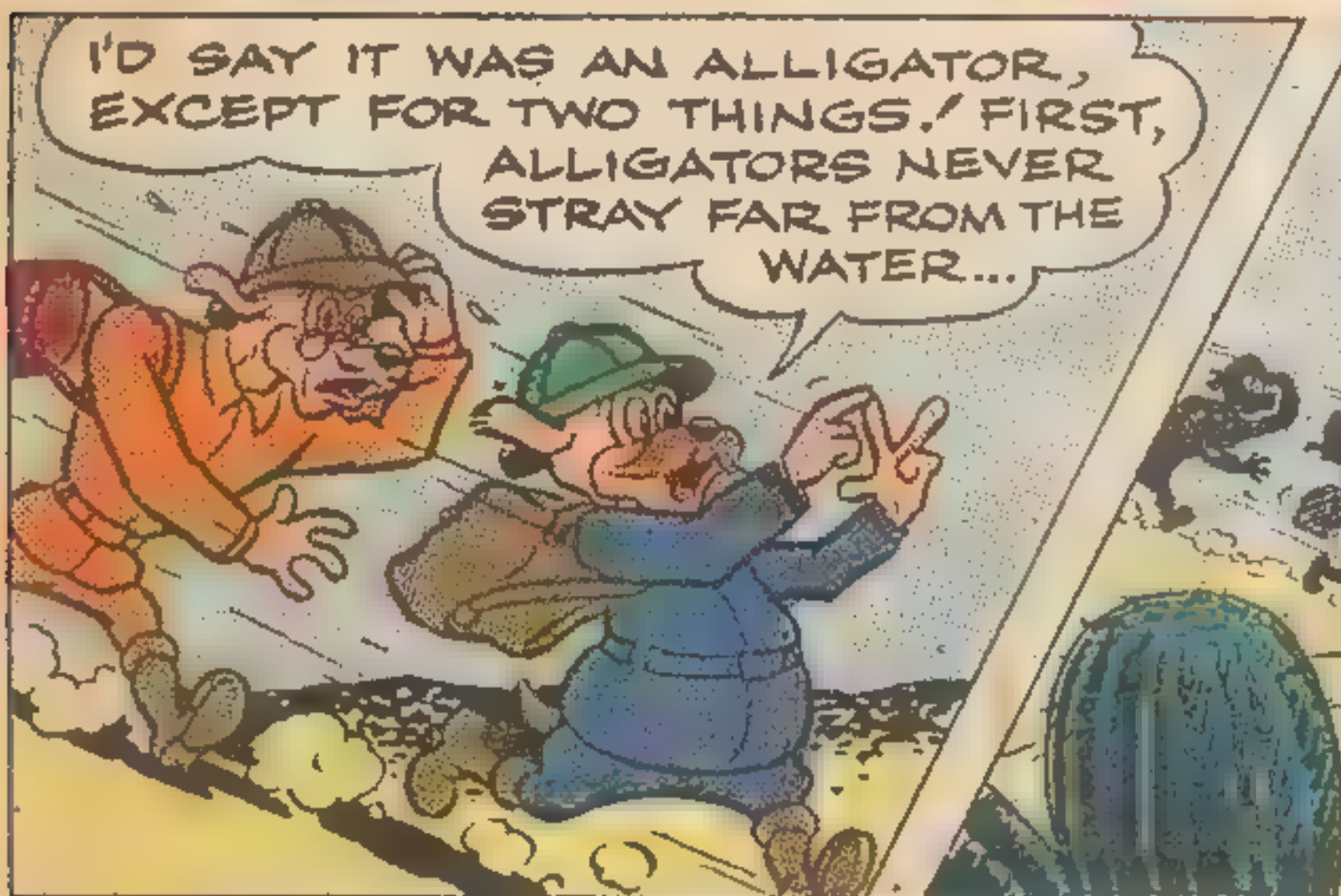
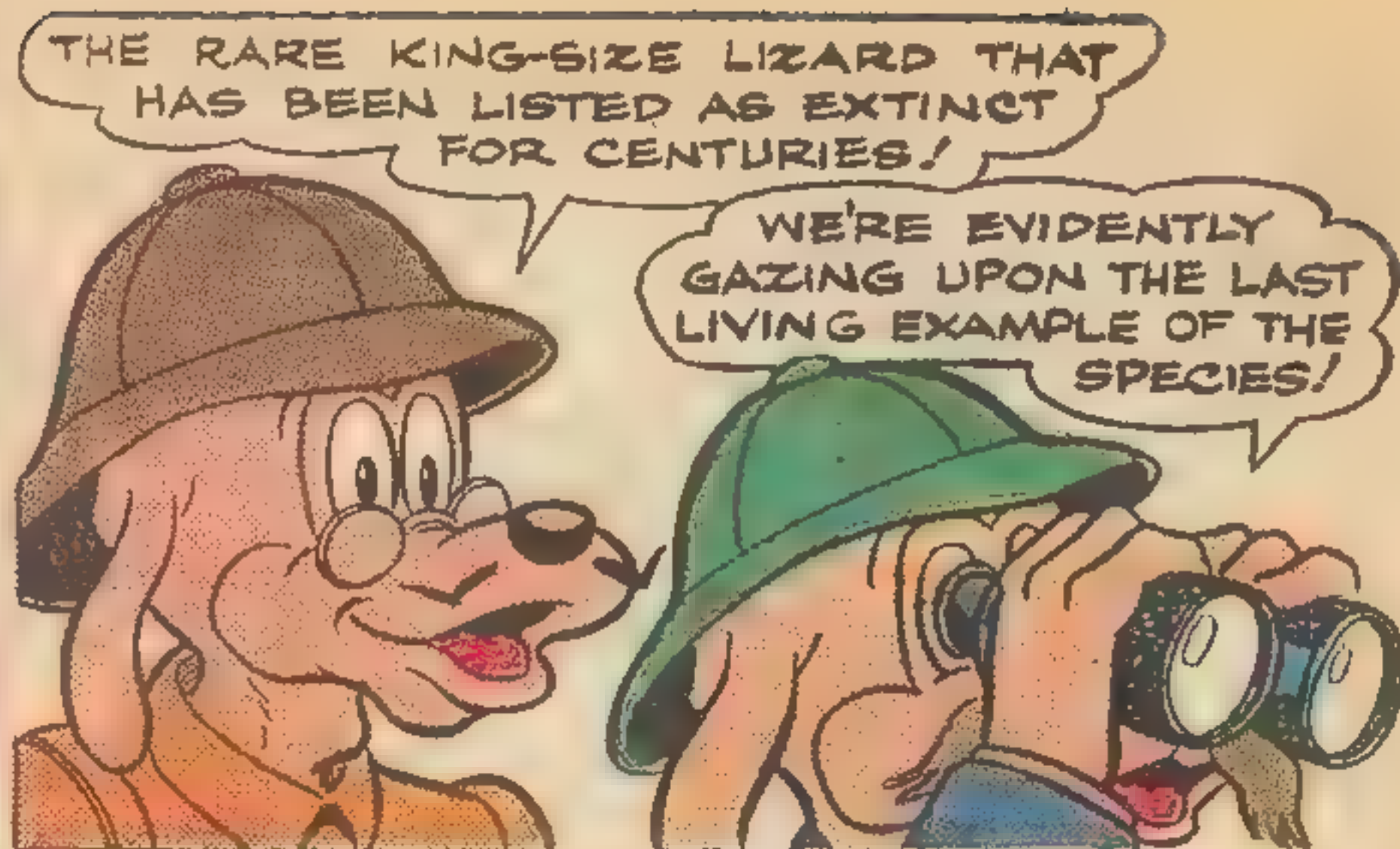
SO...

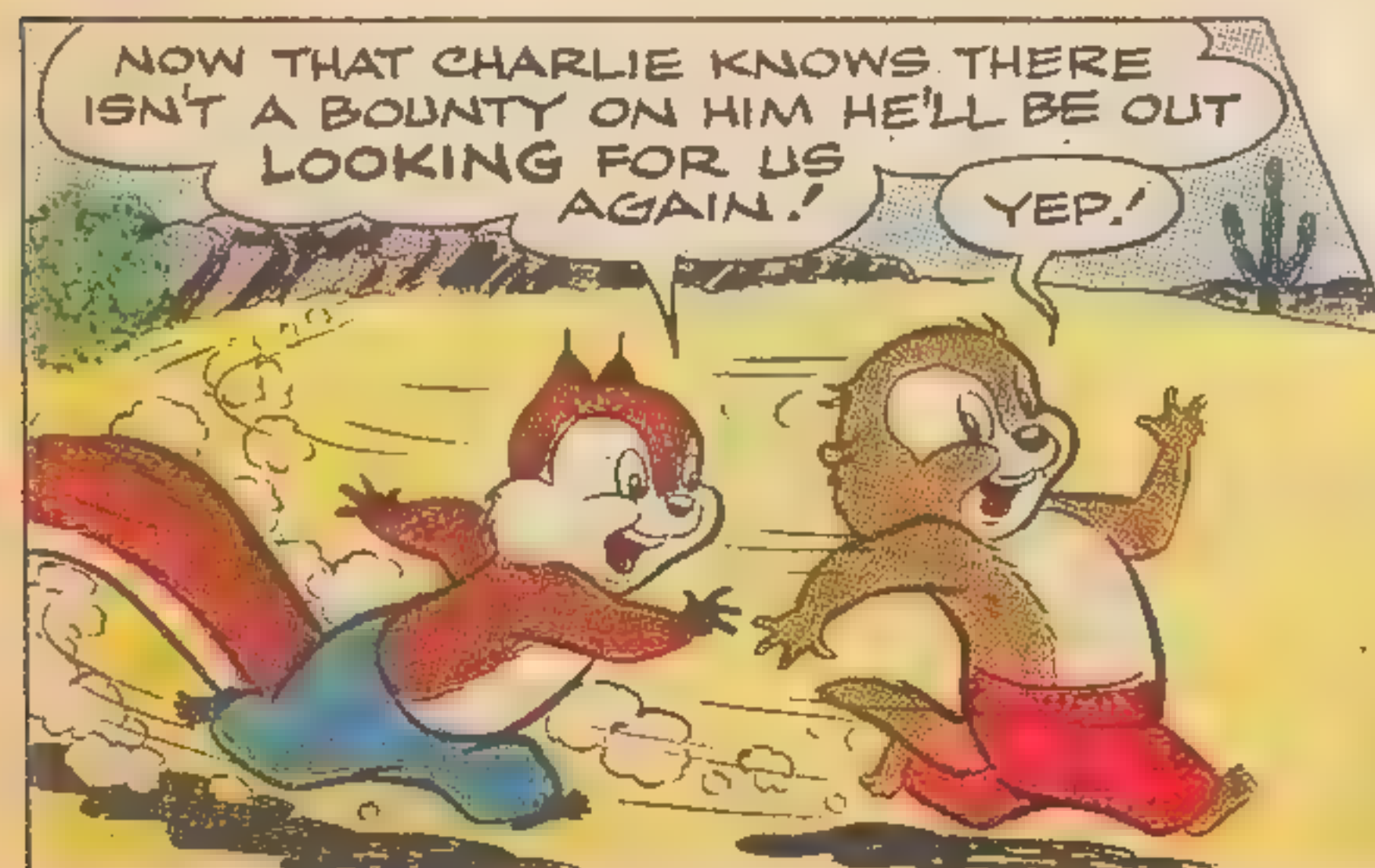
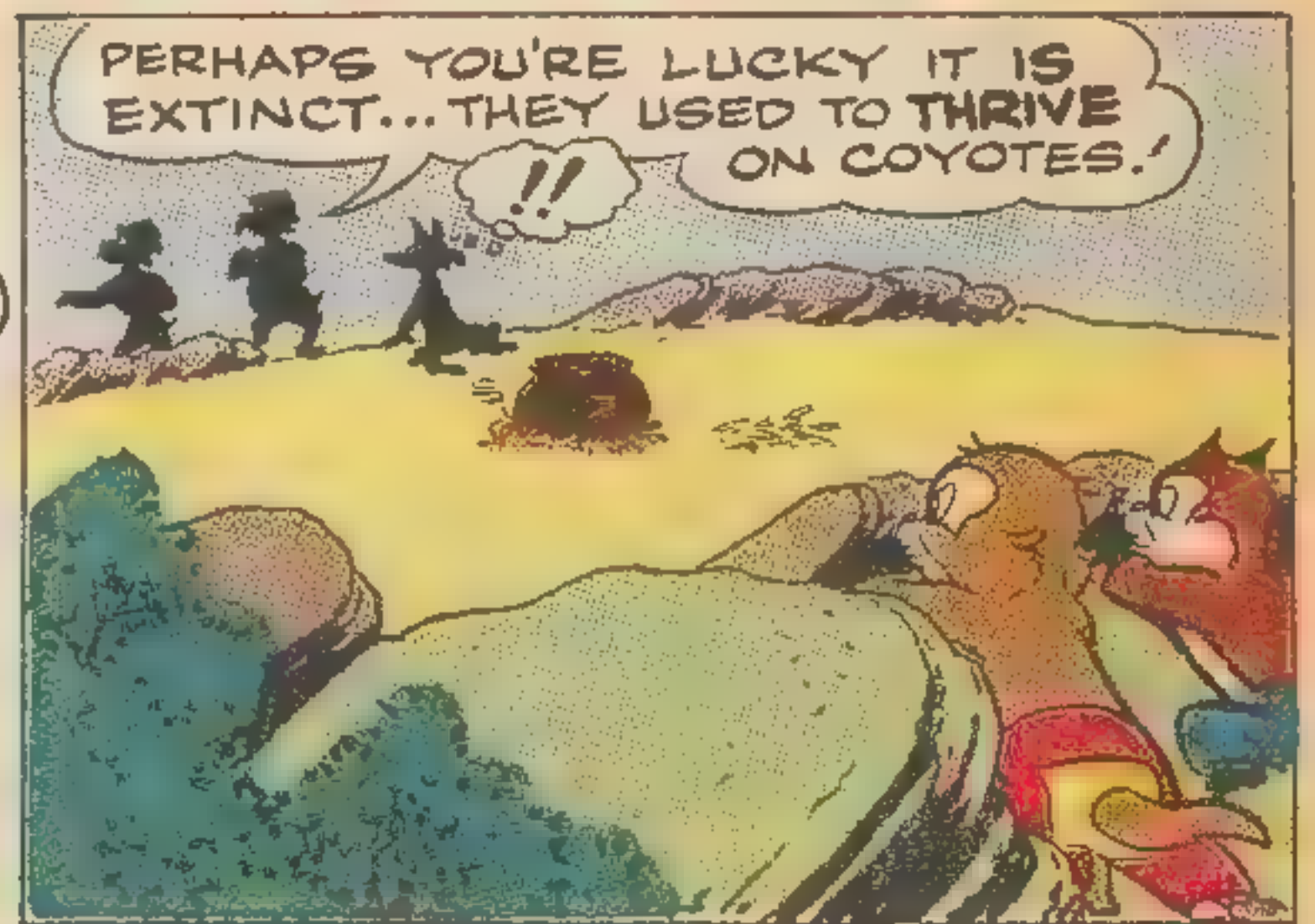
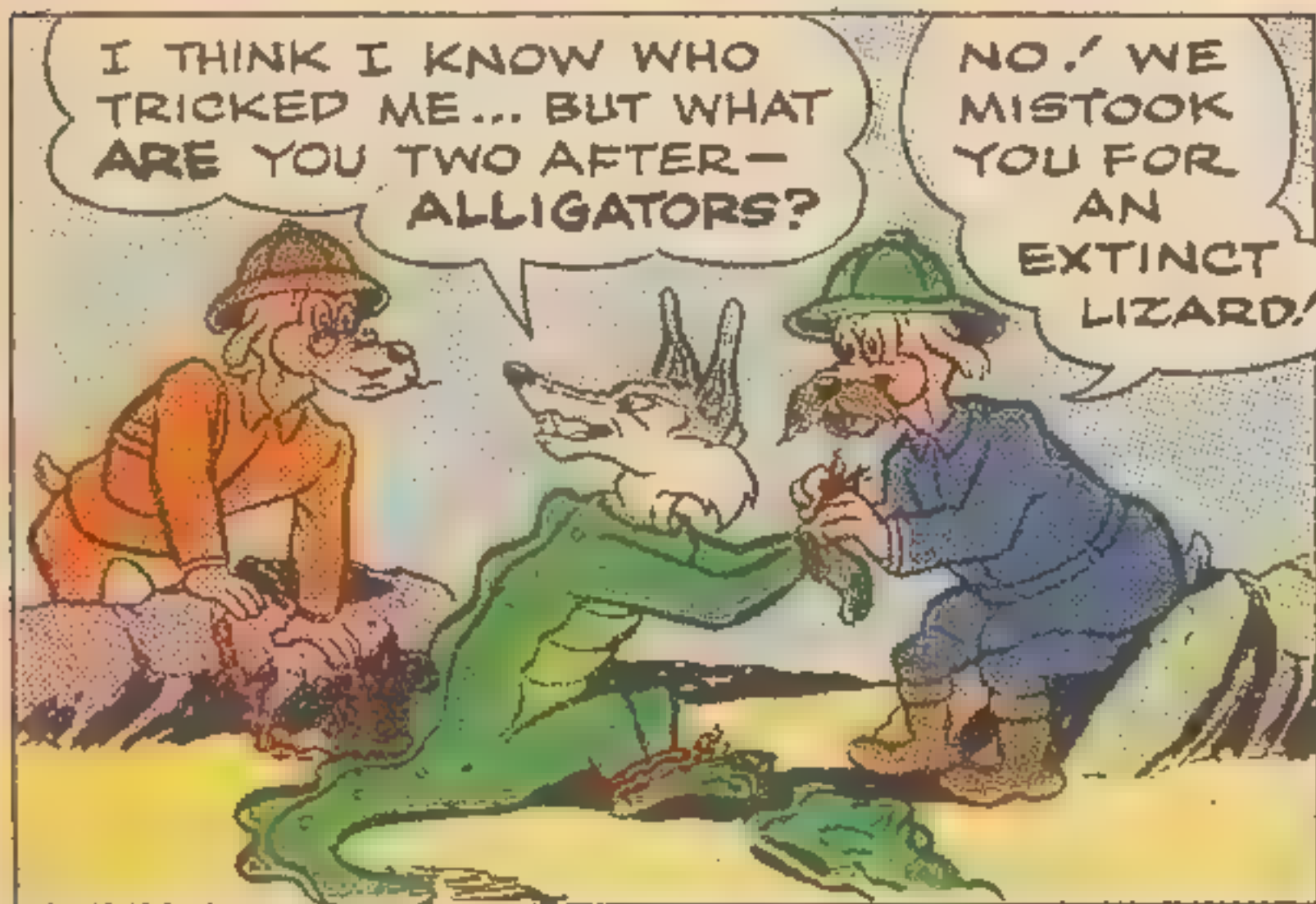
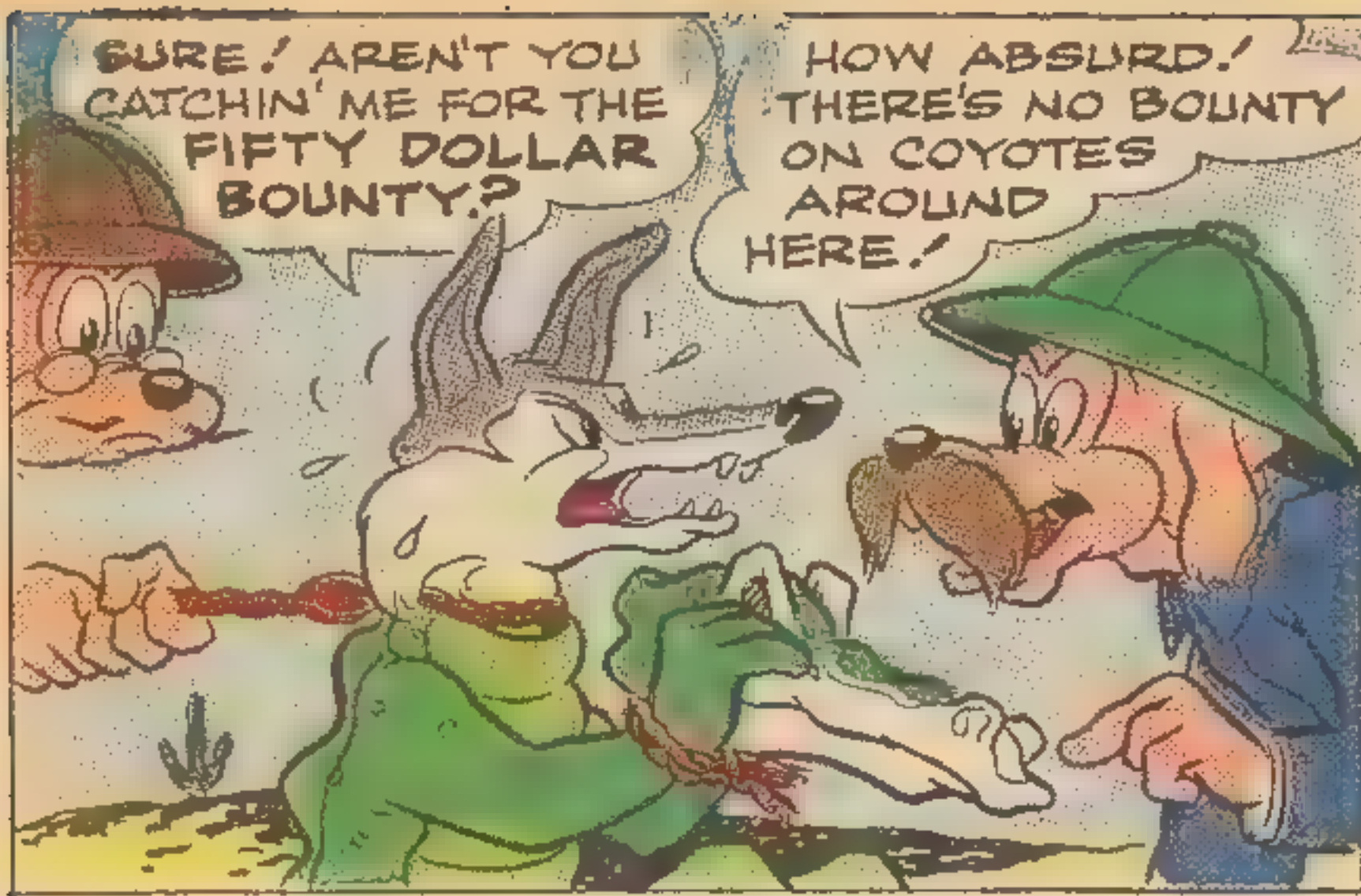
CAN WE STOP NOW?
PANT! PANT!

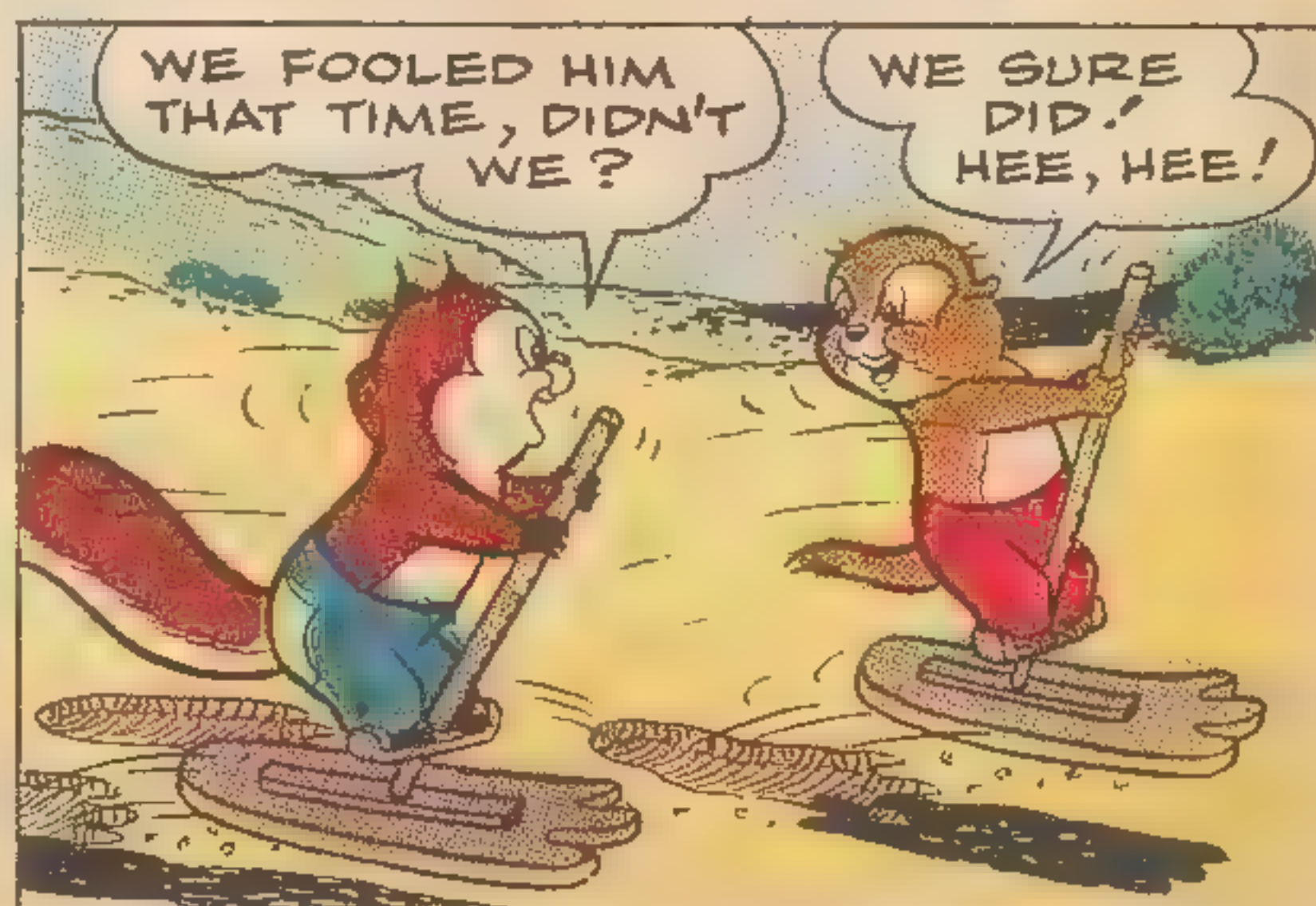
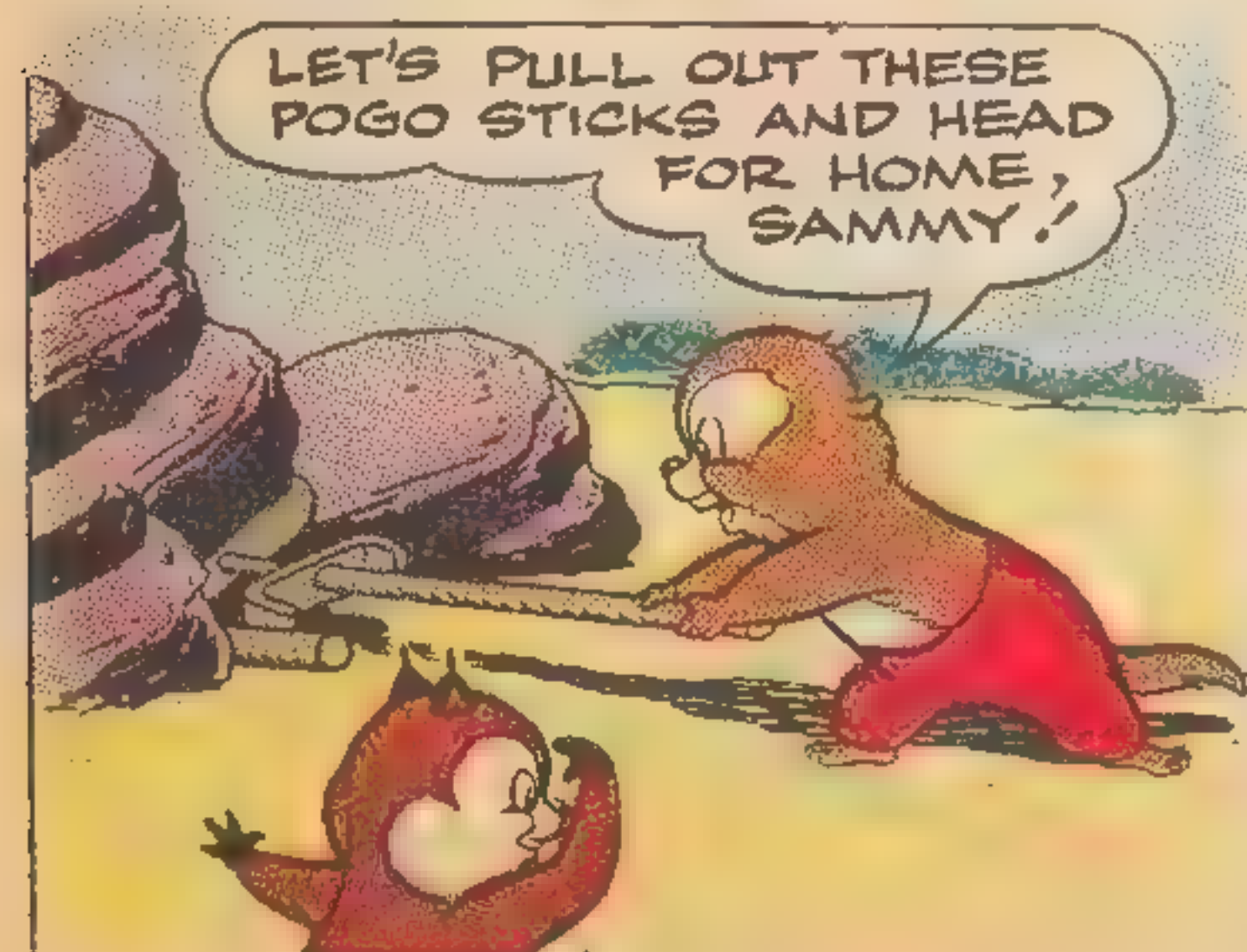
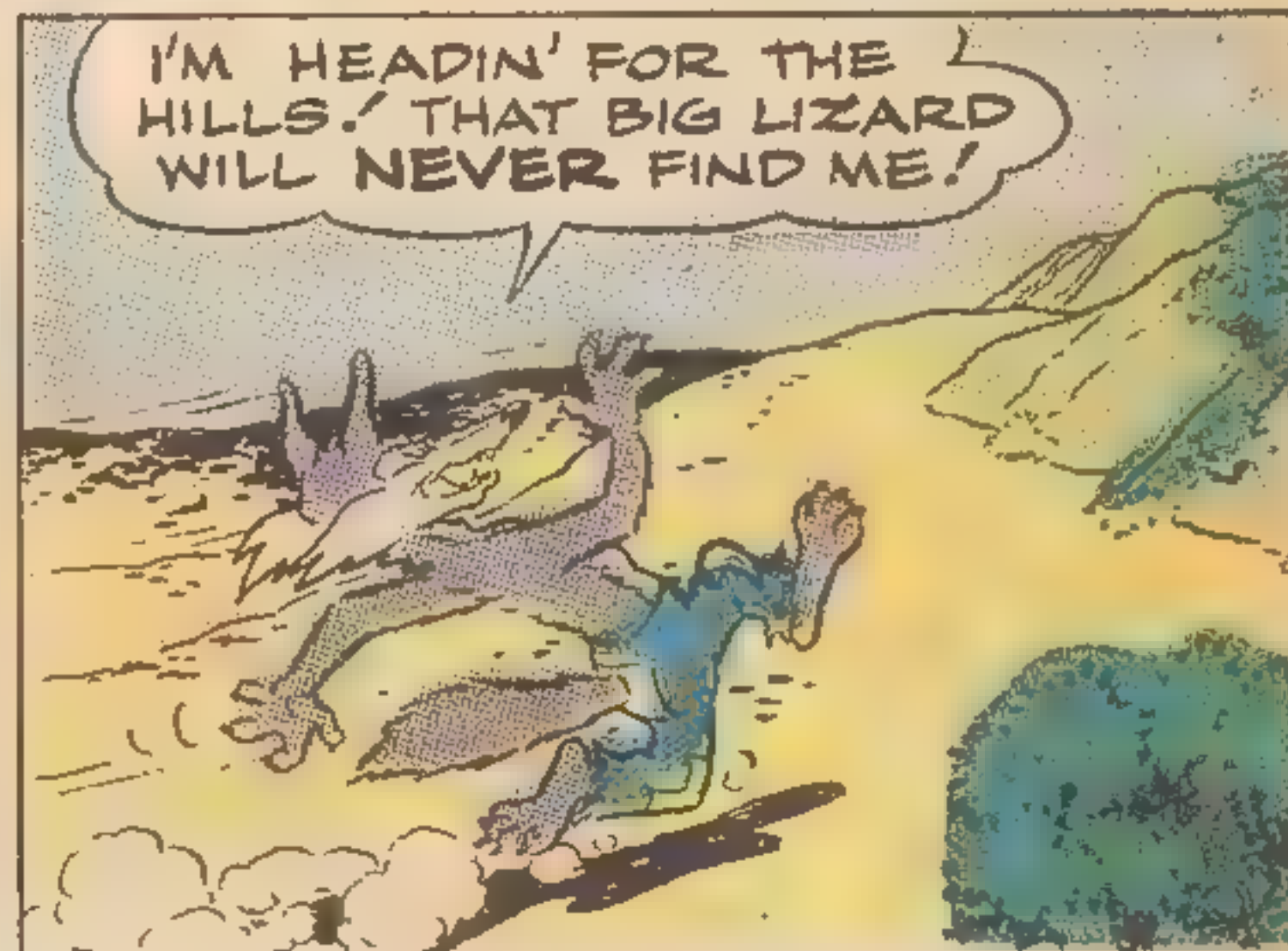
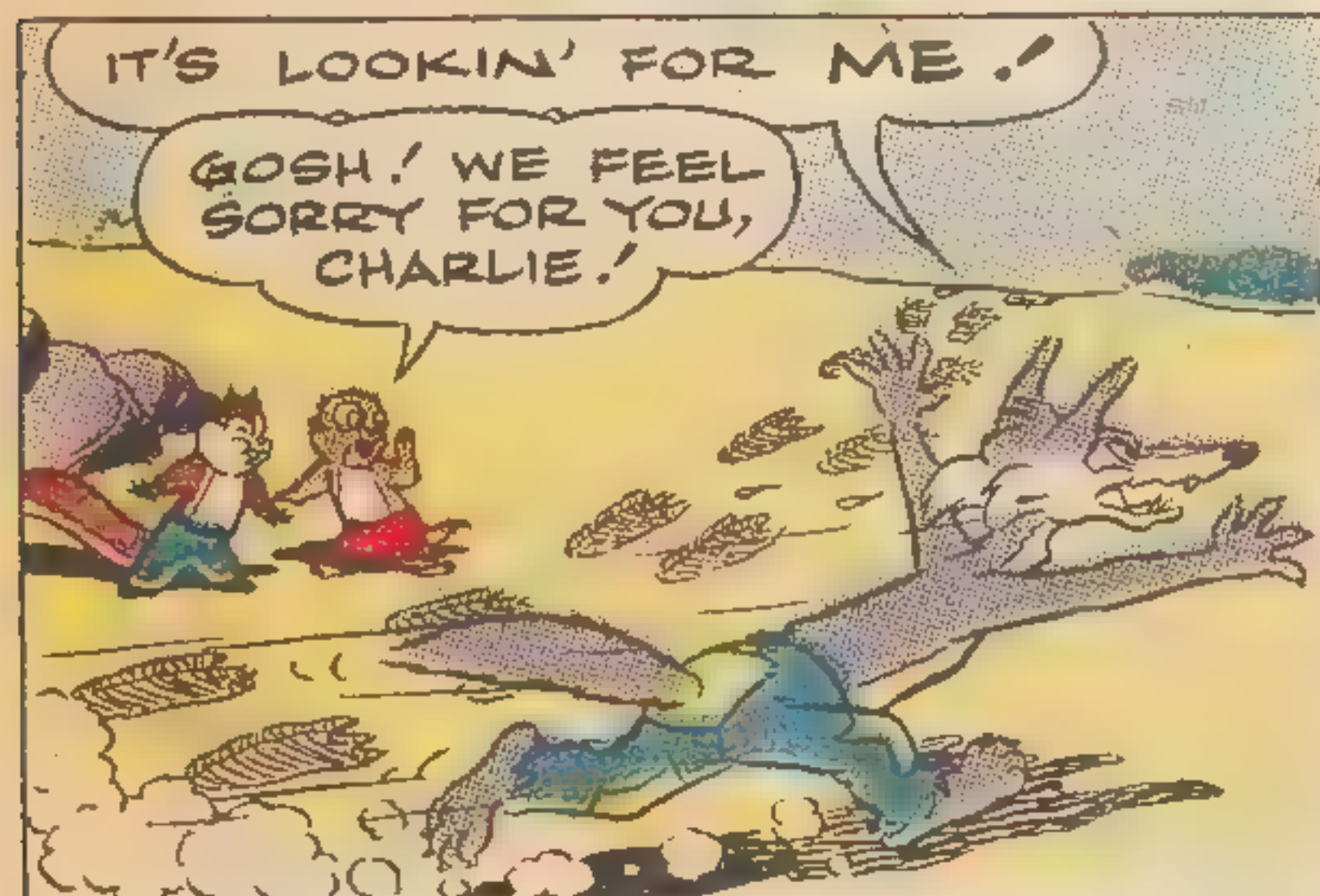
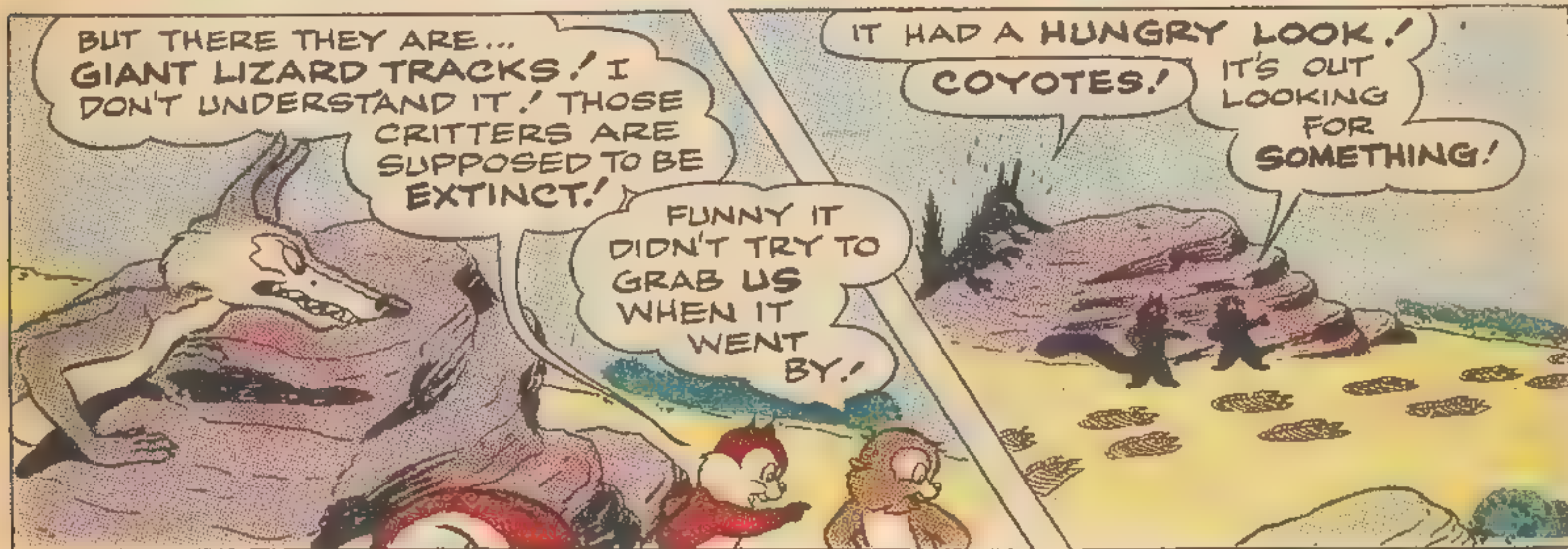
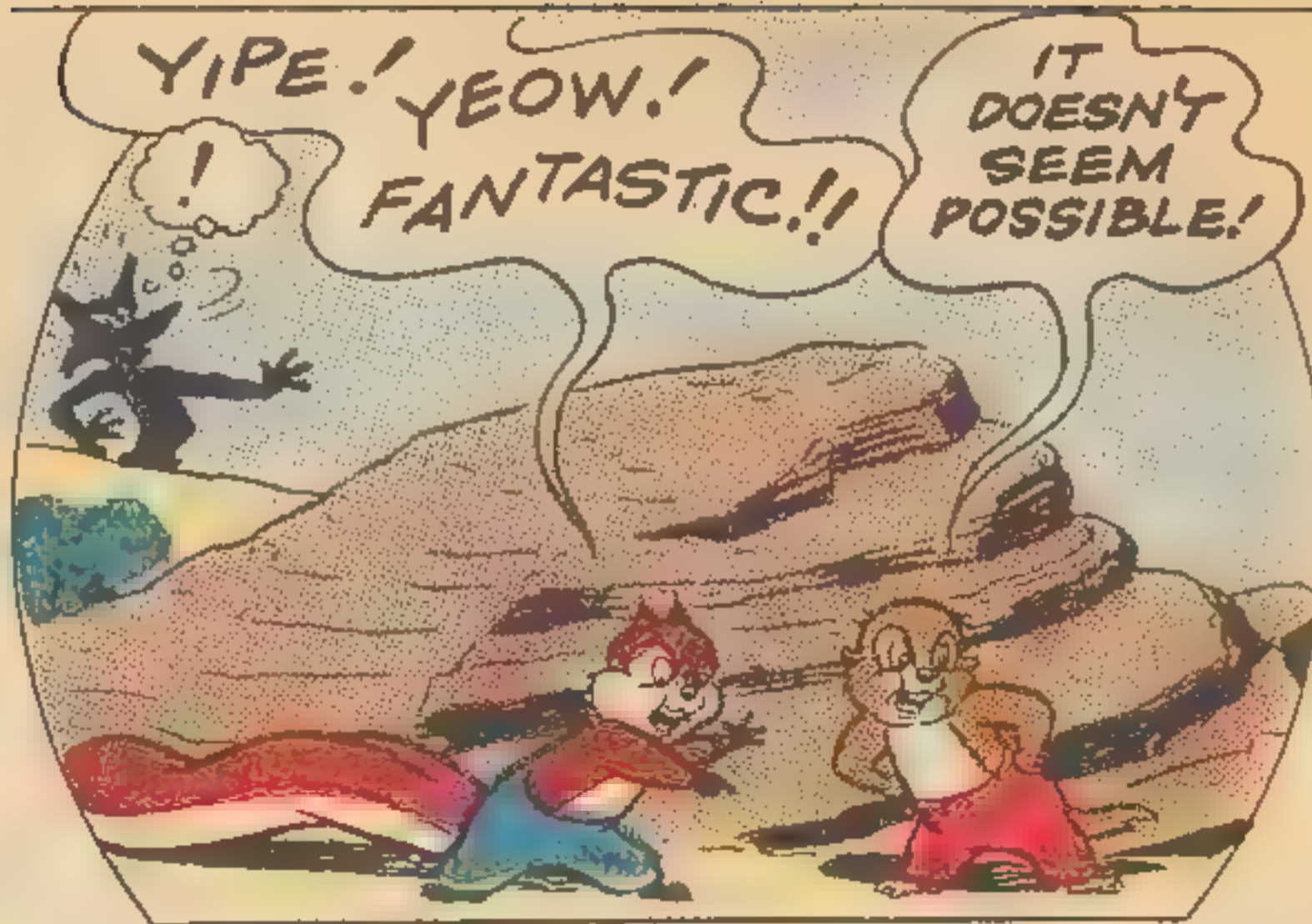
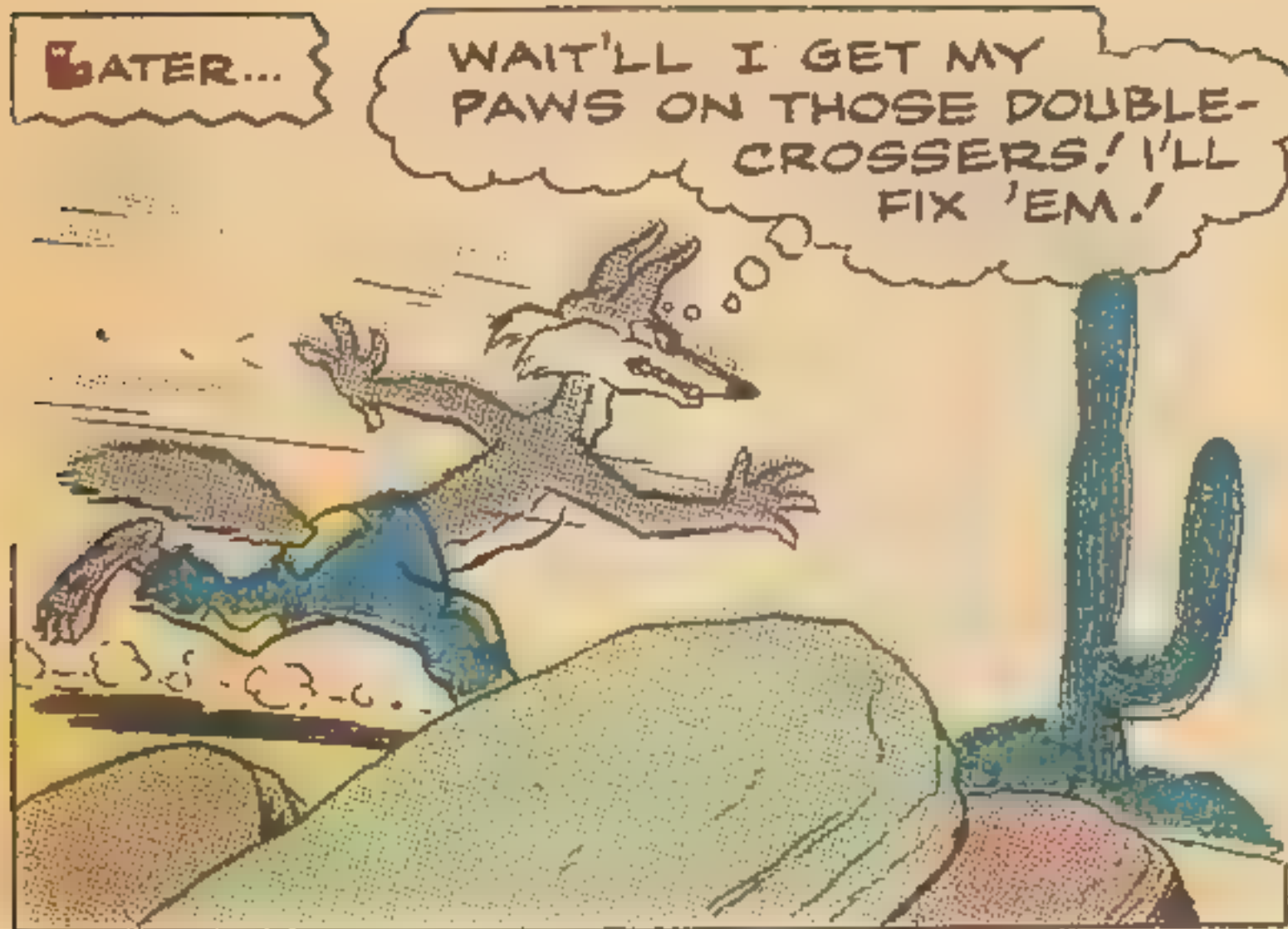
KEEP GOIN'!
YOU'RE JUST
PASSIN' THROUGH
CHINA! HEH, HEH!

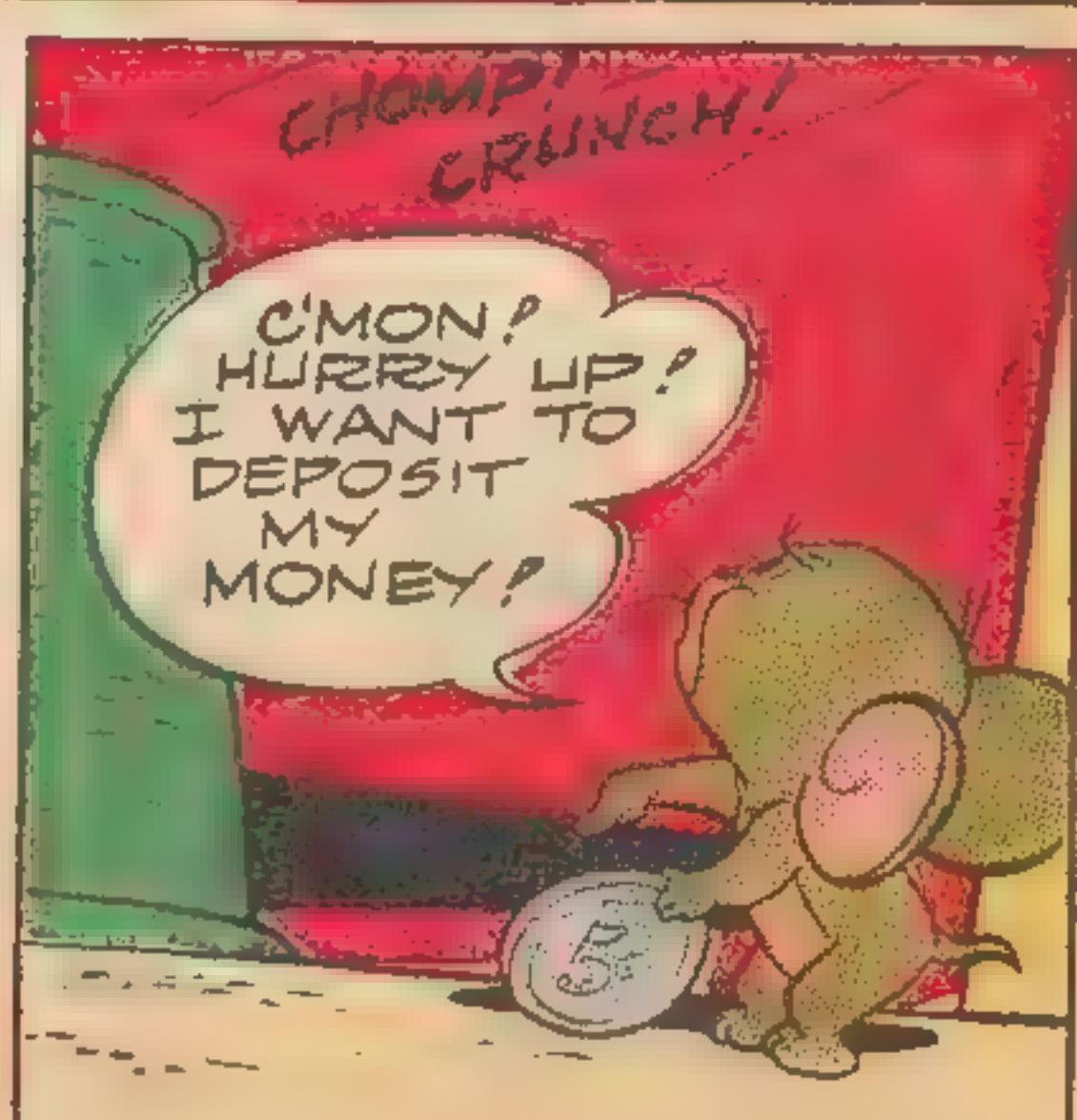
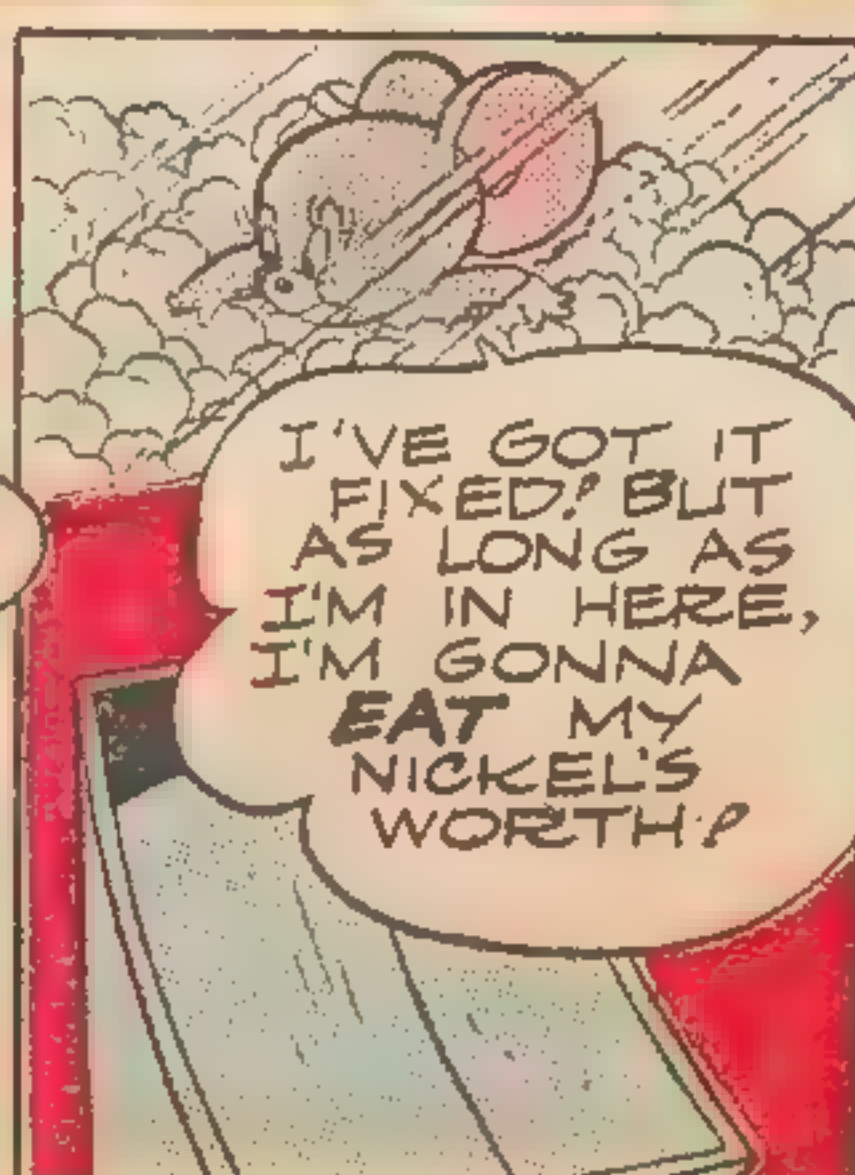
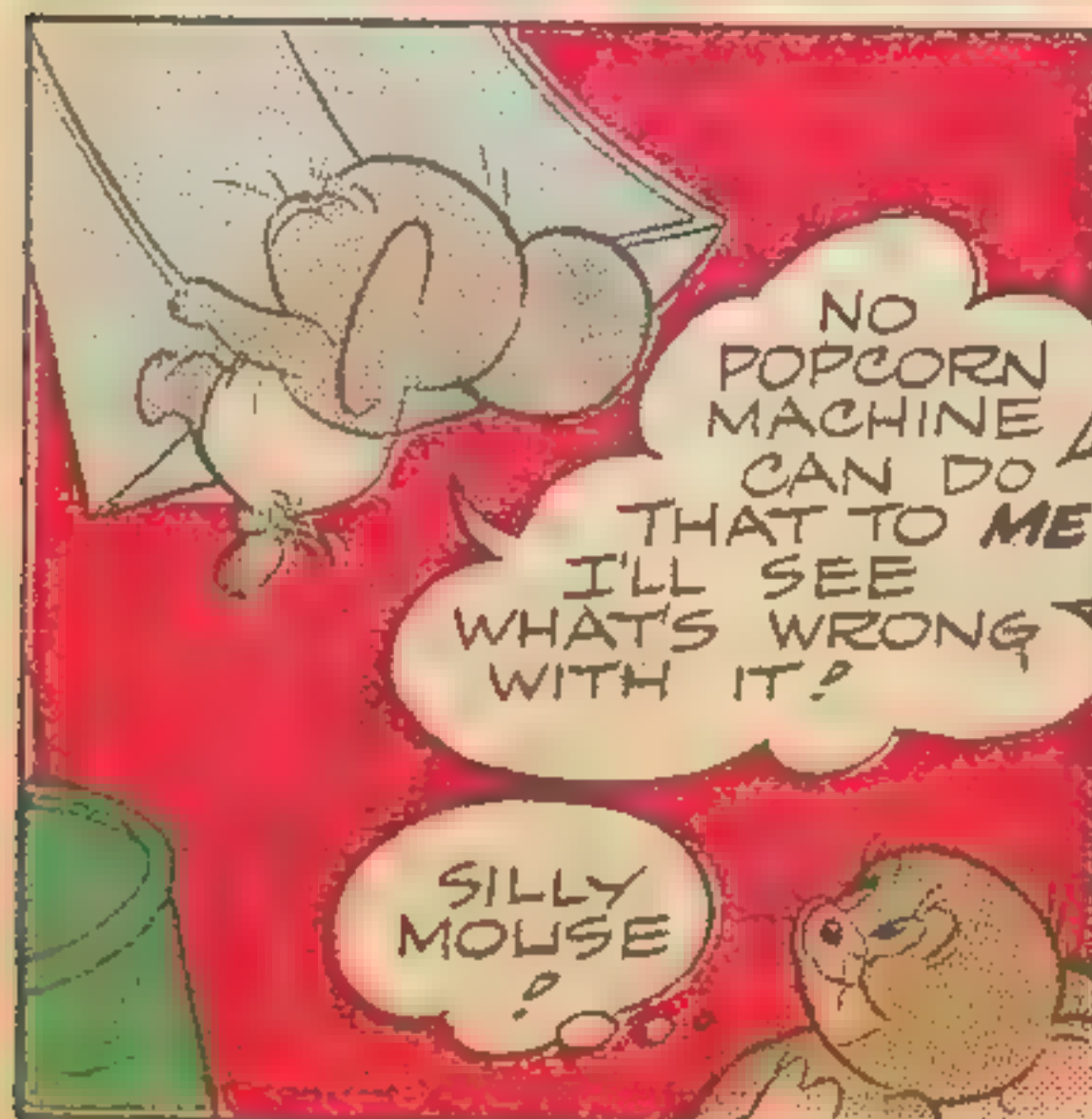
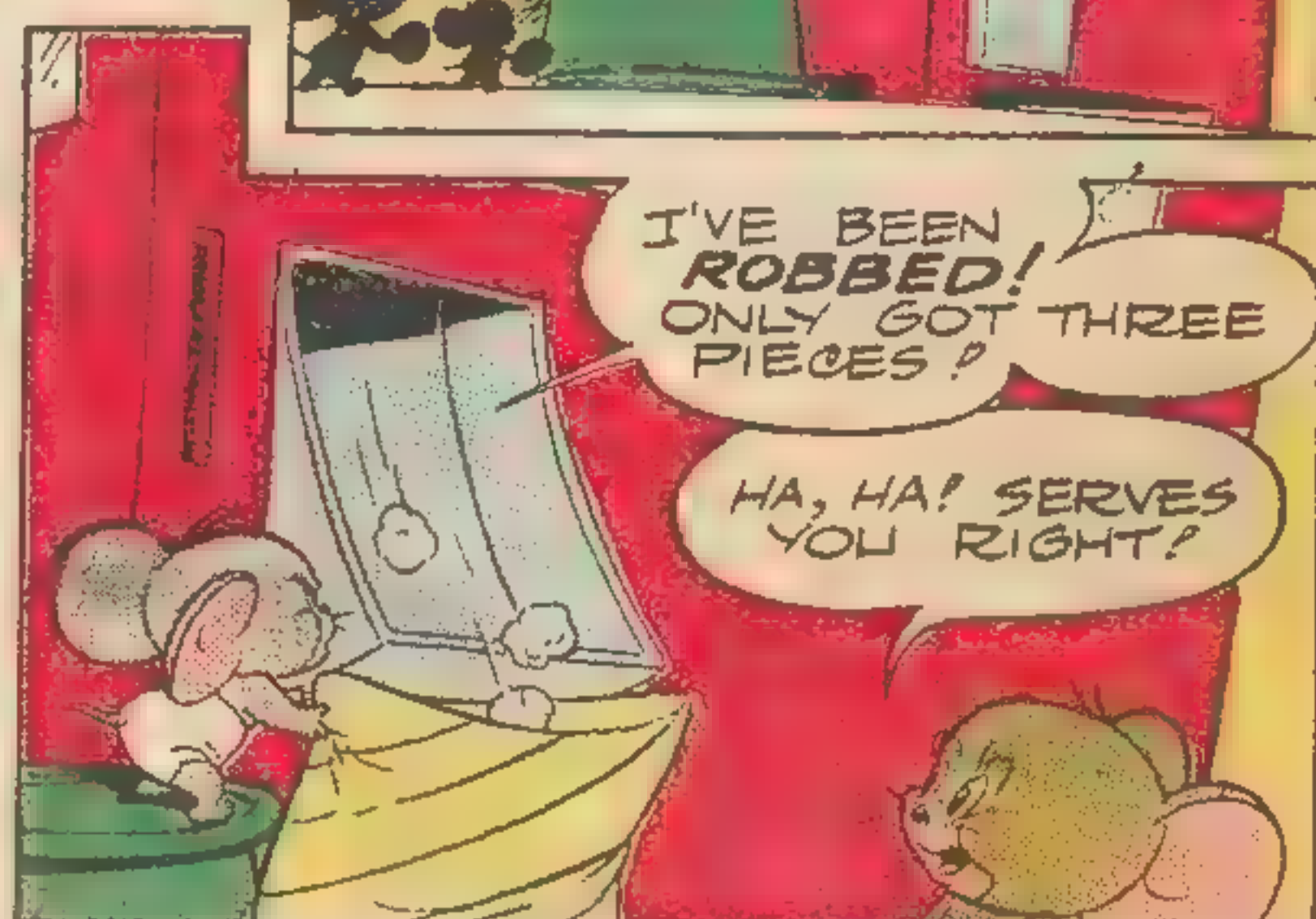
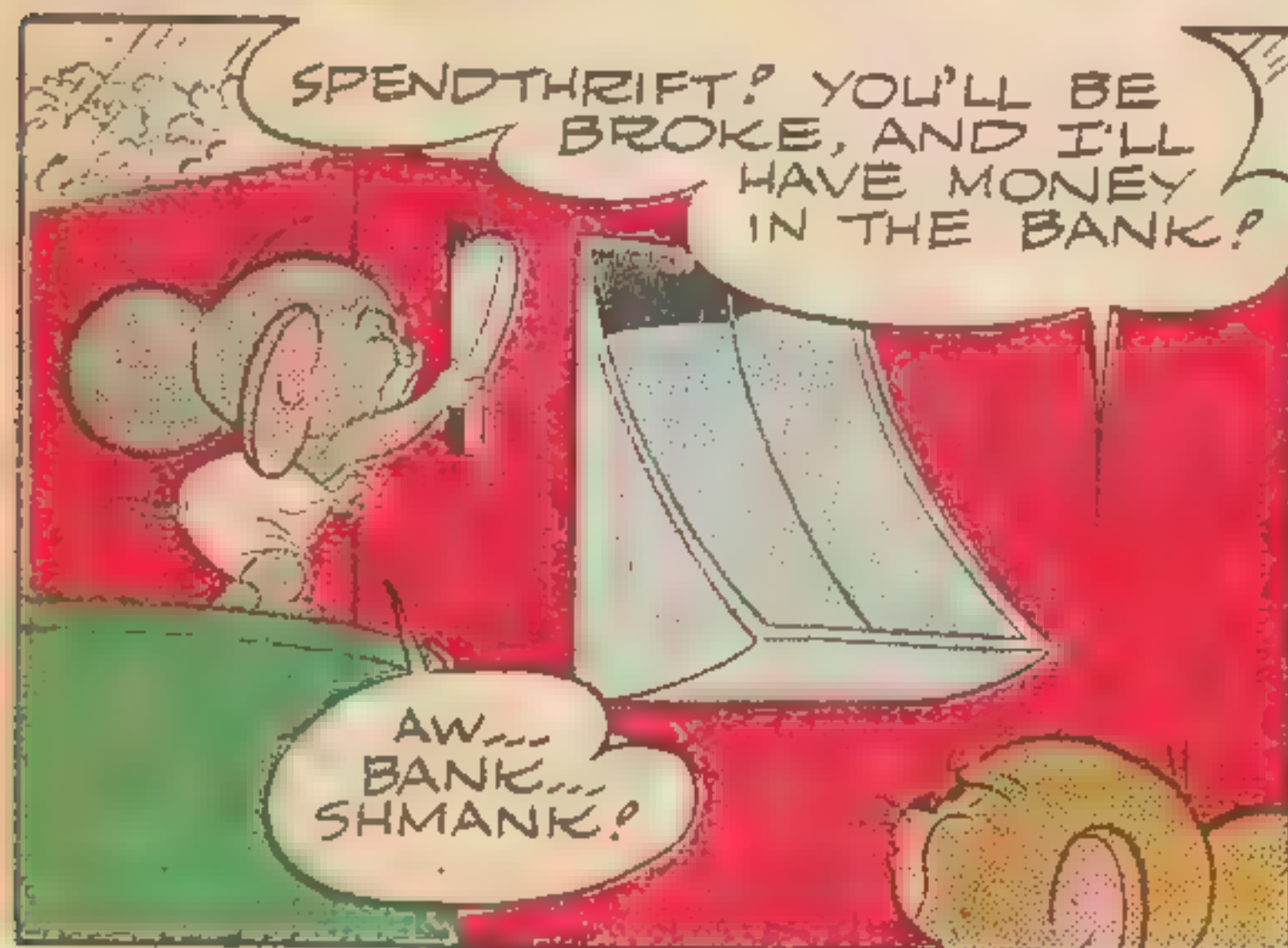
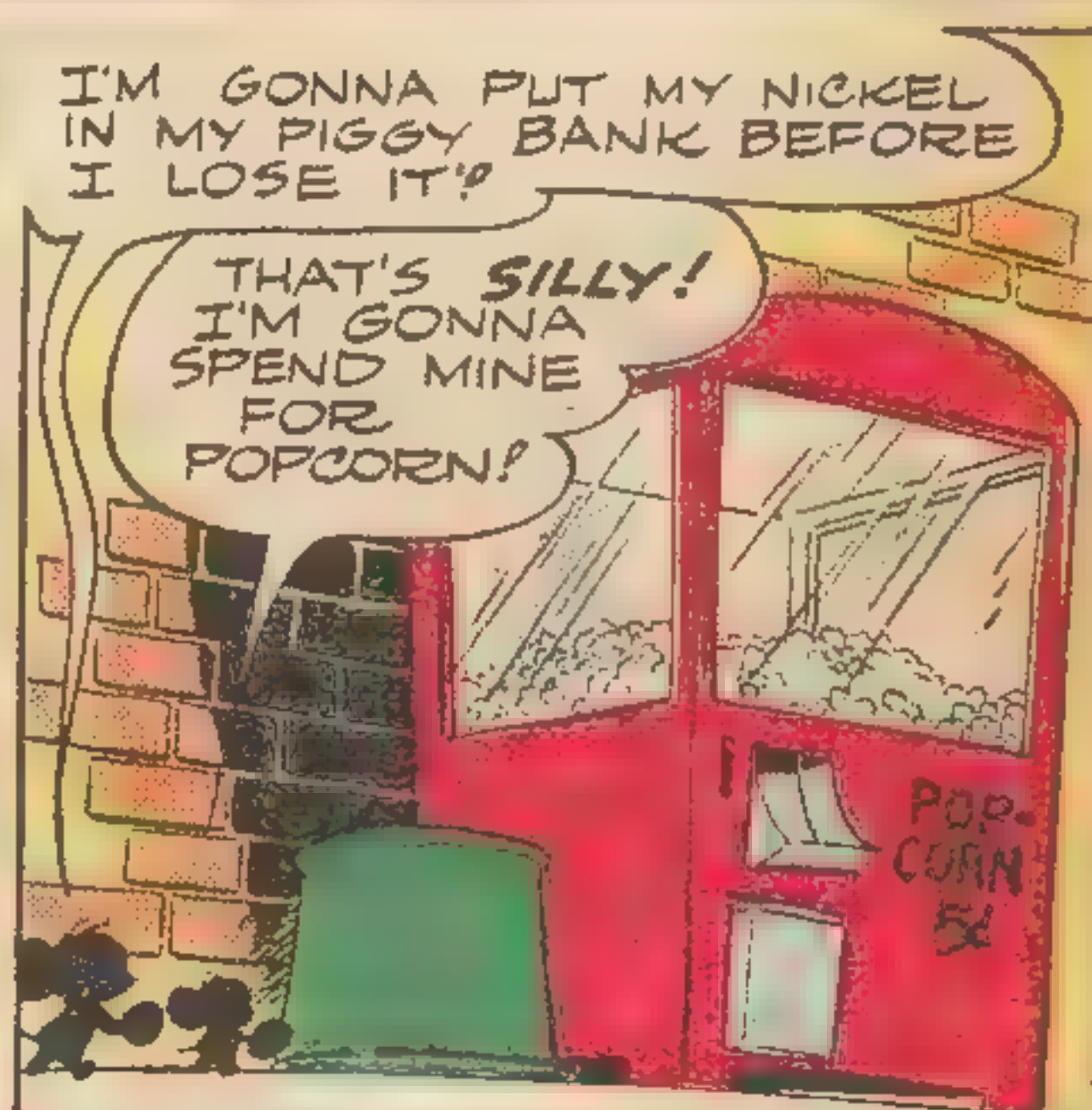
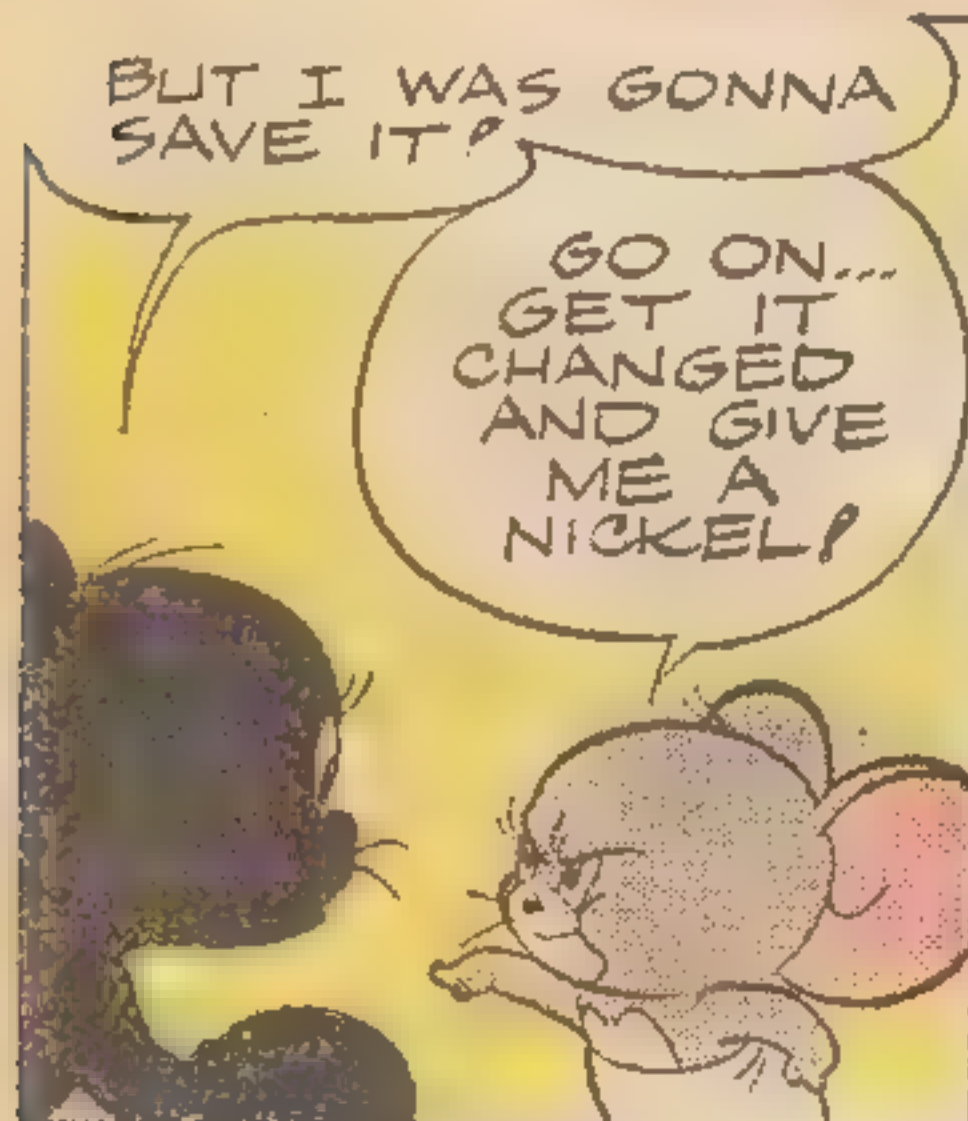
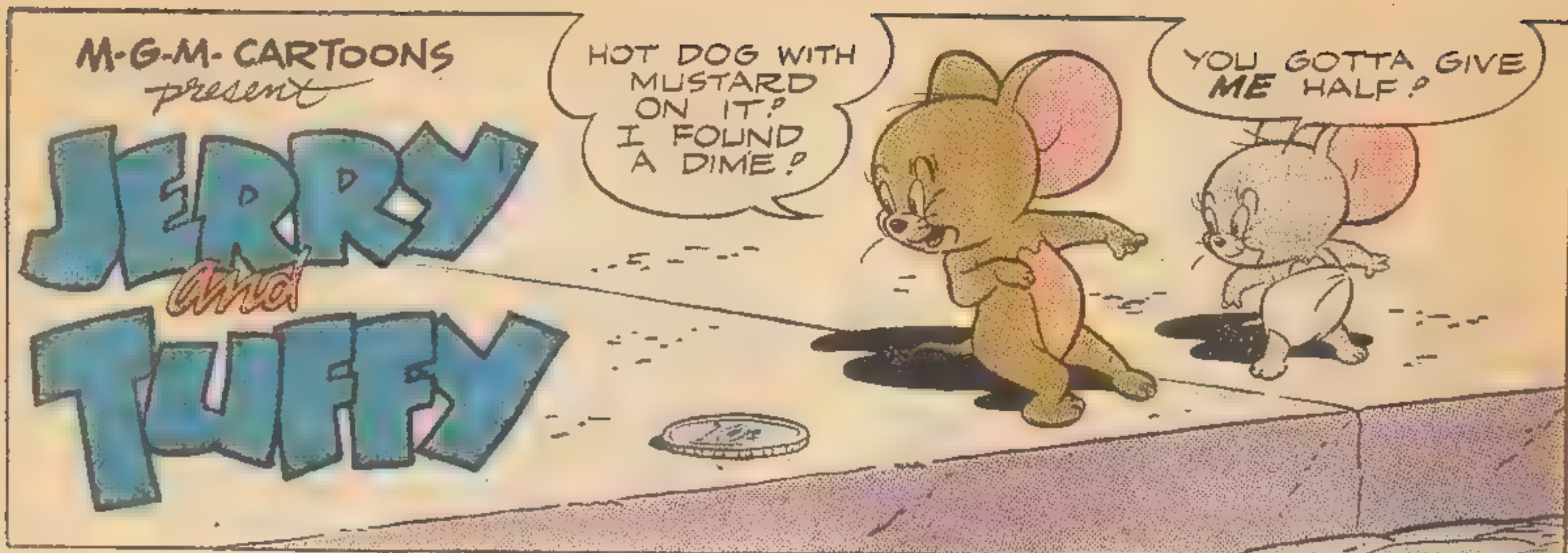


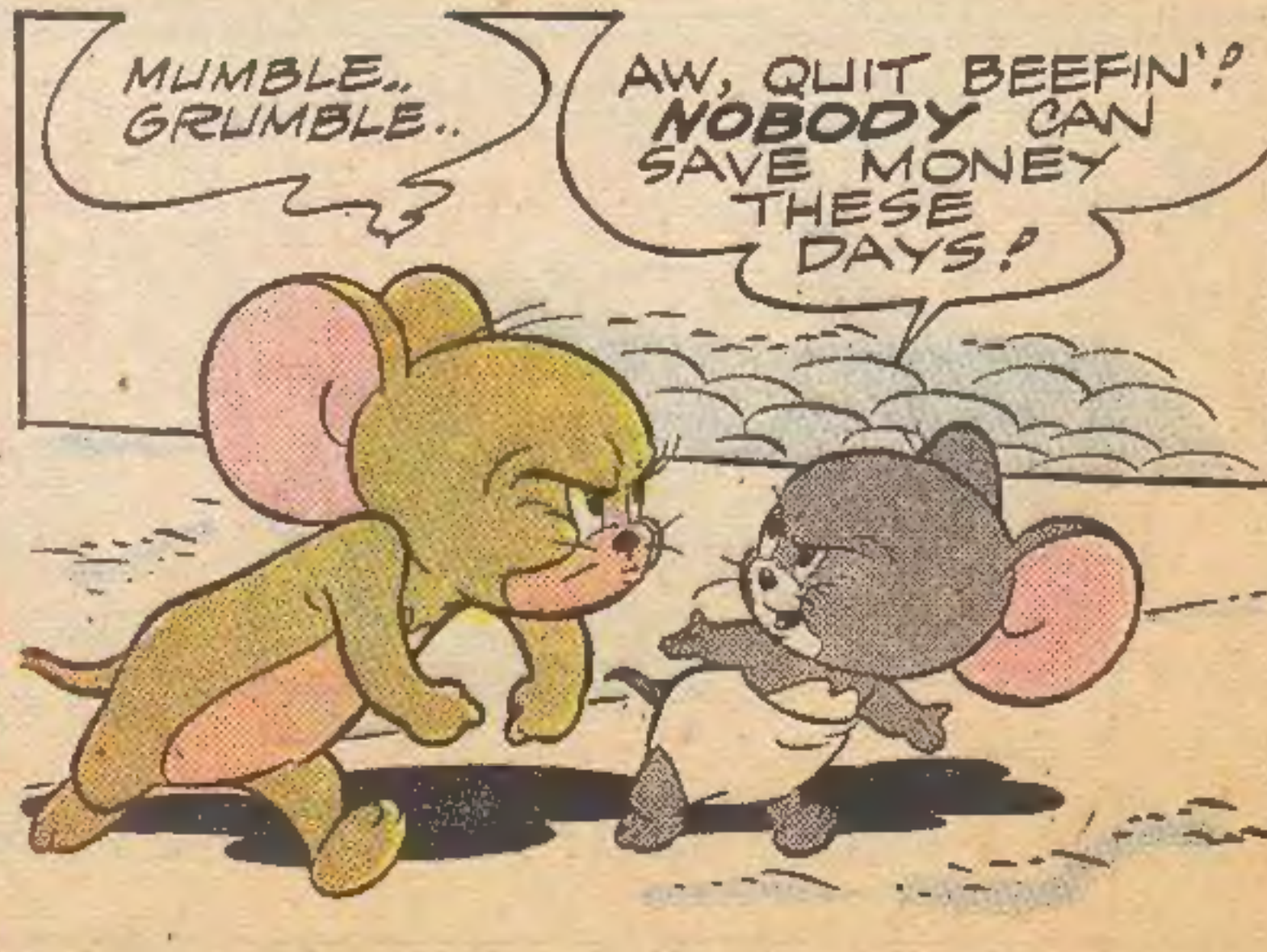
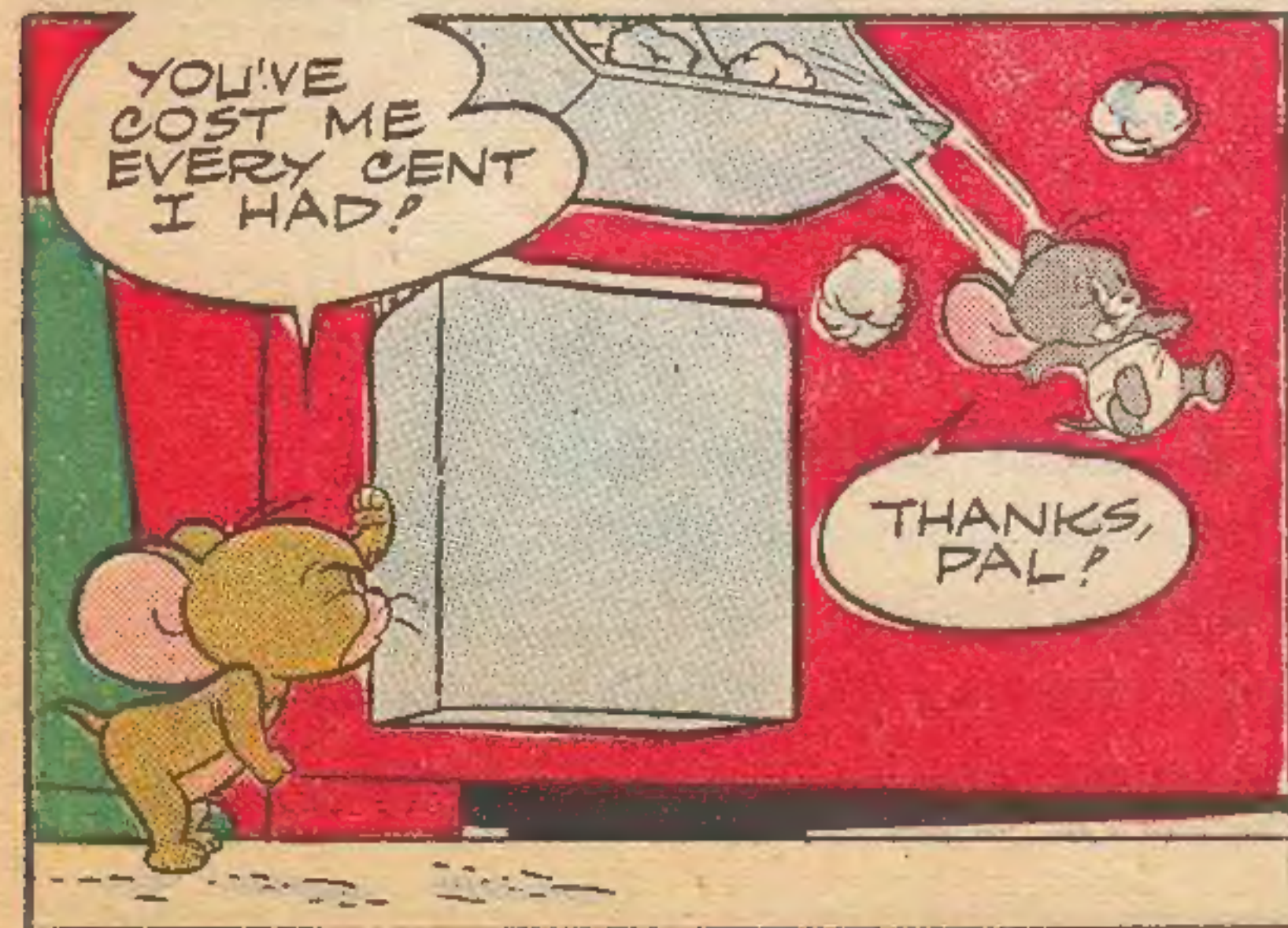
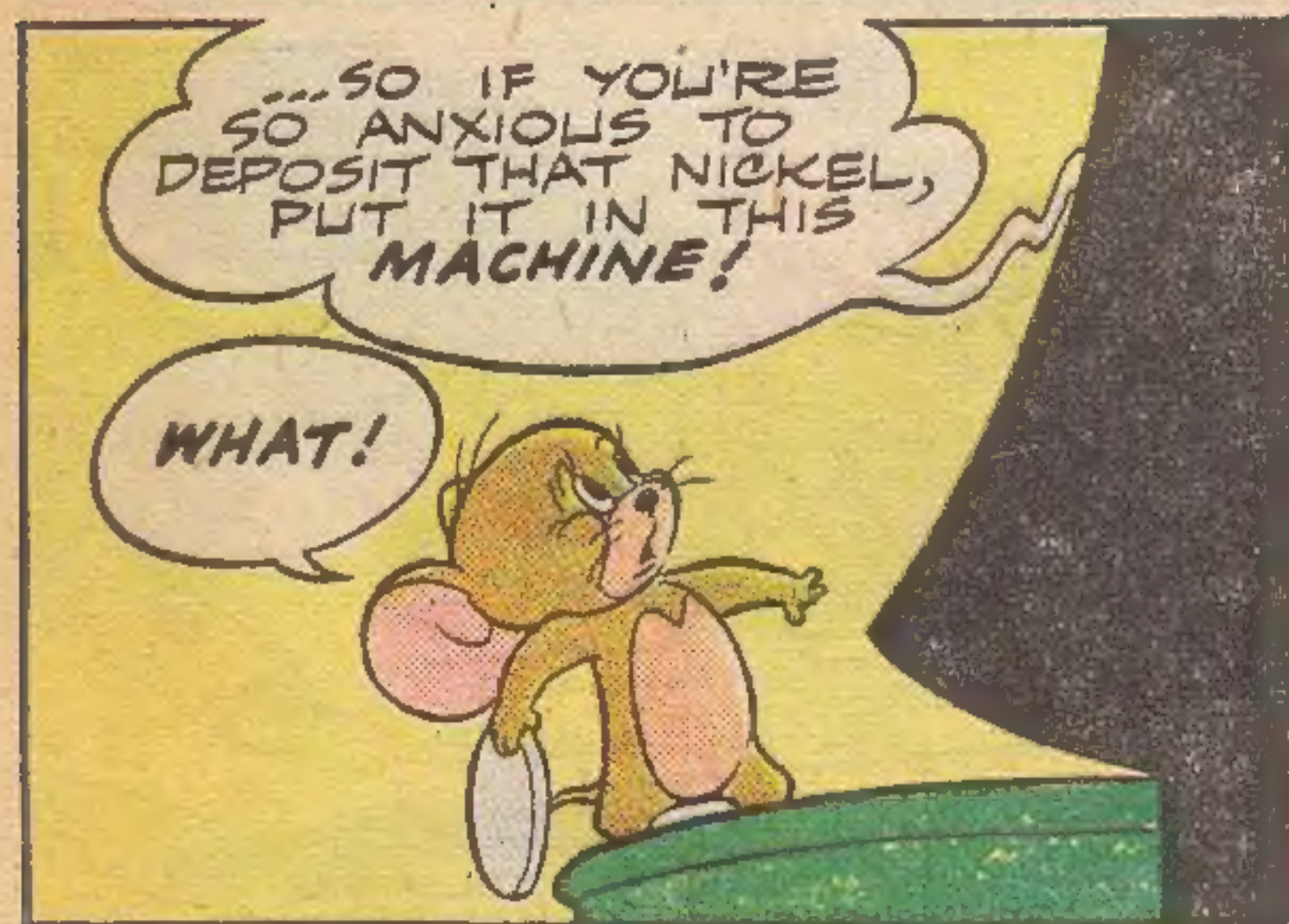
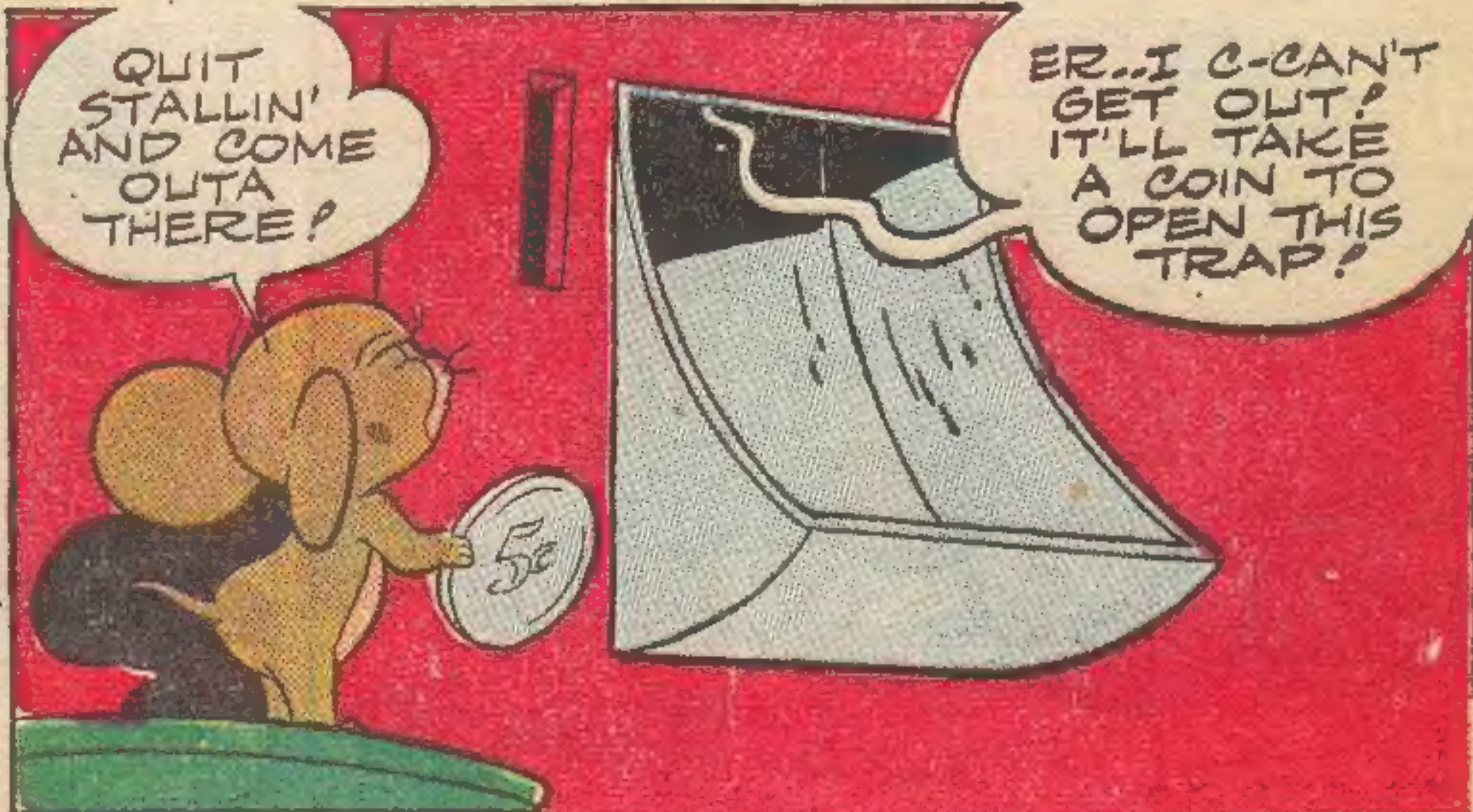
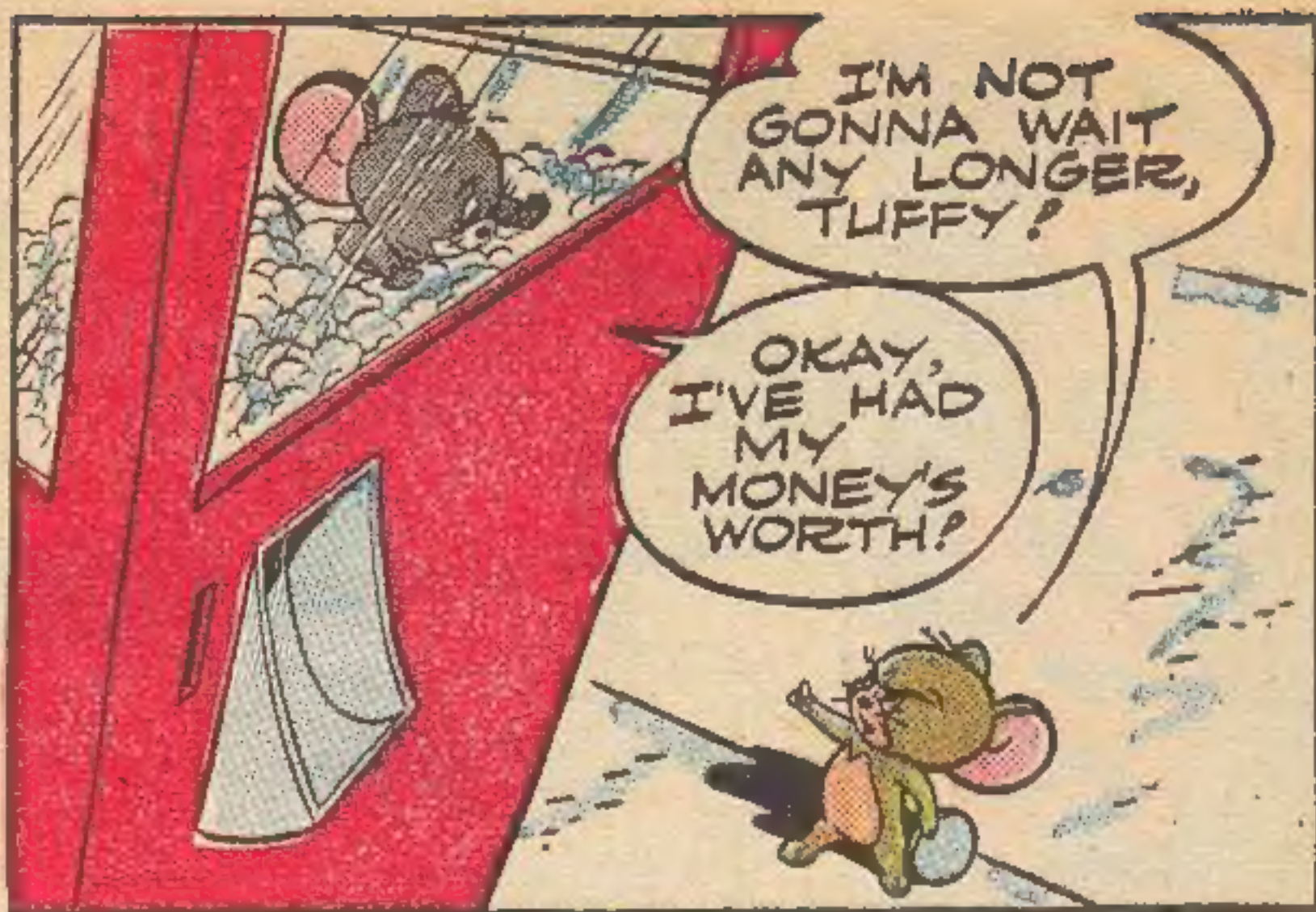
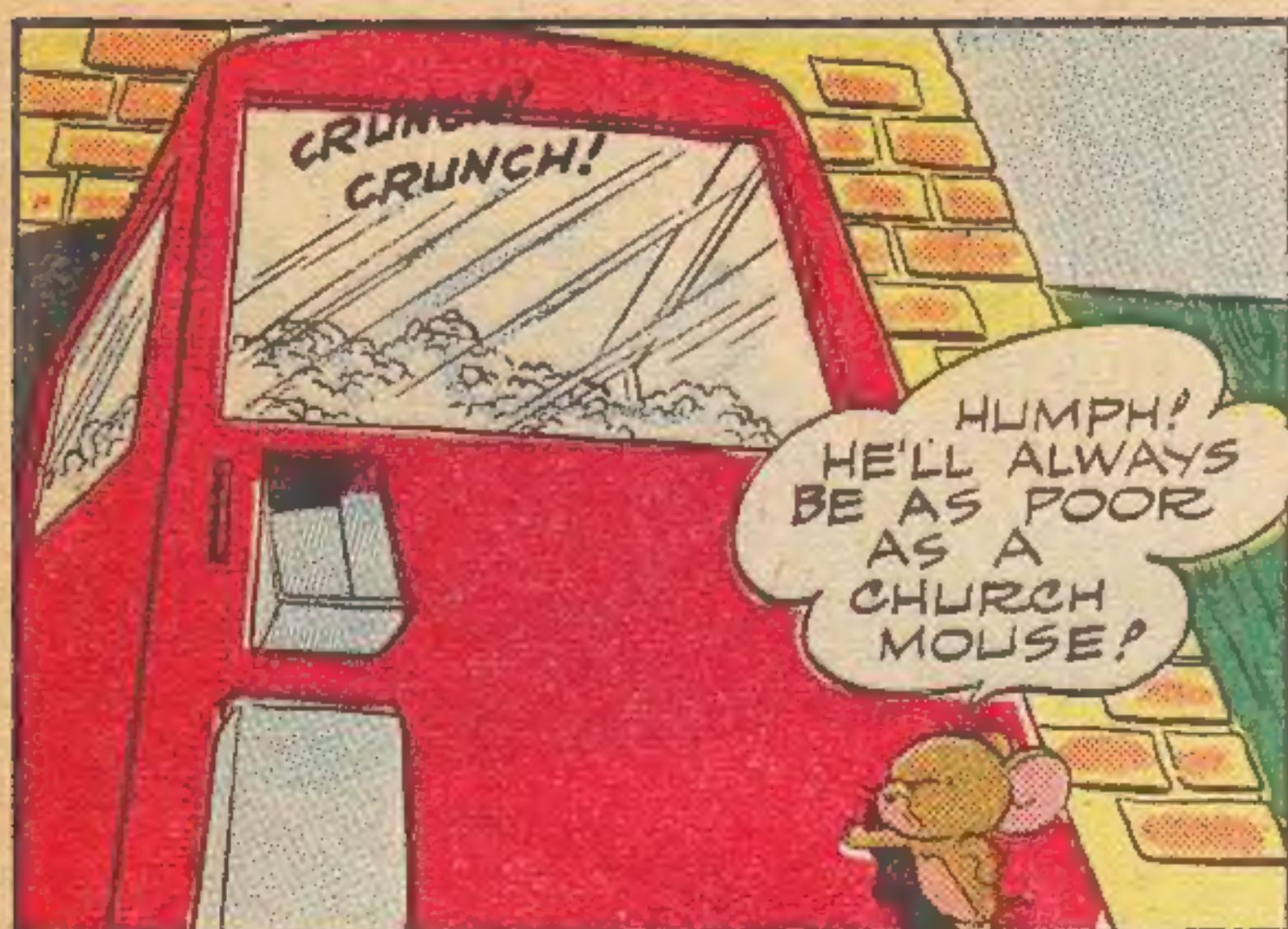




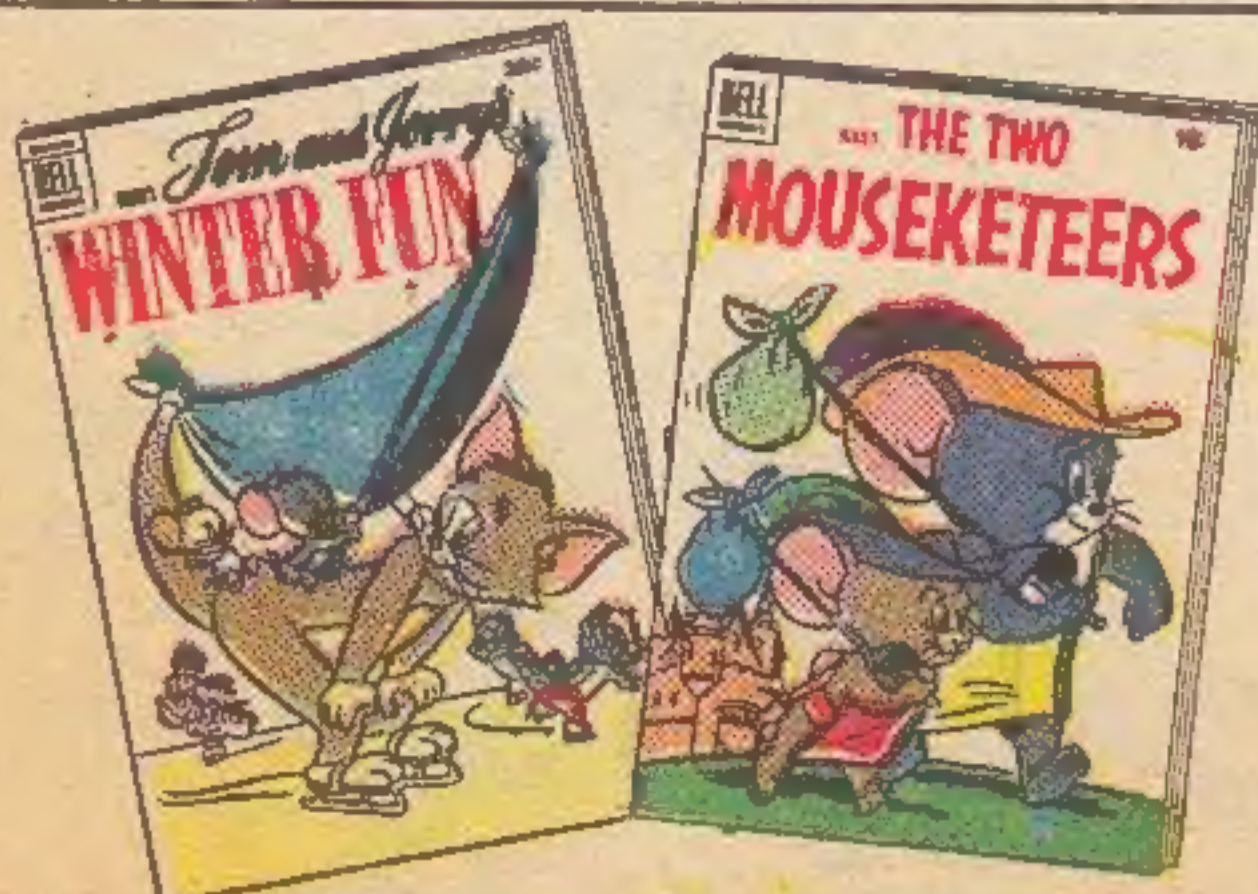
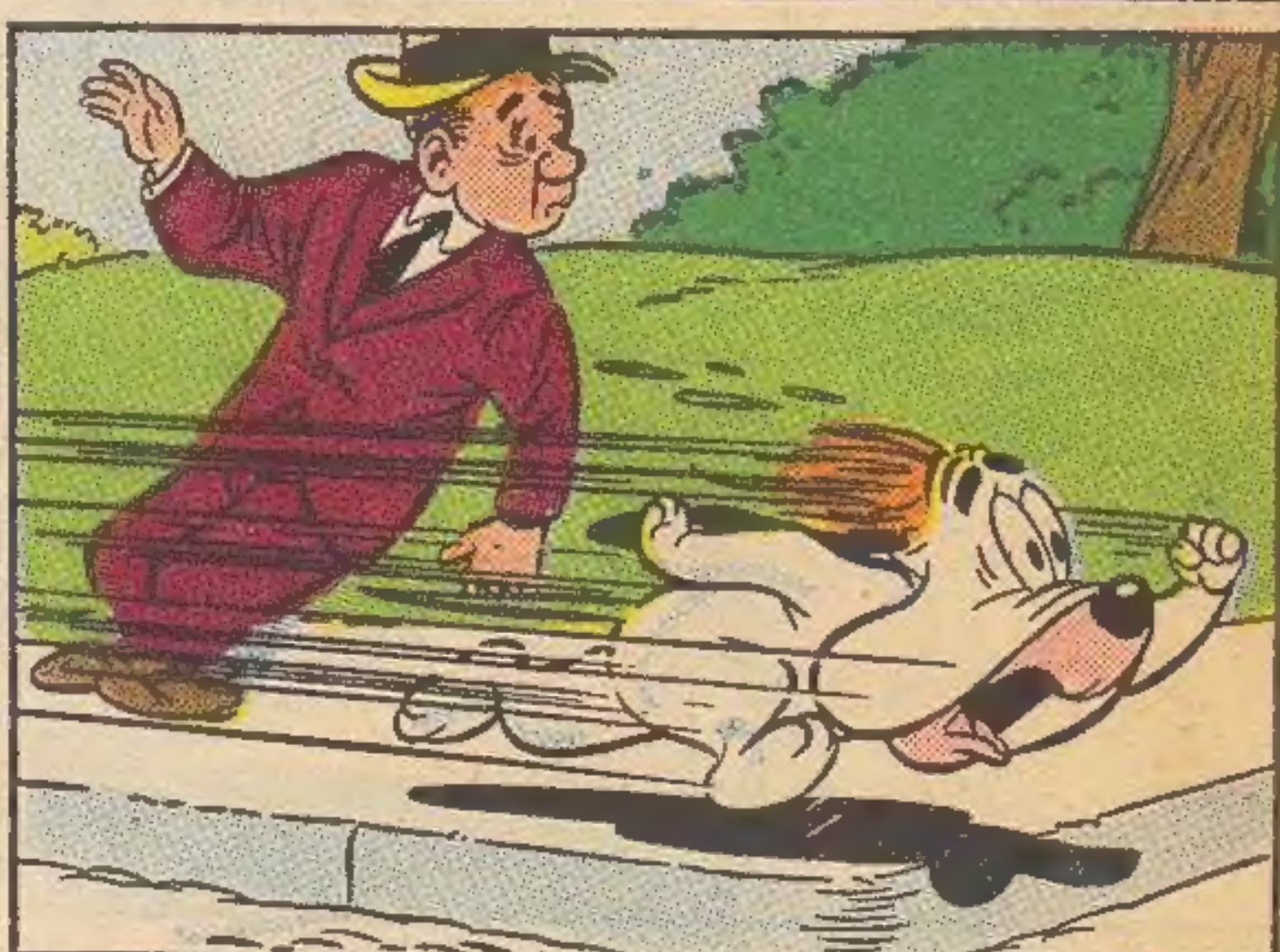
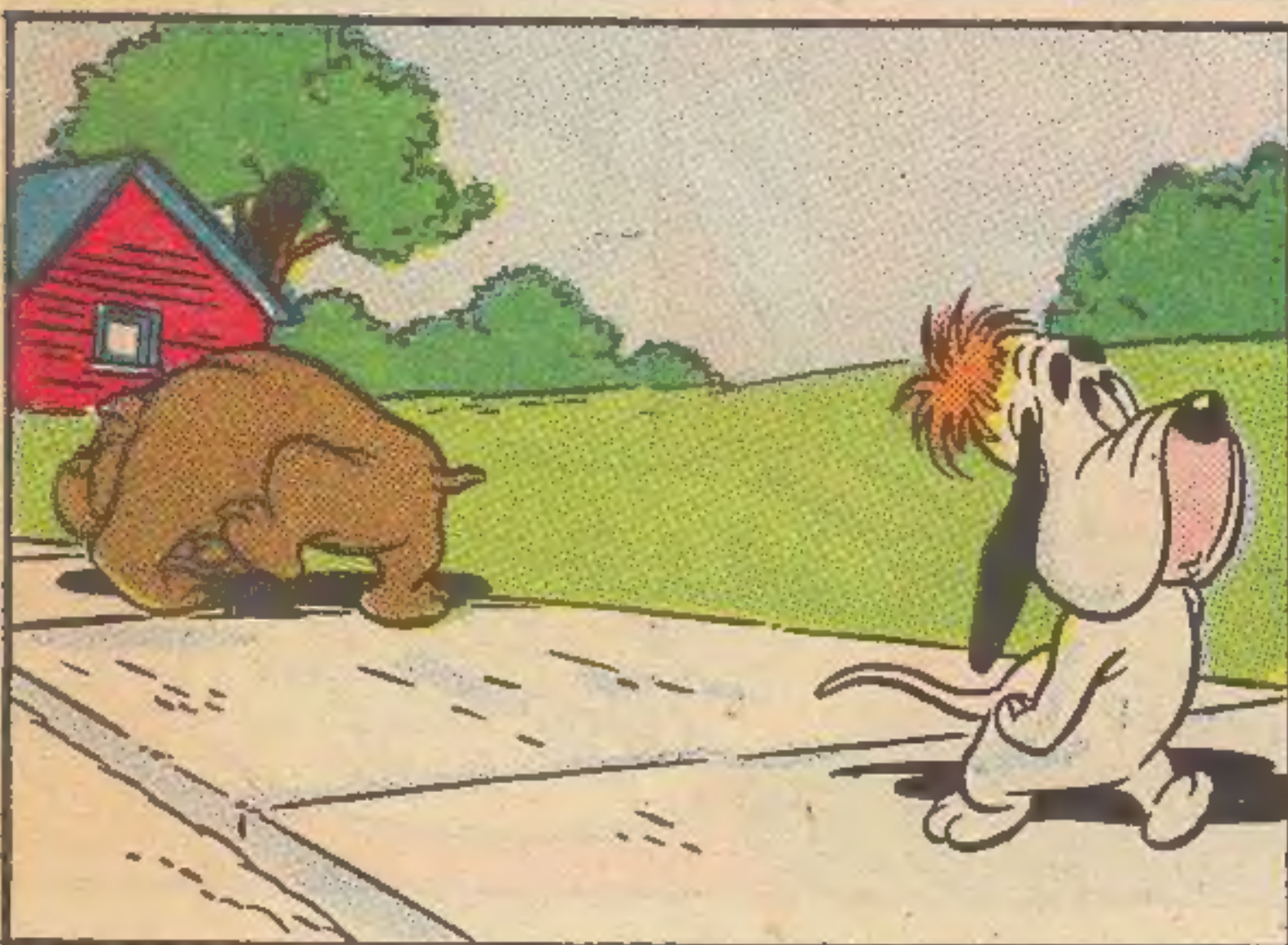
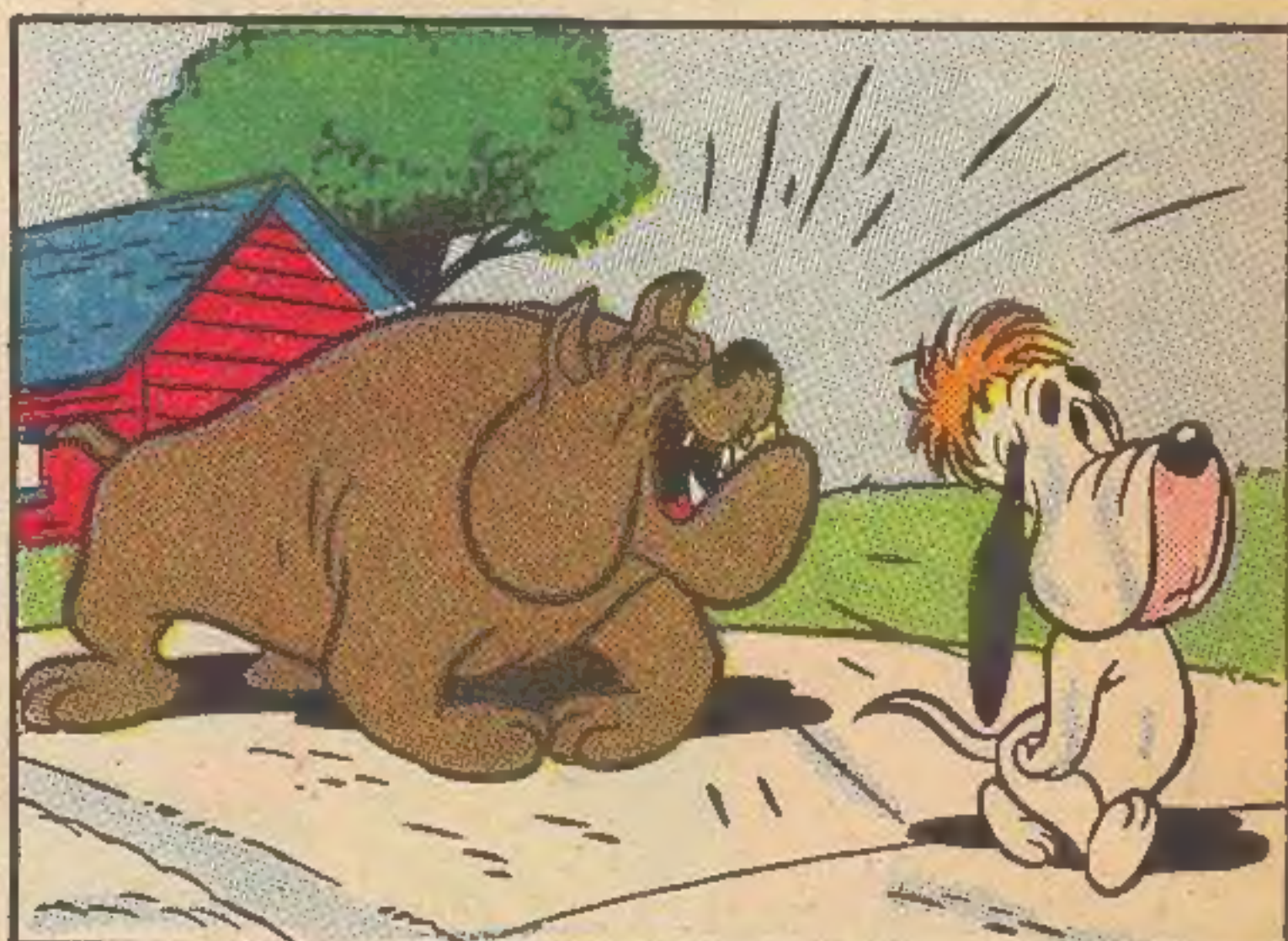
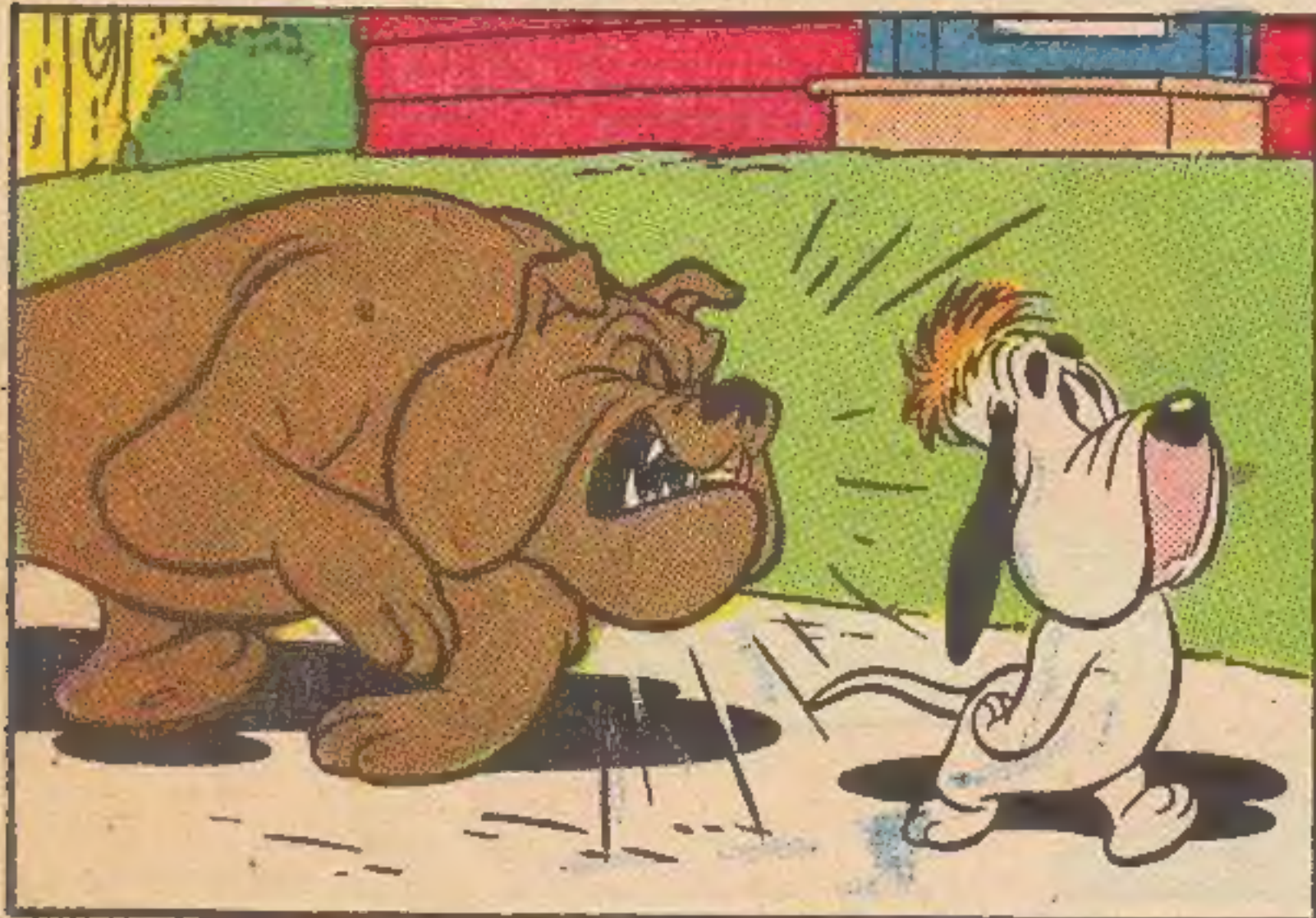
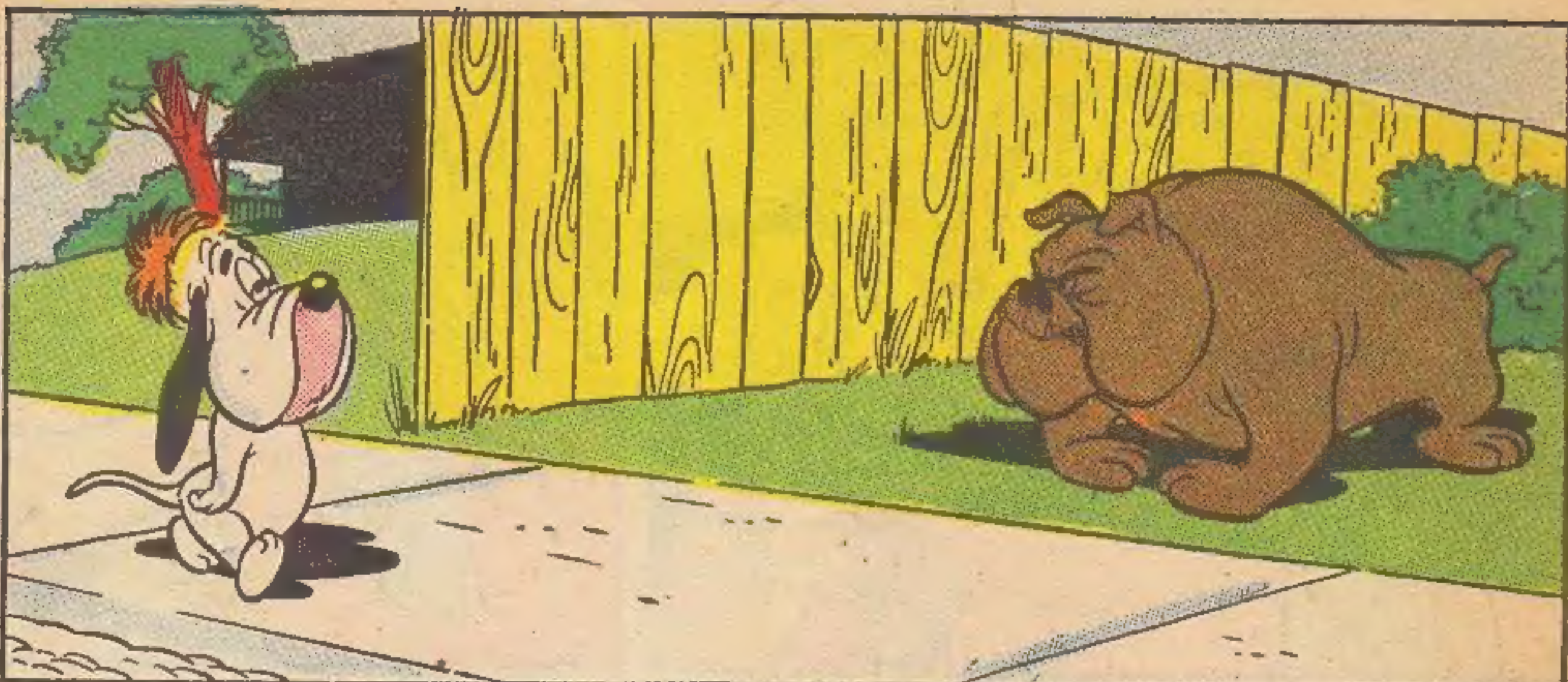








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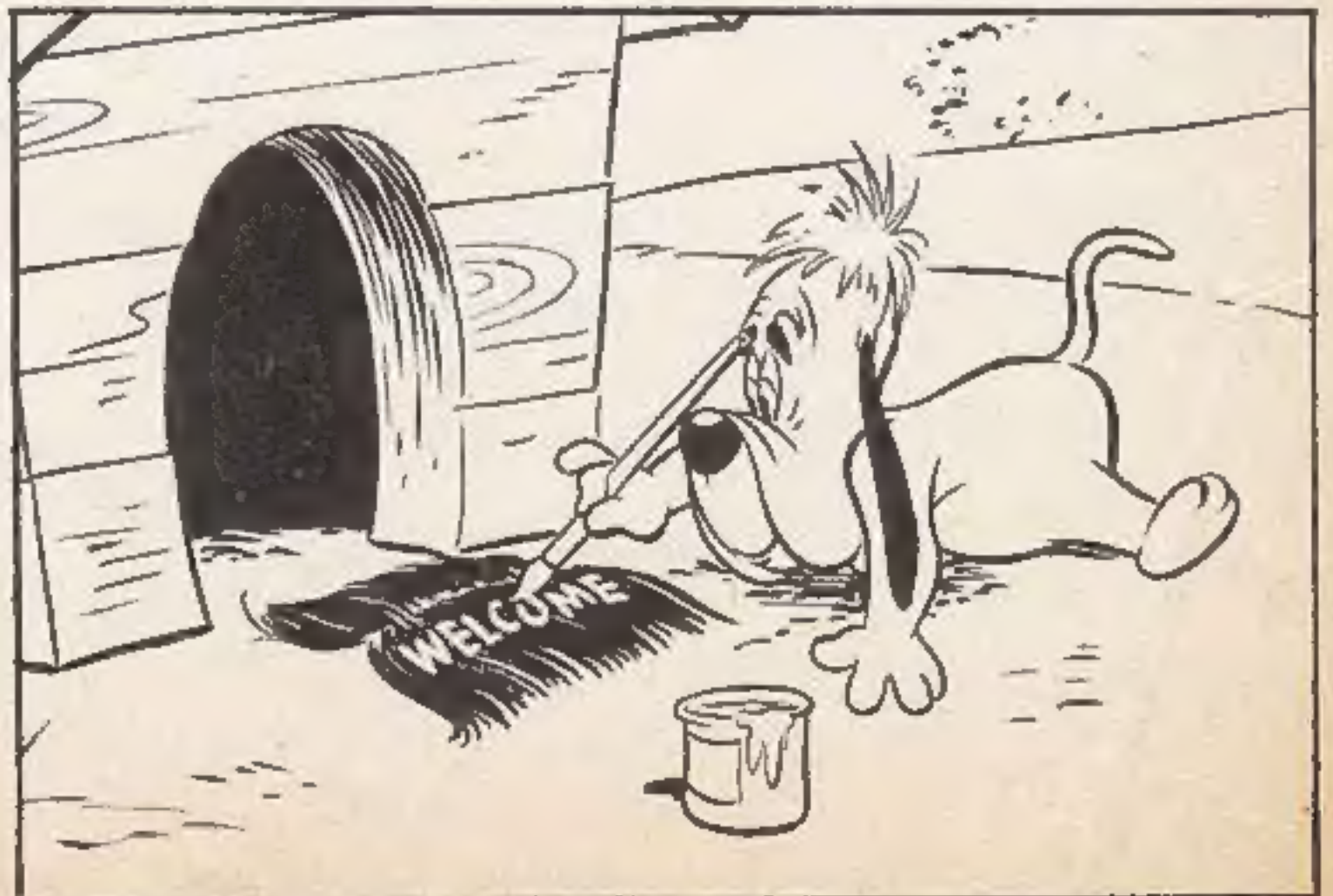
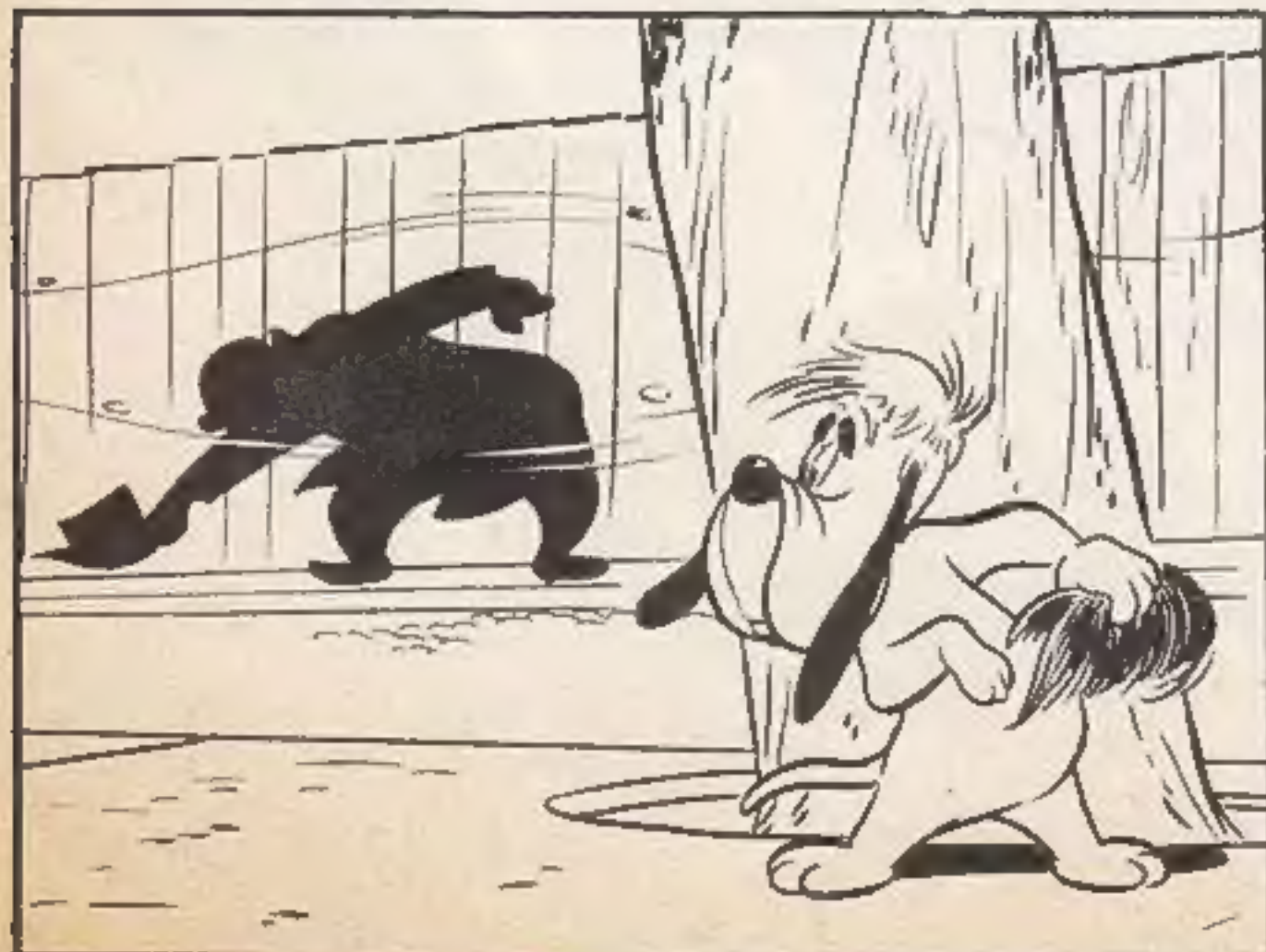
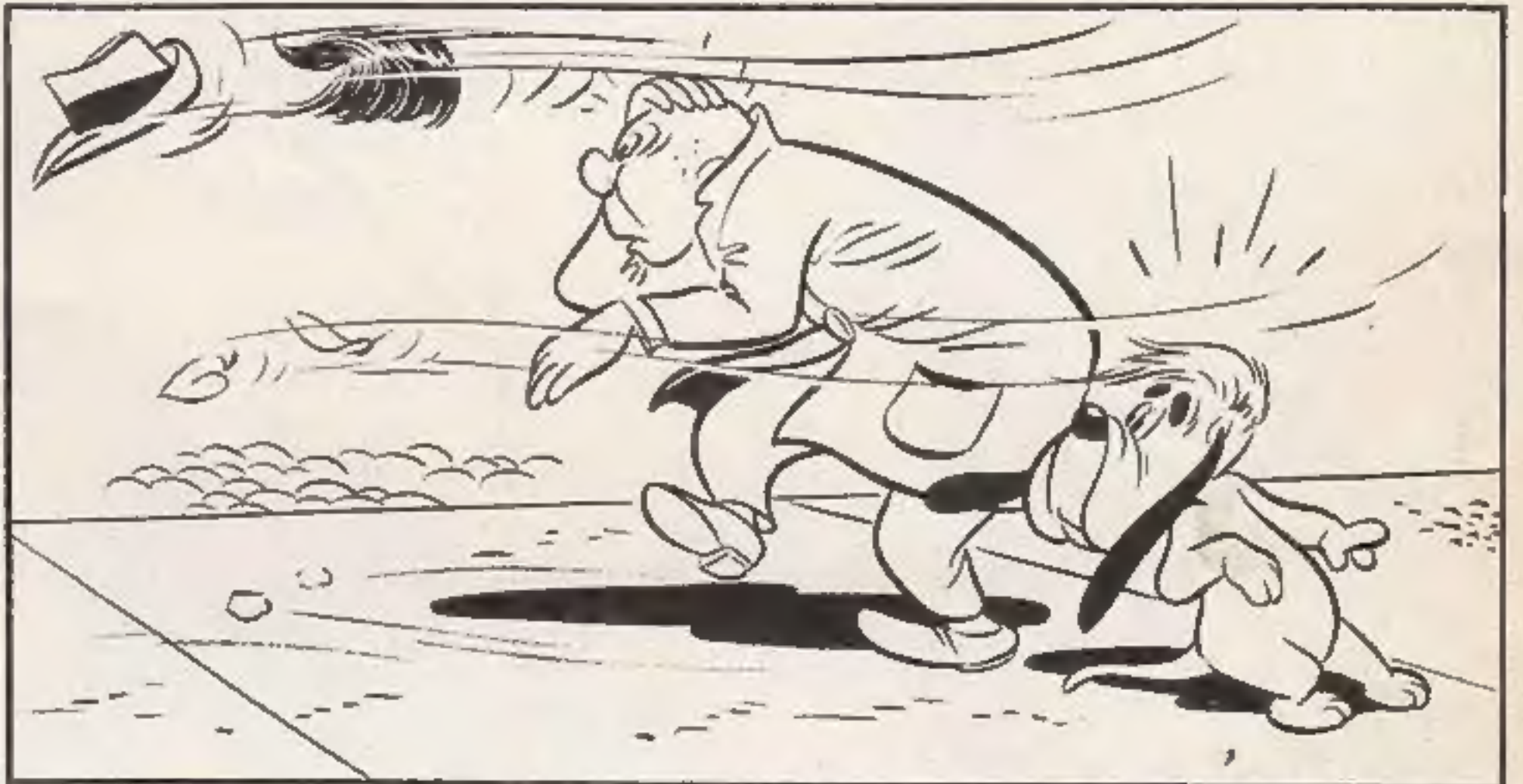
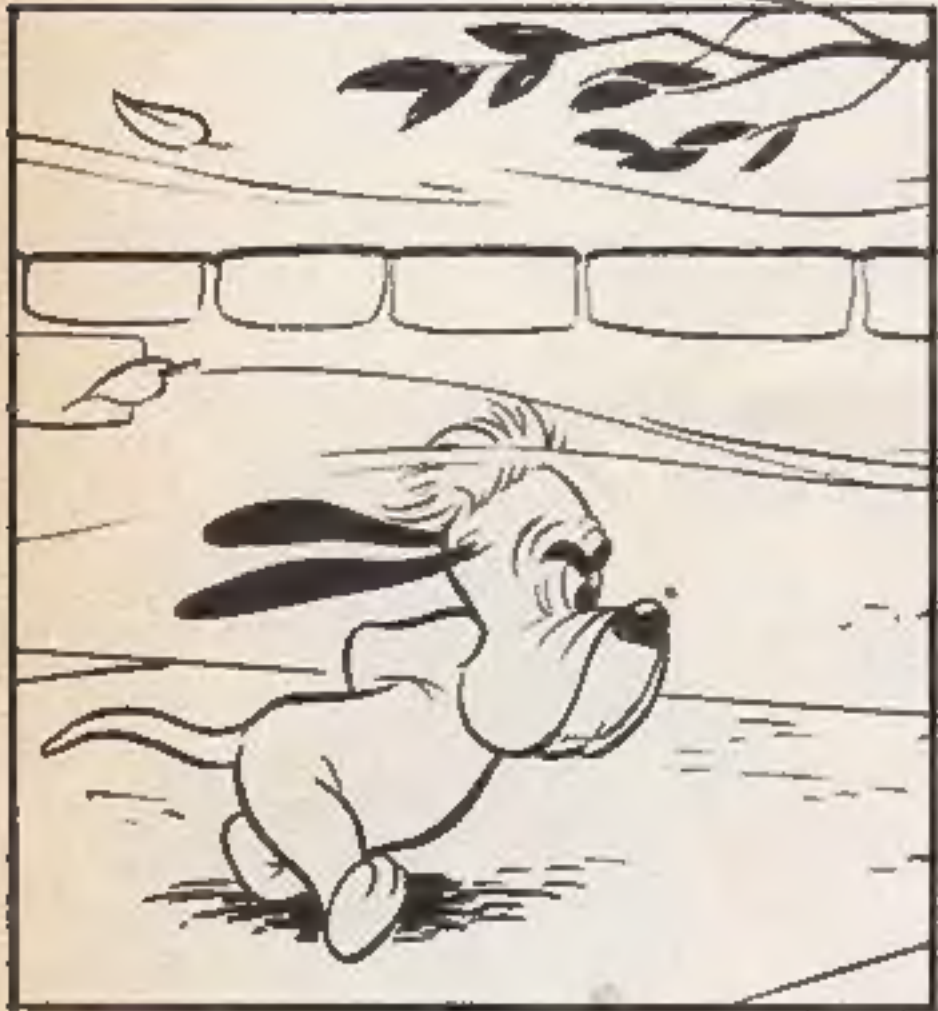
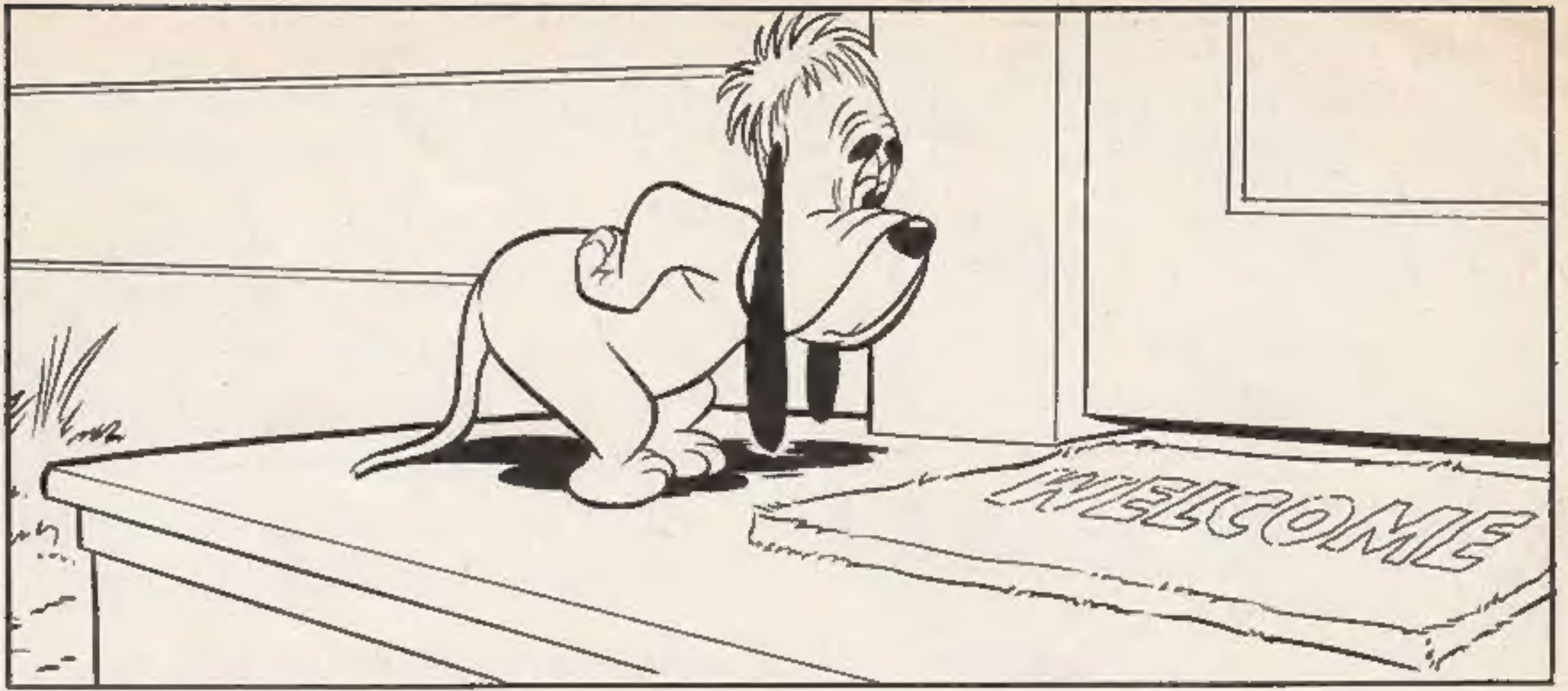
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